

Tucson's Solitary Beast: He's Lived in a Cave for Seven Years

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CITY MAGAZINE

December, 1987 \$1.95

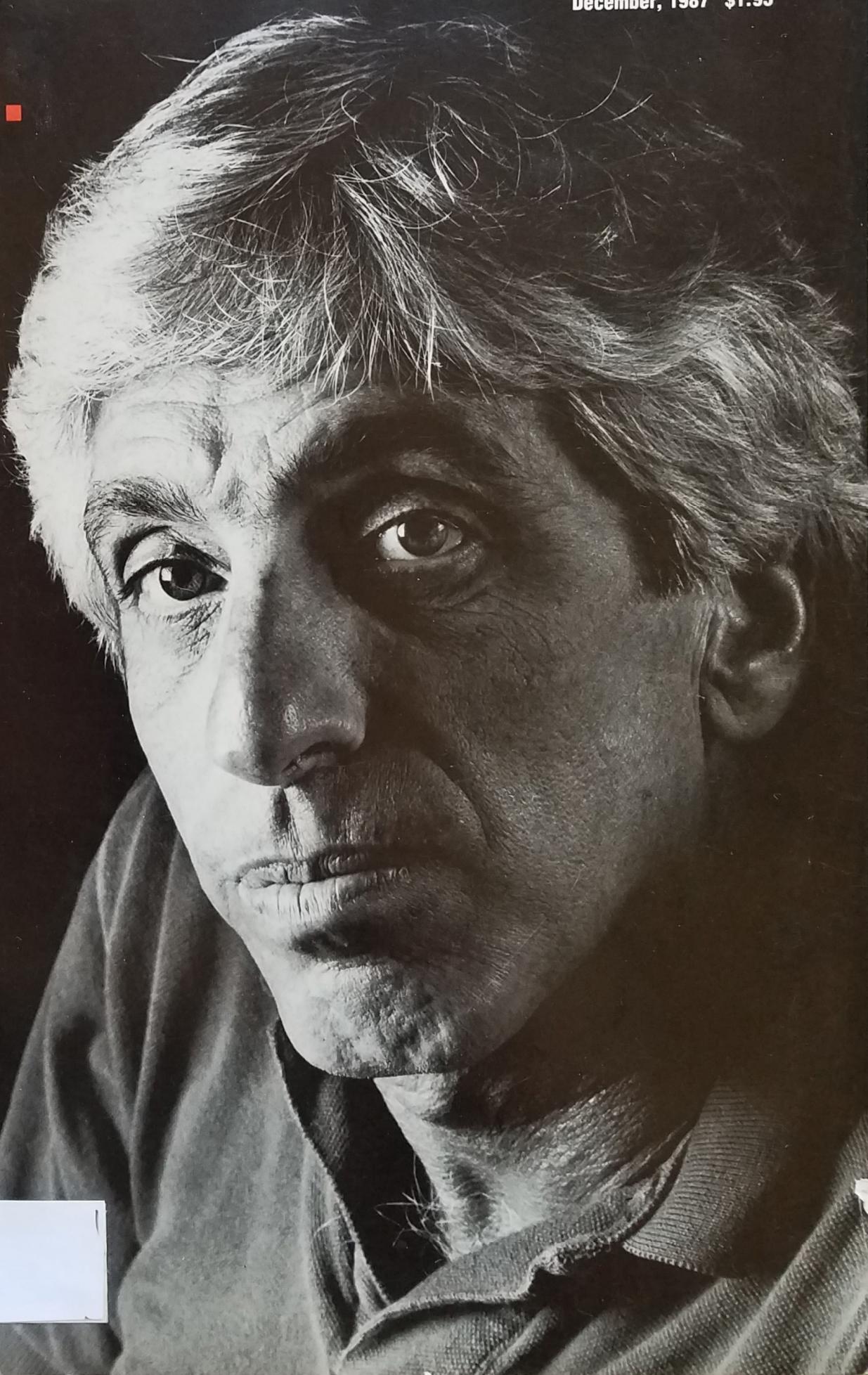
TOP GUN VS. THE GAS CHAMBER

How Bob Hirsh Cheats Death

GUV ROSE

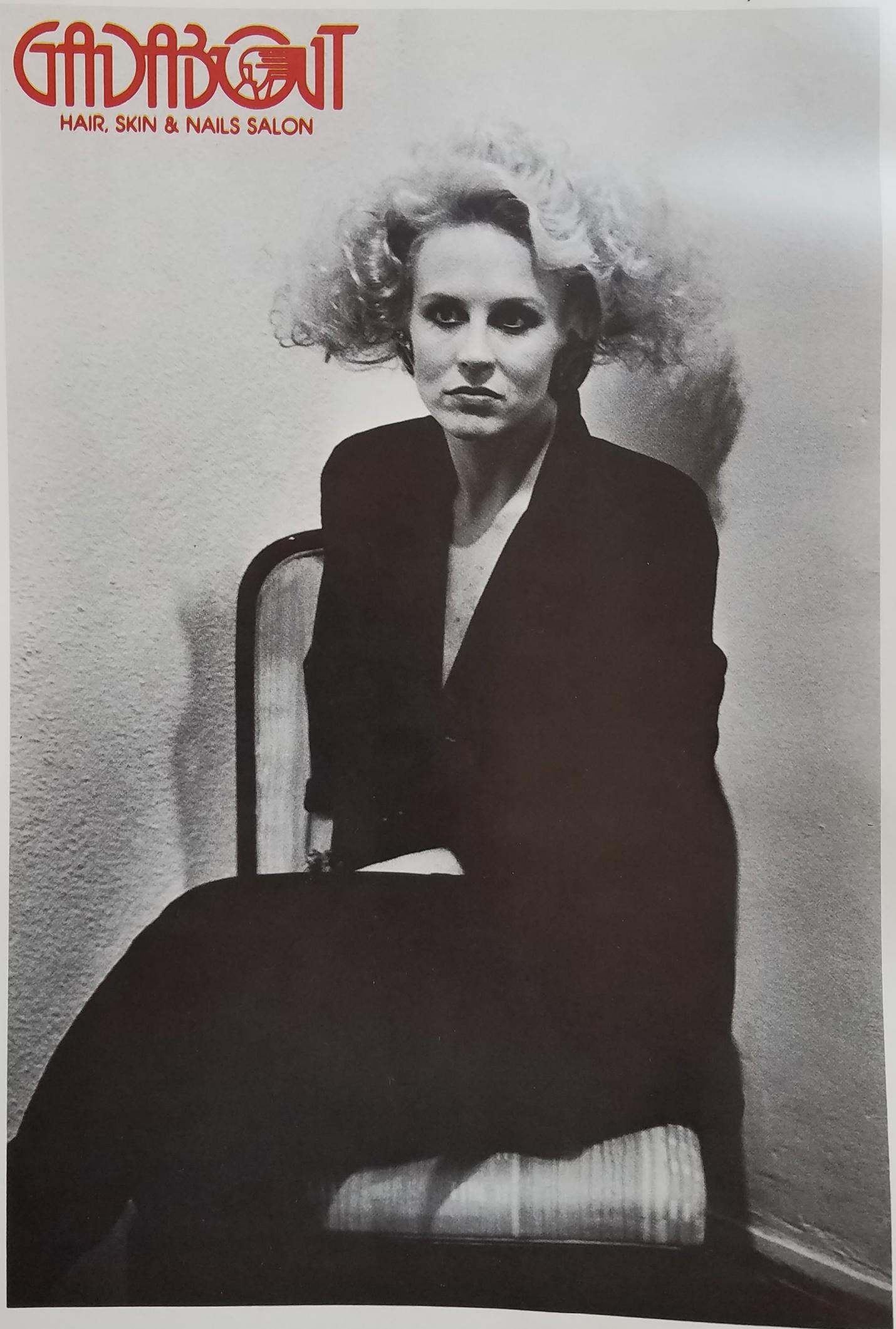
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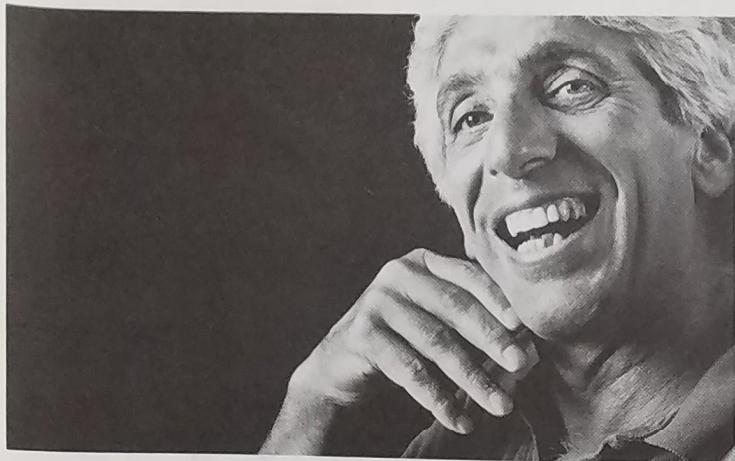
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Cover: Photograph by Jack Dykinga.

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What happened when Linda Ronstadt sang harmony.
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LETTERS

Mr. Self-Important Ego Trip

Isn't Tom Price's concern over other people's bigotry (*City Magazine*, October) just an unsuccessful mask for his own? Talk about the pot calling the kettle black.

He has set back equal opportunity for employment at least thirty years and should be investigated by the federal government for job discrimination and illegal hiring practices.

I'm sure Joel Valdez was very impressed to hear that Mr. Price played such a big part in getting him hired as city manager. I was always under the impression Mr. Valdez was hired because of his high qualifications and abilities.

Mr. Clout indeed! More like Mr. Self-Important Ego Trip. I am totally appalled.

Sandy Campbell

No Posthumous Fuss Wanted

Thanks for the article on my friend Jan Gallagher (*City Magazine*, October). It was in some ways like having another last visit with her. She was an extraordinary woman.

Jan was rather amazed at her elevation to sainthood. For example, she was really happy when I took her for a tour of Saguaro National Monument during one visit. "No one else has realized that I might like to just be a tourist here a bit and relax," she said. "No one has ever offered to take me out to look at the desert."

Jan also was a feminist deeply interested in the women's movement in the U.S. Her concerns were about the practical impacts of sexism, racism and elitism, and she wondered aloud to me whether she might have been a political organizer for women and the poor here if she had never made it to Ecuador. Sainthood means seeing exploitation and getting practical about what it takes to change things.

Finally, she would have rejected any posthumous fuss over her. "Yes," she would have said, "You are poorer for the fact of not having me there to touch your lives, but are also poorer for not letting yourselves even know some of the

ordinary people with whom I work each day, and with whom you work and walk each day, too."

Claudia Ellquist

By the Way, Ev, So's Your Kid

Congratulations on your publication—it's different, it's real, and even if there are a lot of advertisements, they are creative rather than run-of-the-mill. Obviously, my fifteen bucks isn't going to pay anybody's salary.

I've read every issue, and most articles in those issues. I like the Chuck Bowden-Arturo Carrillo Strong combination, the excerpts in "Our Town," and many other pieces through the months. *City Magazine* is great—stay honest, stay local.

You know, I went to Glendale High School with Ev Mecham's daughter. I didn't like her either.

Dan Davis

What Do You Expect? It's Put Out by a Lizard

I have just re-subscribed to your magazine.

I want to point out to you something about it. I find *City Mag* difficult to read—too much editorial copy on one page—intimidating and the reader is put off on amount of time it takes to get through it.

Bars in middle of a page are confusing, too—reader is not sure where to read.

Also your article headings are in different places in each section—perhaps you can work on some of these criticisms!

Thanks.

Ann Fina

Game & Fish Responds

Brenda Wilson Hasty's letter (*City Magazine*, August) attributed the Army's response to a mortally wounded deer to the Arizona Game and Fish Depart-



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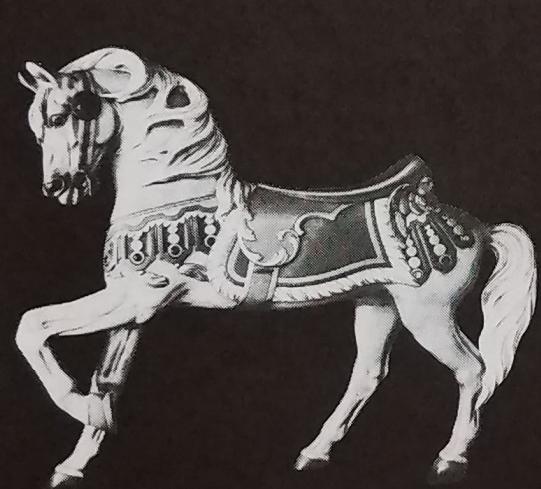
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Carved by Charles Looff

LETTERS

ment. This belief was generated by an erroneous newspaper story. Fort Huachuca personnel are authorized under Game and Fish Commission Rule 12-4-1111-A to dispatch mortally injured animals on post. There is no requirement by this agency that they be killed with clubs. We suggest using appropriate firearms such as a shotgun or .38 cal. pistol using wadcutter ammunition. If firearms are deemed inappropriate, a lethal injection may be used with the caution that the carcass must be buried or burned.

Thank you for your assistance in supplying accurate information to Ms. Hasty and to your readers.

Temple A. Reynolds, Director
T.W. Spalding, Supervisor
Tucson Regional Office
Arizona Game & Fish Department

Welcome to Greater Metropolitan Oracle, Now Go Home

We as residents of Oracle, a Pinal County community of 4,000 people, which is presently being "area planned," are very concerned about the hidden costs of development anywhere in Pinal County.

The Oracle area plan calls for as many as 21,486 households or (at the statistical average of 2 1/2 persons per household) OVER 53,000 people. Two other plans in our vicinity—The Los Cordones Area Plan and the Falcon Valley Area Plan—also have been submitted to the county. The Los Cordones Area Plan, which has already been approved, allows for 72,000 people; and the Falcon Valley Area Plan, which has been heard by the Planning and Zoning Commission but not yet approved, calls for yet another 53,000 people. The population of the three area plans totals 178,000 persons, all of whom fall in our Oracle School District. We presently have 779 students.

We feel that the population indicated in the three area plans is preposterous. These numbers are huge by comparison with ANY community in Pinal County. The TOTAL population of Pinal County is only 101,600. The population of Florence, our county seat, is 6,330, and that of Casa Grande, the largest town in the county, is 16,215. If a developer who starts a major project were to fail and file bankruptcy partway through his project, it may be left to the county to finish the roads, sewers and other facilities for the new residents who have bought into the development. If that happens, there would not be a resident anywhere in this county who would escape the financial burden.

As recent and happy arrivals ourselves in this part of Arizona, we do not advocate absolute limits on growth. However, the growth that occurs should be in reasonable increments in proportion to existing population. Furthermore, developers should be legally required to prove financial responsibility so as not to incur unexpected burdens on existing taxpayers. New residents will add to the tax base of this county, but their tax dollars come AFTER their arrival. Who will pay for the schools and services which need to be in place BEFORE their arrival? This and many other issues need to be considered realistically by the planning and zoning commission and county supervisors when proposed area plans are reviewed for adoption.

Wilbur & Lynn Wong
Oracle

A Suggestion for the Safari Club: Try Reality

I have recently learned of the new International Wildlife Museum being built in Tucson. The Safari Club, creator of this museum, has obtained tax-exempt status for it by reasoning that the museum is an educational institution. That such a "museum" featuring living beings that have been killed, stuffed and put on display for the amusement and interest of spectators is indeed an education in twisted human logic. That people kill animals for sport, as do members of the Safari Club, is an education about the cruelty of the human species. It is wrong to kill animals, and it is especially wrong to kill them for the frivolous purpose of putting them on display.

Why doesn't the Safari Club display animals lying on the ground in a pool of blood and full of bullet holes? That's the reality of what happens when an animal is shot.

Phil Kislak

We like to hear from you, but please keep it short. We reserve the right to edit letters, which must be signed. Also include a return address and phone number (which we won't publish). Send your letters to: City Magazine, 1050 E. River Road, Suite 200, Tucson, Arizona 85718.

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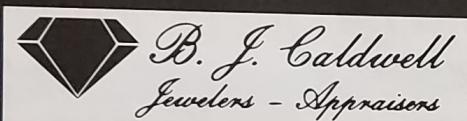


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H O W D Y



Howdy,

It's not easy to take a good look at yourself in the mirror—take it from a bad boy iguana—but that's what this burg has to do. No, I don't mean the new mayor's agenda or any of the other cheap substitutes for watching paint dry. I'm talking buffer. For years, any reptile romping around this town has heard two messages: We gotta save the desert! Construction feeds my family! Often as not, these words tumble out of the same mouth. The buffer initiative to shelter Saguaro National Monument was a pay-up-or-die proposition before the State Supreme Court trashed the notion.

Everyone who comes to this valley, even an iguana, smacks flat a little more desert. All of us regret it, and all of us want to eat, drink and be merry. Curbing our appetites around the Monument, a kind of forest of thorny vegetarian delights, ain't a simple task. It'll cost bucks, and probably mess up our heads. Because if we do it, we'll have to move beyond the wild talk of good folks and bad folks and talk dollars. So let's find out who we really are.

Let's stop yakking about building a great city and saving the environment and all that cheap chat. You want more desert and less cement? You want more cement and less desert? The buffer issue is the place. It ain't dead, it's going to come back in some guise and we're going to have to face it. Let's get brave. And afterwards, we'll all get together and have a beer. And commiserate over what we finally see in the mirror.

Iggy

P.S. You've probably noticed we've changed our cover design. The boys in the art department figure it'll let us print bigger pictures. That's important because I want images on the front of *City Magazine* as big as an iguana's ego—and mine's about the size of a throw rug.

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TUCSON'S GUIDE TO WHAT'S HAPPENING

Navajo at Work

Dec. 4, 5

Award-winning Navajo potter Alice Cling from Shonto, Az., will be in the Arizona State Museum gallery demonstrating her unique pottery-making techniques. Pottery-crafting by the Navajo is traditionally a solitary process, so we've gotten lucky with this rare opportunity. 10 a.m.-4 p.m. Free. The museum is at Park Avenue and University Boulevard. Info, 621-6302.

Tucson Museum of Art

Dec 12-Jan. 31

The Smorgan Family Collection of Contemporary Art is delivering '80s power hitters to Tucson. At the vanguard of art activity, artists in this exhibition from Melbourne, Australia, have renounced the abstract styles of the past three decades in favor of narrative content and social commentary. Included are works by artists Eric Fischl, Keith Haring, Jenny Holzer, Robert Longo, David Salle, Julian Schnabel and Terry Winters. Info, 624-2333.

Holiday in Lights

Dec. 4

The Downtown Business Association is keeping our city aglow in a holiday festival of lights and activities. They'll be providing Yule rides in brightly lit, horse-drawn carriages that will make special stops around town—including one at a shimmering decorated tree and another at a restaurant that will be cooking up a storm of a holiday meal, Southwestern style. (The restaurant hadn't been chosen at our press time, but one thing is sure: count on something more interesting than turkey and mashed potatoes). They're also sponsoring a holiday village in La Placita, similar to a flea market, where artisans will sell handcrafted Christmas decorations. Begins in early evening; the Yuletain—our version of trundling around Central Park in a carriage, but without the snow—starts at Tucson Museum of Art. Adm. charge. For info, call the Downtown Business Assoc., 629-9920.

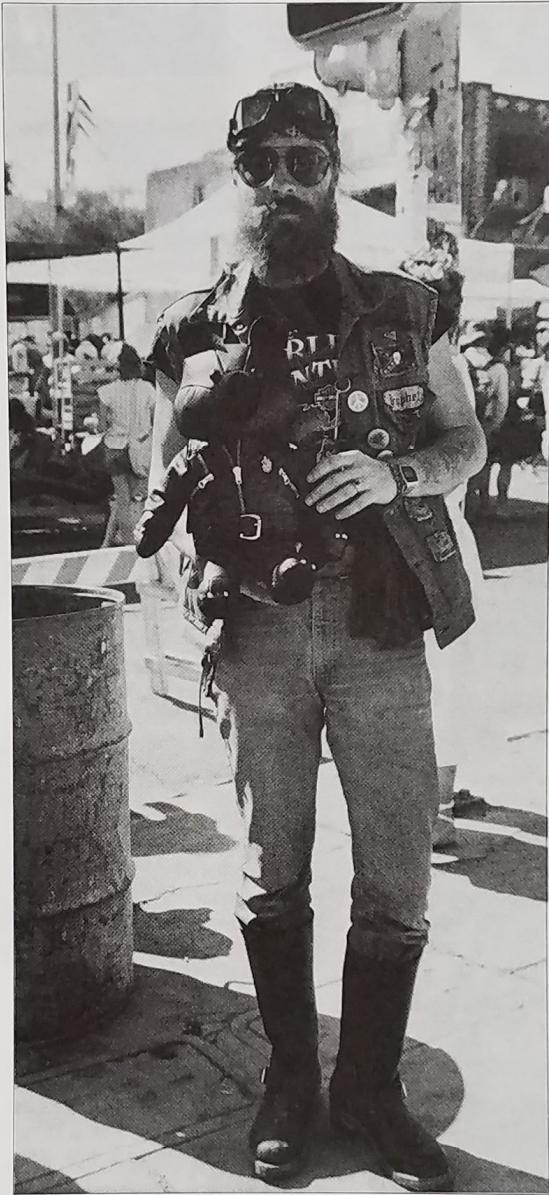
Fifth Annual Writers Conference

Dec. 27-31

Celebrate the new year by learning. The conference brings renowned writers to Tucson for workshops, lectures, and readings at the Sheraton El Conquistador. Featuring playwright August Wilson (winner of the Pulitzer Prize for "Fences," currently on Broadway), poets Ellen Bryant Voight and Greg Pape, fiction writers Hilma Wolitzer and David Huddle and CBS News journalist Ron Powers. Whether you're a tortured closet-writer or a weathered veteran, the conference is for you. You might find that you've got what it takes—or figure out that it's time to give up. Made possible by funding from the Friends of the Tucson Public Library. A few scholarships are available for local writers from the Tucson-Pima Arts Council. Registration fee is hefty—\$225. Further info, contact Ann Dernier at 791-4131.

Remembering Our Lady of Guadalupe

Legend has it that the Mother of Jesus Christ appeared to an Aztec Indian named Juan Diego in early December, 1531. (For the full story, see Jim Griffith's "Local Custom" in this issue.) To Mexicans she is known as the Patron Saint of the Americas, and she also is venerated here in Southern Arizona. The celebration in Tucson begins at 10 a.m., Dec. 5, with a series of programs at St. Ambrose Church, 300 S. Tucson Blvd., exploring the spiritual, cultural and historical aspects of the Lady. At noon, a procession forms at Reid Park, and walks to St. Ambrose for mass at 12:45 p.m. with the Most Rev. Manuel D. Moreno. Sponsored by the



Biker with leather teddy at the Street Fair. *Laura Greenberg*



Office for Hispanic Affairs of the Diocese of Tucson (call 792-3410).

The Twelve Days of Christmas— With Heart

In this undeniably commercial, stressful season, wouldn't it feel good to be able to say, "I gave myself for Christmas"? That's what 6,000 volunteers did last year in Phoenix, donating "twelve hours of Christmas" to their community for such projects as painting houses, cleaning yards, visiting nursing homes, doing clerical work or accounting, taking care of children, or adopting a needy family for the holidays. This year, Tucson gets a chance to show

even more heart than Phoenix did. The Tucson Voluntary Action Center and Cramer-Krasselt/Phoenix advertising and public relations are sponsoring the same volunteer drive here. From Dec. 12 through Dec. 24—"The Twelve Days of Christmas"—Action Center crews will match the talents of local volunteers with the many Tucson agencies that need assistance this time of year. Contact the Voluntary Action Center at 327-6207 or 3813 E. Second St.

Tina Turner

Dec. 7

Don't know about you, but when Tina screams "Pep-si" in her current TV and radio ads with David Bowie, we can see why that company is doing so well in the cola wars. She is, as ever, *hot*. And now, lucky us, we can catch her solo, in concert (and sans commercial products) at the Tucson Community Center. Sit up front and study those famous legs in action, if your heart can handle the electricity. At 7:30 p.m. in the arena. Tickets \$17.50 and \$19.50 at TCC outlets; call 791-4266.

Street Fair On The Avenue

Dec. 11, 12, 13

It's time again to take your big happy dogs on leashes and your cherub-faced tots in overalls to the Fourth Avenue Street Fair, where Tucsonans always seem to parade scores of each. Craftspersons from around the country will of course offer their ceramics, jewelry, furniture, paintings and a zillion other creations just about the time you realize you need a Hanukkah gift for Uncle Al who has everything. This is the weekend when trendy Fourth Avenue takes on some big-city street color and becomes sort of a cross between Washington's Georgetown and San Francisco's wharf. There will be street mimes and curbside musicians jamming for loose change. There will be more ethnic foods than you can shake a spring-roll-on-a-stick at. There will be funky fashion and gentle hippies and Whole Earth families, and there's usually at least one woman wearing a pet boa around her neck. Once we bought a live lobster bobbing around in a plastic baggie of seawater. More than 300 arts-and-crafts booths, fifty food stations and thirty public-service booths are expected. From 10 a.m. to dark.

New Year's at Club Congress

Tucson's hippest nightclub rang in 1987 with a spectacularly avant-garde masquerade ball, and for 1988 "we will come up with something equally creative and innovative for children of all ages," a spokeswoman promises. At our presstime, however, they were still preoccupied with coming up with a wild and crazy Halloween, so you'll have to call 622-8848 for details as the year winds down.

A New Year Without Guilt— Or Hangovers

And you know everyone gets home safely. A pleasant idea, isn't it? This New Year's Eve the non-profit Tucson Alcoholic Recovery Home will present its fourth annual non-alcohol party—which it calls "our way of saying thanks to the community." Attracting hundreds each year, the party promises "fun, but nothing artificial." And that means food, friends, noisemakers, and dancing to The Cadillacs—an eclectic band that does some country, some rock (from the fifties to the eighties), and some standards. Everyone's invited from 9:30 p.m. to 1:30 a.m. Dec. 31, in the upstairs meeting rooms at the Tucson Community Center. Ticket price will depend on how many of the charity's costs are covered by community donations, but a good estimate is \$8 a person (for music, food, everything). Info, 622-9038.

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UA Faculty Lecture Series

Dec. 1

Henning Jensen, professor of philosophy, and Jacqueline E. Sharkey, assistant professor of journalism, lecture on "Ethics and the Media"—a lively topic, no doubt, in this year of "the character issue" in presidential politics. In the UA Health Sciences Main Auditorium, Room 2600, at 7:30 p.m. Free. 621-1551.

The Prehistoric Southwest

Dec. 2, 9, 16

Dr. Stephanie M. Whittlesey, archaeological specialist, Arizona State Museum, lectures on "The Prehistoric Mogollon: Life and Death at Grasshopper Pueblo" on the 2nd; Dr. Paul Minnis, professor of anthropology, University of Oklahoma, discusses the growth, development and influence of ancient Casas Grandes in northern Mexico on the 9th; and Dave Thayer, curator of earth sciences, Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum, will tell you how to find, identify and interpret ancient fossils. A touch more academic than an evening interpreting MTV, but sure to restore brain cells. All sessions at the Arizona Historical Society, 949 E. 2nd St. from 7-9 p.m., \$5 each. Info, 628-5774.

Friends of C.G. Jung

Dec. 4

The Southern Arizona Friends of C.G. Jung (most are lay-people) present a lecture and workshop by Barry Williams, trained at the C.G. Jung Institute in Chicago, on "Earth and Self." Focusing on the legends of descent into the earth and the Jungian parallel of the quest for self, Williams presents an analysis of North American indigenous rituals that embody this metaphor. Sounds like a term paper, but give it a shot. The lecture will be at 7:30 p.m. on the 4th; the workshop from 10 a.m.-4 p.m. on the 5th at St. Philip's in the Hills. Fee is \$5 for members; \$40 for non-members. Info, 299-2080.

Socially Responsible Docs

Dec. 8

Dr. Victor Sidel, M.D., professor at Montefiore and Einstein

Medical School in New York and current national president of Physicians for Social Responsibility, speaks at Catalina High School at 7:30 p.m. on "Economic and Social Costs of the Arms Race: Ideas for a Positive Future." Free.

Women's Roundtable

Dec. 8

Tired of being tired all the time? Fuzzy Adelman, R.N., M.Ed., says as women chase after success, marriage and raising children, they're paying a toll in stress and fatigue. Find out how to give up being superwomen. \$5 for Roundtable members; \$10, non-members. Reservations required. Radisson Suite Hotel, 7-9 p.m. Call 29-WOMAN.

Freedom Weekend for Soviet Jewry

Dec. 4, 5, 6

The Jewish Federation of Southern Arizona is introducing a Boston group called Safam (which means "moustache" in Hebrew), a leader of a U.S. renaissance of Jewish music. Their compositions range from jazz to rock to folk and include "World of Our Fathers" and "Leaving Mother Russia." They will perform at 8 p.m., Dec. 5, at Congregation Anshei Israel, Fifth and Craycroft (299-3788, for info). The Eighth Annual Freedom Run, a 10K race, also will be held that weekend. Contact the Jewish Community Relations Council, 327-7957.

Bibliophiles Converge

Dec. 4

Ferocious book hounds should snap at the annual Holiday Book Fair from 4:30-7 p.m., presented by the Arizona Historical Society. Northland Press, The University of Arizona Press, The University of Oklahoma Press, and the Arizona Historical Society will show off their newest releases. All purchases twenty percent off. Local authors will sign their books. Refreshments served. Free. 949 E. 2nd St. Info, 628-5774.

You Gotta Have Heart

Dec. 13

Jack Stern, M.D., medical director at Canyon Ranch, speaks on health at 7:30 p.m. at Saint Francis in the Foothills. Listen to him and you might find a way to lose weight, cut cholesterol, quit smoking, swear off sugar, etc., to improve the quality of your life. A love offering (read: donation) is suggested. Further info, 577-8429 or 749-9000 ext. 323.

Healing With Music

Dec. 3

Not to mention with sound and color. The Desert Institute of the Healing Arts continues its open forum lectures; this one is by Les Gabriel LaHeart. Free at 7 p.m., 639 N. 6th Ave. Info, 882-0899.



Arizona State Museum

Dec. 3, 4, 5

Hubbell Trading Post in Ganado, Az., will bring several hundred of its finest contemporary Navajo weavings to the museum to display and sell. Weavers will demonstrate traditional methods. Your chance to learn about the different styles and regional designs in Navajo rugs, plus how to care for the weavings. 10 a.m.-4 p.m. Free. Park Ave. and University Blvd. Info, 621-6302.

Big Bash

Dec. 5

The 28th annual Ball of the Assistance League of Tucson is at Ventana Canyon this year and the theme of the dinner-dance is "Winter Wonderland," so plan your outfit accordingly. Cocktails at 7 p.m. and a fashion show presented by the chi-chi Russek's boutique, with dinner to follow. The Assistance League is a nonprofit, philanthropic organization that sponsors community projects. So get out your wallet and spend \$60 (per person) to kick up your heels while benefitting worthy causes. Relax, it's tax deductible. Info, 326-1585 or 795-2784.

The Coffee Generation Through December

Drink your way through a catalogue of coffees, teas and wines at Coffee Etc. every Sunday and get wired or mellow (your choice) listening to Daryl Hinson on classical guitar. Same goes for Tuesdays, when this upscale coffeehouse presents Hackensack's mainstream jazz. Shows start at 7:30 p.m. at 2744 N. Campbell. They're in the process of moving (just

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You want tradition? We've got the Nutcracker ballet and Tucson's famous Boys Chorus in their annual Christmas concert. You want hot? We've got Tina Turner. You want action? We've got hockey and wrestling. You wanna party? We've got two New Year's Eve dances—one without alcohol so people can ring in '88 safely. Whatever it is, we've got your ticket.

Tucson Community Center

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EVENTS

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ATC's "Great Expectations"
- Dec. 2**
Ballet Folklorico
- Dec. 2**
World Wrestling Federation Live
- Dec. 4&5**
U of A Icencat Hockey
"Icencats vs Brandon University" (Manitoba)

- Dec. 5**
Sweet Adelines Concert
"Through the Looking Glass"
- Dec. 6**
Tucson Boys Chorus Christmas Concert
- Dec. 7**
Tina Turner & special guests Level 42
- Dec. 11 - 13**
ATC's "Childs Play"

- Dec. 10, 11 & 13**
Tucson Symphony Orchestra with William Wolfram, piano
- Dec. 16 - 20**
Ballet Arizona presents "The Nutcracker"
- Dec. 31**
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**Women and Wheels
Through May 1988**
"The Lady Takes the Wheel: Arizona Women on the Road" is the Arizona Historical Society's newest exhibit, a photo essay on women and cars from the turn of the century through the 1950s. See how the images were used not only to promote the idea of women driving cars, but also to sell cars (to men). Open regular museum hours. Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m.-4 p.m. Sunday, noon-4 p.m. Info, 628-5774.

Women on the Rise
Want a new career? Want a career at all? Stop wanting and get going. The Women Helping Women program, sponsored by the YWCA, offers a push in the form of half-hour individual counseling sessions every Thursday from 5:30 p.m.-7 p.m. at 738 N. Fifth Ave. Nominal charge of \$10, legal counseling \$5. All instructors are accredited counselors or attorneys. Info, 884-7810 or 296-1285.

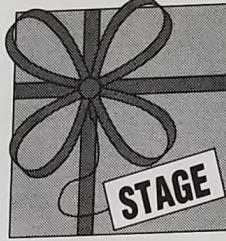
**Pianist Nikolai Petrov
Dec. 2**
The UA presents Nikolai Petrov, a classical pianist and medalist in international competitions who is the third generation in a family of famous Russian musicians. 8 p.m. in Centennial Hall. Tickets \$6-12 at Centennial Hall (621-3341) or at TCC; Dillards outlets.

**Children's Home
Rummage Sale**
Help celebrate the Home's 75th year at a benefit sale of furniture, books, appliances, lawn and garden equipment, office stuff, etc. Free admission, at Trail Dust Town, Tanque Verde Road, on Dec. 5. Call 622-7611.

Bill of Rights Fair
Learn more about that document while enjoying games, booths and food from the Arizona Civil Liberties Union, 11 a.m. to 3 p.m. Dec. 6 at Himmel Park.

**YWCA Women on
The Move Dinner**
Recognizes women leaders who exemplify the ideals of the YWCA, including the elimination of racism. Dec. 6, Doubletree Hotel, \$35/person. Call 884-7810.

Win a '66 Mustang
The Humane Society will raffle this ragtop pony at halftime in the basketball game at McKale Center Dec. 13. Tickets are \$2, or \$10 for six. Call Sandi Buettell, 323-3250.



with a wrapped gift for Casa de los Niños. Kids \$2; under 7 free.

Tenth St. Danceworks

Dec. 11, 12, 13

How can we miss this one? It's called "Heavy Breathing," and it's described as "an adventuresome contemporary dance concert." At 8 p.m. on the 11th and 12th; at 3 p.m. the 13th. At "Studio Y" in the YWCA at Fifth Ave. and University, suite 131. Tickets \$5 and \$6. Call 628-8880.

Barber Shop Harmony

Dec. 5

Tucson Horizon Chorus and Sweet Adelines Inc. present "Through the Looking Glass—A Musical Adventure Through Fairy Tale World," starring Remember When, a finalist in international quartet competition, and the Tucson Girls Chorus. At 8 p.m. in the TCC Music Hall. All seats \$7.50 reserved; tickets are at TCC outlets.

University Dance

Dec. 4, 5, 6

The UA Committee on Dance gives a dance concert at the dance studio theater in the Gittings Building. At 8 p.m. on the 4th and 5th and at 2 p.m. the 6th. Tickets \$5 general, \$3 students.

Chamber Music Series

Dec. 3

Fine Arts Quartet with Kim Kashkashian, viola, performing string quintets by Mozart (C major, K. 515) and Brahms (G major, Op. 110). Presented by Arizona Friends of Music at 8 p.m. in UA's Crowder Hall. Tickets \$4 for students, \$10 general.

Tucson Symphony

Dec. 10, 11

William Wolfram, piano, performing Barber's Overture to "The School for Scandal," Applebaum's "The Princess in the Garden," Liszt's Piano Concerto No. 1 in E-flat major, and Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 2 in C minor, Op. 17, "Little Russian." Tickets, info, 882-8585.

UA Student Concerts

Dec. 6 at 3 p.m. and 8 p.m., Centennial Hall, Christmas Concert; Dec. 9 at 8 p.m., Centennial Hall, Symphonic Concert Band; Dec. 11 at 8 p.m., Crowder Hall, final doctoral piano recital, Robert Swan; and Dec. 13 at 3 p.m., 7:30 p.m., Crowder Hall, UA Children's Choir.



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Lionel Hampton
Woody Herman
Harry James
Stan Kenton
Freddie Martin
Glenn Miller
Claude Thornhill
The Three Suns
Ted Weems
Ames Brothers
Andrews Sisters

Dinah Shore
Frank Sinatra
Jo Stafford
Sarah Vaughan
Margaret Whiting
Rosemary Clooney
Vic Damone
Bobby Darin
Sammy Davis Jr.
Eddie Fisher
The Four Aces
Herb Alpert &
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Amerind Foundation Through December

Freelancer Cy Lehrer's b&w photos of Texas Canyon are on display. If you don't think sex appeal can exist in a rock, check out these formations. He finds the right curves in Mother Nature. Adm. charge. Open daily 10 a.m.-4 p.m. Located 65 miles east of Tucson in Dragoon. Info on directions, 1-586-3666.

Ann Original Gallery Until Dec. 12

The gallery's anniversary show focuses on Anke Van Dun, multi-media artist who created the copper mural at the Sheraton El Conquistador, along with a retrospective of featured artists from 1986-1987. Mon.-Fri., 10 a.m.-6 p.m. Sat. 'til 5 p.m. 4811 E. Grant Rd., Suite 153, in the Crossroads Festival Mall. 323-0266.

Dec. 12-Jan. 23

Featuring the oils of P.W. Gorman—representational art with a traditional Western theme. Reception on Dec. 17, 5-8 p.m. Plenty of munchies and vino.

Art Network Through December

Get original and own some "wearable art." Outfit yourself in avant-garde bola ties, jewelry and gonzo T-shirts with social comments. Mon.-Fri., 10 a.m.-6 p.m.; Sat., 8-10 p.m. 624-7005.

Azimuth Gallery Dec. 1-27

It's a "Connoisseur's Christmas" at the gallery, featuring a potpourri of artwork by a slew of gallery artists—clay, paintings, photos, jewelry, etc. Reception, Dec. 5, 6-9 p.m. Tues.-Fri., 10 a.m.-6 p.m.; Sat. and Sun., 1-4 p.m. 210 E. Congress. 624-7089.

Berta Wright Gallery Through Dec. 28

A special Christmas show featuring artistic images of Christmas in Mary Langston's earth-tone ceramic Nativity scenes, Cochiti Indian creches depicting the Virgin Mary and her flock, and Nativity scenes from around the world. Reception, Nov. 27

from 5-9 p.m. with refreshments. Foothill Center hours, Mon.-Fri., 10 a.m.-9 p.m. Sat., 10 a.m.-6 p.m. Sun., noon-5 p.m. 742-4134.

Center For Creative Photography

Until they move into their new building, they're digging through their archives—presenting shows from a permanent collection that includes Ansel Adams, Edward Weston, WeeGee and scads of others. Call for the monthly surprise. Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m.-5 p.m. Sun., noon-5 p.m. 843 E. University Blvd. 621-7968.

Davis Gallery Through Dec. 10

A group show with eight gallery-associated artists—paintings, pastel, mixed-media works by locals. 6812 N. Oracle. Tues.-Fri., 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sat., 10 a.m.-4 p.m. 297-1427.

Dec. 10-Jan. 10

Really large abstract acrylics by Tucsonan George Welch, a professor at Pima College.

Dinnerware Cooperative

Dec. 1-20

Featuring some work by non-coop members: Jim Waid (teaches at Pima) displays abstract paintings; Barbara Kennedy shows off handmade paper; Katherine Nash exhibits paintings. Also, member Michael Lee's drawings and sculpture. Opening, Dec. 5, 7-9 p.m. 135 E. Congress St. Hours, noon-5 p.m., Tues.-Sat. Sun., 1-4 p.m. Info, 792-4503.

Douglas Little Gallery

A show entitled "Our Multi-Cultural Heritage," also, an exhibit of "Bible Lands Remembered." At presstime, no other info was available. In Douglas. 1-364-3797 or 1-364-2633.

Etherton Gallery

Dec. 2-Jan. 16

Gail Marcus-Orlen's large oil paintings center on interior/exterior landscapes exploring the heady world of dreams, juxtaposing it with the day-to-day life of motherhood and family. Reception Dec. 5, 6:30-9:30 p.m., Wed.-Sat., noon-5 p.m., Thur. 'til 7 p.m. 424 E. 6th St. 624-7370.

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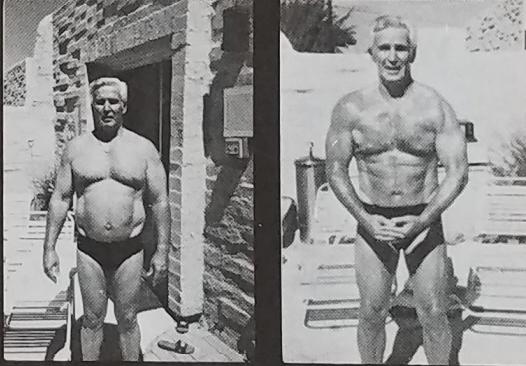
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VIDEO

CHRISTMAS FLICKS

Holiday horror, the definitive Scrooge

By KEN NICHOLS

What an afternoon....there never had been such an afternoon since the world began....In the first place, there was the ennui. And such ennui as it was! A heavy, overpowering ennui, such as results from participation in eight courses of steaming, gravied food...a dragging, devitalizing ennui, which left its victims strewn about the living room in various attitudes of prostration

—Robert Benchley,
"Christmas Afternoon"

It's going to happen to you. When it does, feed the VCR. Get up from the treeside/fireside and go down to the video emporium. Browse, choose, flash your plastic for a flick.

You know the seasonal standards will already be rented, and you're going to experience video envy syndrome (VES), leaving the store in an ill temper with the knowledge that some family is out there in the warm light of the cathode ray tube watching your movie, abusing the cassette, spoiling it for the next guy, recklessly allowing cat fur to get inside it. Well, maybe there's something with a Christmas glow that you overlooked.

You've been through the C's and both versions of "A Christmas Carol" are gone. Someone else is watching the 1938 MGM version, a sentimental favorite. An even luckier family is watching the 1951 English version with Alistair Sim's definitive Scrooge, the guy who hallucinated and found good cheer.

In any case, the hard fact is that both have been rented. So has "Miracle on 34th Street" (1947), so you won't be seeing Edmund Gwenn as the best Kris Kringle of all; you won't be spending the holiday in New York with little Natalie Wood. You'll be able to rent "It's a Wonderful Life" (1946)—every store has about a thousand copies—but it plays broadcast TV every hour on the hour during the holidays. Anyway, how many times can you grow up in a small town with Jimmy Stewart?

Maybe Bob Clark is your answer. A man with an open Christmas fetish, Clark directed "A Christmas Story" (1983) and "Black Christmas" (1975), also known as "Stranger in the House" and "Silent Night, Evil Night." The first you can watch with the kids, and should. The second you'd better hold until they're nestled all snug in their beds.

"A Christmas Story" is the best movie about the holiday since the 1950s. Based on a Jean Shepherd story,

it's a kid's-eye view of "lovely, beautiful, glorious Christmas, around which the entire kid year revolved," climaxing with the opening of the presents in "an ecstasy of unbridled avarice." It has a nice sound track that sleds from Prokofiev to the Andrews Sisters. Of course, it will be rented when you get there.

You stand a chance with Clark's other Christmas flick, especially if you know all the titles it's skulked around in. I'll admit it will take a special mood to enjoy a holiday horror movie about a maniac stalking a sorority house. Still, there's some interesting business going on here, a scary atmosphere, colored lights and decorations giving everything a weird edge, moderate blood flow, but foul language that remains unrivaled even into the '80s. It's possessed of a strange spirit, but it's actually a pretty good movie. It has a good rendition of "Silent Night" over the opening credits for people who need at least one traditional element in a Yule movie.

Not there? Keep looking. Remember, this is the time when the trimmed tree has become just another piece of the decor, when the relatives make you wish there was no room in your inn, when you're glad Nat King Cole won't be releasing any more records. You might find something from the list below still on the shelf.

"The Apartment" (1960). Ah, Christmas in New York with the folks who live and work there. Jack Lemmon is an early yuppie. Shirley MacLaine drives an elevator in his office building. Fred MacMurray is a megaboss who puts them through hoops. Yuletide setting for deceit, betrayal, adultery, attempted suicide. Spend the holiday with the lonely, the ambitious, the crude. And, surprise, lots of laughs and a happy ending.

"Babes in Toyland" (1934). Laurel and Hardy reading of Victor Herbert. Santa orders 600 toy soldiers, each a foot tall. Naturally, Stan makes 100 six-foot-tall soldiers. Actually, any movie or short these boys made will put you in a better holiday mood. Trust me.

"Christmas in Connecticut" (1945). Barbara Stanwyck, Sidney Greenstreet, Dennis Morgan, S.Z. Sakall, Una O'Connor spend the holidays in a country home. Mistaken identities, they-don't-make-'em-like-that-anymore character actors, lots of food humor. A piece of Hollywood before the movies grew up and got mean.

VIDEO

"Dead of Night" (1945). A Brit flick—five tales of the supernatural. In the second one a game of hide-and-seek at a Christmas party in a mansion turns up a friendly ghost.

"Destination Tokyo" (1943). Have Christmas dinner with Cary Grant, John Garfield and Alan Hale on board the submarine *Copperfin*. The guys set sail on Christmas day, 1942, headed for Tokyo after weather info for Doolittle's raid. (Rent "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo," 1944, and find out how it all turns out.)

"The Godfather" (1972) and "Love Finds Andy Hardy" (1938). Two very different families observe the season. In "Godfather" Vito Corleone finds out that some people work the holidays. A rough Yule for Mike, Santino, Fredo and the Family—and especially for Pop. The Hardys of Carvel, U.S.A., have their problems too. Andy's car is in hock, he has too many dates to the Christmas dance, he's too busy to see girl-next-door Judy Garland. Judge "Pop" Hardy has gentler methods than Don Vito, but manages to fix everything for the holidays anyway.

"Larceny, Inc." (1942). Paroled cons Edward G. Robinson, Broderick Crawford and Edward Brophy are out in time for the holidays. They take over a failing luggage store because it shares a cellar wall with the bank next door. Despite their worst efforts, they can't help but succeed as legit retailers.

"Life of Brian" (1979). Poor Brian is born nearby but not quite under that famous star on that glorious night. This is Monty Python, so be wary if your religious feelings run low on tolerance.

"The Man Who Came to Dinner" (1941). Great Kaufman-Hart comedy. Monty Woolley does his best pom-

pous people-hater, a man who loves Christmas mostly for the presents. He's stuck for the holiday with his secretary Bette Davis, a broken leg, and, egad, a middle-class small-town family in the Midwest.

"Meet Me In St. Louis" (1944). Vincente Minnelli directing daughter Judy Garland sets an all-time standard for nostalgia. The good old days couldn't have been this good. Judy sings "Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas," the best holiday ditty since Martin Luther was on the charts.

"The Thin Man" (1934). Go on a holiday caper with Nick and Nora Charles and the greatest movie wire-haired fox terrier of all times, Asta. Nick throws a Christmas Eve party for every crook and scam artist he's ever put away. Hungover, he zaps balloons off the Christmas tree with a pellet gun to pass the next morning.

"Things to Come" (1936). Christmas in the city—toys in store windows, markets bursting with good food, family and friends gathered around the tree to sing "The First Noel." Screenplay by H.G. Wells, not your everyday Hollywood hack. The good times can't last; get ready for the long haul. Forty years of war and pestilence come on the heels of the holidays, but things get put back together again by 2036. Optimistic ending with a space ship shot from a cannon.

A fingerwalk through the Yellow Pages turned up all but four of the titles—"Destination Tokyo," "Larceny Inc.," "Love Finds Andy Hardy," "The Man Who Came to Dinner"—and that's a shame. They show on broadcast occasionally and ought to be available during the holidays. That leaves the options of taping them off the air (naturally for time-shift purposes only) or pouting and crying until our stores score them for rental. □

A Great Gift Idea —

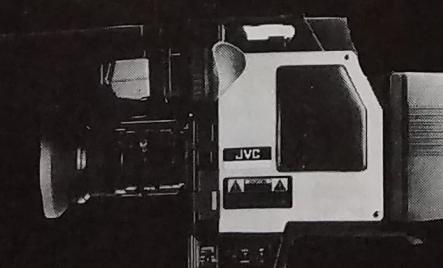
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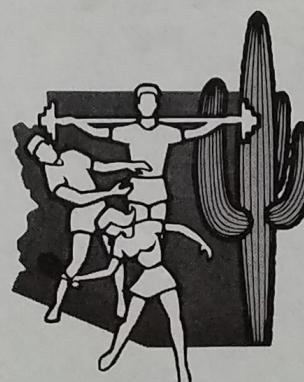
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WHERE TO HOWL

artist Bev Doolittle from California. Her camouflage art is her signature. Mon.-Fri. 9:30 a.m.-5:30 p.m. Sat. 9 a.m.-5 p.m. 4740 E. Sunrise Rd. 299-5107.

prolific, he's good. Don't miss. The Tucson Community Cable Corporation Oasis Gallery is at 124 E. Broadway. Tues.-Sat., 1 p.m.-10 p.m. Sun., noon-8 p.m. 624-9833.

chrome ceramic landscapes. Reception, Dec. 5 from 5 p.m.-8 p.m. St. Philip's Plaza, River and Campbell, Suite 64. Tues.-Sat., 11 a.m.-6 p.m. 299-6998.

Meckler/Jayme Gallery

Dec. 1-26

One-man exhibition called the "Alexandria Woman." Mo Kamel's mixed-media works in both oils and watercolors depicting erotic work that borders on nasty. See for yourself. Reception, Dec. 5, 6 p.m.-9 p.m. 121 S. 4th Ave. Tues., 10 a.m.-2 p.m. Thurs., 10 a.m.-2 p.m. Sat., noon-4 p.m. And by appointment. 624-7089.

Mitchell, Brown & Co.

Featuring a large selection of 19th- and 20th-century American paintings with an emphasis on ornithological prints and botanicals. Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. 2843 N. Campbell Ave. 795-0896.

National Light Gallery of Photography

Displaying large color photographs featuring timed long exposures. You know, like 300 lightning bolts in one shot. All work is by Cara Cupito, except for occasional shows by other artists. Sat. and Sun. noon-4 p.m. and by appt. Mon.-Fri. 309 E. Congress St. 623-7825.

Oasis Gallery

Through Jan. 4

Tucson photographer Cy Lehrer's work is titled "Suburbia: A Fable For Our Times and Other Urban Landscape Selections." He's not only

Obsidian Gallery

Dec. 6-Jan. 2

The second annual "Flights of Whimsy" show emphasizes humor and fun. Reed Keller's zebra-stemmed goblets, dog-handled mugs and mad-dog platters; Sarena Mann's mobiles and hanging figures of dancers, acrobats, angels and pixies in papier mâché; Susan Gamble's ceramic wall pieces interpreting Hispanic yard shrines; and others. 4340 N. Campbell, Suite 90. Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m.-5:30 p.m. 577-3598.

Old Pueblo Museum

Through Jan. 31

Entitled "Sculptured Steeds: The Golden Age of Carousels," the exhibit focuses on the private collection of the American Carousel Museum. Antique, hand-carved wooden carousel horses, restored to original condition, are displayed. Check out the working hand-cranned English carousel. Demonstrations of carousel animal restoration. At Foothills Mall. Mon.-Fri., 10 a.m.-9 p.m.; Sat., 10 a.m.-6 p.m.; Sun., noon-5 p.m. Free. 742-7191.

Beth O'Donnell Gallery, Ltd.

Dec. 9-Jan. 9

Michael Ives, the Southwest's newest rising star, displays his Southwestern subjects in acrylic on canvas. And N. Shreko Markin exhibits poly-

High School Art Closes Dec. 11

Tucson high schools give us an exhibit by those on the underside of twenty (just remember, Michelangelo was only a few years past that tender age when he carved David). Pima Community College Student Center, 2202 W. Anklam Rd. Mon.-Thurs., 9 a.m.-5 p.m. Fri., 9 a.m.-4 p.m. 884-6975.

Rosequist Galleries Through December

Fine contemporary Southwestern art, traditional and innovative, by many gallery artists—over 7,500 square feet of visual feast. Tues.-Sat., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. 1615 E. Fort Lowell Rd. 327-5729.

Saguaro Gallery

Dec. 13-Jan. 2

With "Oil and Canvas, 1987," Brenda Ann Johnson, veteran illustrator, ventures into the fine arts with realistic paintings from wildlife to landscapes. An escape into realism. Reception, Dec. 13 from 2 p.m.-6 p.m. Tues.-Sun., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. 11050 E. Tanque Verde. 749-2152.

Sanders Galleries

Exhibits by Western artists Richard Iams, Don Jaramillo, Doug Ricks and Doyle Shaw. 6420 N. Campbell Ave. 299-1763. Hours Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Showing at the Westin La Paloma branch

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WHERE TO HOWL

gallery are regional artists and watercolors on rice paper by Jerry Becker. 3300 E. Sunrise. 577-5820. Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m.-7 p.m.

Settlers West

An exhibit devoted to the Great American West (it closes Dec. 5) features the paintings and bronzes of the historical and contemporary West by 36 nationally acclaimed artists, including: Ken Riley, Tom Hill, R.M. Stubbs, Duane Bryers, Jim Reynolds and others. The rest of December, artists associated with the gallery will have works on view. Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. 6420 N. Campbell Ave. 299-2607.

Subway Gallery in Bisbee

Dec. 5-31

It's "the group member show" which means a grab bag of work by a bunch of different people. The kind of show that makes a Saturday in Bisbee fun. Tues.-Sun., noon-4 p.m. 45 Main Street, Bisbee. 1-432-5230.

Tohono Chul Park

Through Jan. 4

"Traditional and Contemporary Quilts," a colorful fabriganza including miniature quilts for doll houses, traditional sizes, and an old-fashioned quilting bee (Sat., Dec. 5, 1-4 p.m.) where nimble fingers can learn or klutzies can just watch and enjoy. 7366 Paseo del Norte. Adm. charge. 9:30 a.m.-5 p.m. daily. 742-6455.

Dec. 2-Jan 3

"The Sublime Desert," landscapes in watercolor by Eva Arenas.

Tubac Center

Through Jan. 3

Featuring forty artists from around the country displaying their crafts—wood, ceramics, glass, metalwork, weaving et al. The stuff to give for Christmas. Tues.-Sat., 10 a.m.-4:30 p.m. Sundays, 1-4:30 p.m. Closed Monday. Downtown Tubac. 1-398-2371

Tucson Art Institute

Through December

The Institute is putting on its faculty exhibition—sculpture, paintings, drawings and prints. 1157 S. Swan Rd. 748-1173.

Dec. 20

Student Art Exhibition and new works by Tucson Art Institute faculty. Opening reception from 5-7 p.m.

Tucson Museum of Art

Dec 12-Jan. 31

New Mexico artist Sam Scott's "vivid brush strokes and pulsing color" will accompany the show listed in our "Choice" section. 140 N. Main Ave. Tues., 10 a.m.-9 p.m. Wed.-Sat., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Sun., 1-5 p.m. Adm. charge. 624-2333.

Dec. 1-Feb. 3

"El Nacimiento," the traditional Mexican nativity scene, is a local favorite. The elaborate nacimiento, including more than 100 figurines, will be on display at the historical Casa Cordova at TMA. Free.

UA Hall of Fame Gallery

Through Dec. 19

Nancy Hall Brooks exhibits

paintings and collages. Regular building hours. 621-3546.

UA Joseph Gross Gallery

Through Dec. 11

It's another graduate review show—enough to stir the jitters in any graduate student. Lend support and go see—it's in the UA Art Building. Gallery hours: Wed.-Fri., 12-6 p.m. Sat. and Sun., noon-4 p.m. Info, 621-7570.

UA Museum of Art

Dec. 9-Jan. 10

"An Enduring Grace: Photographs by Laura Gilpin" displays more than 100 examples in a memorial retrospective of the acclaimed Southwestern photographer. Organized by the Amon Carter Museum, Fort Worth, and sponsored by the UA Center for Creative Photography. Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m.-5 p.m. and noon-4 p.m. on Sunday. 621-7567.

UA Rotunda Gallery

Through Dec. 19

In "Static Masters," photographers Sarah Creachbaum, Kim Gregory, Carol Hinote and Robert Walker display their work. Regular Student Union building hours. 621-3546.

UA Union Gallery

Dec. 1-19

David Aguirre, Michael Berman, Wolf Gowin and Sheila Pitt hang and stand their sculptures, prints and paintings. The stuff roams from abstract to representational. UA Student Union, main floor. Mon.-Fri., 10-4 p.m., Sun., 11-3 p.m. 621-3546.

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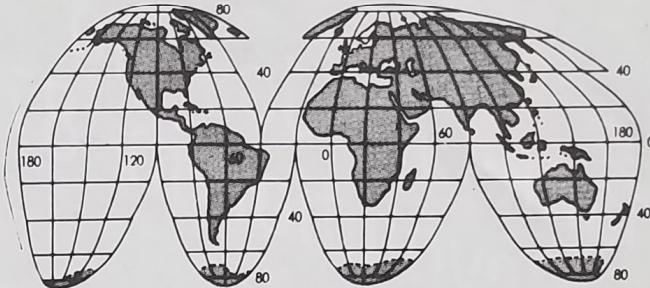


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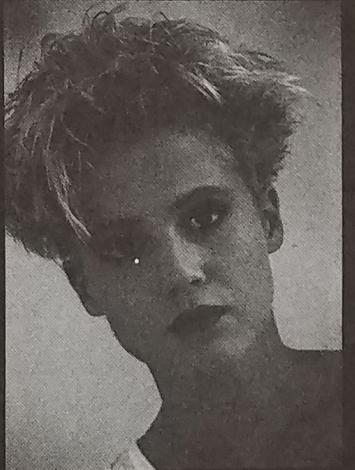
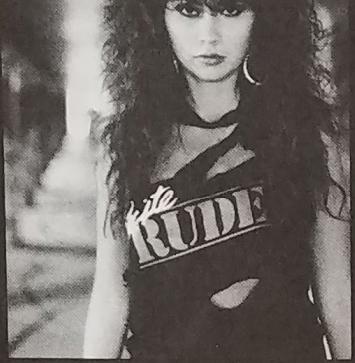
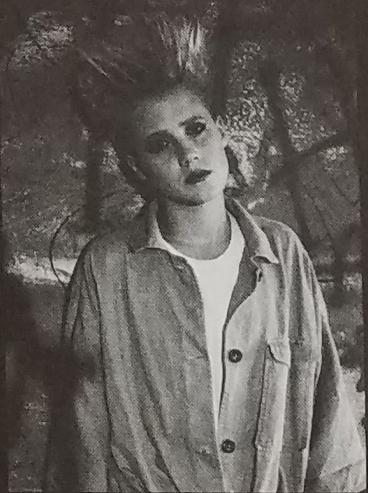
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WHERE TO HOWL

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Venture Fine Arts

A new gallery on the block emphasizing representational and impressionistic art. Featured are Carolyn Norton (impressionistic figures and still lifes in oil); Dan Bates (western bronze sculpture); Gary Price (wildlife sculpture) and many others. Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. and by appointment. 6541 E. Tanque Verde (Trail Dust Town). Info, 298-2258.

Womankraft Gallery Through December

This gallery specializes in art to serve special populations—senior citizens, children and, of course, women. Special happenings during the holiday month. Call for further info. Weekdays, noon-4 p.m. 200 E. Congress St. 792-6306.

Yuma Art Center Through Dec. 27

They've named a TV show after it, there are books on it—now they're showing Cy Lehrer's b&w photos of that lonesome highway. The exhibit is "Bypassed Places: Route 66." Tues.-Sat., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Sun., 1 p.m.-5 p.m. 281 Gila St. Yuma. Info, 1-783-2314.



If You're Not Chopping Your Own...

Dec. 1-24

Christmas isn't complete without the tree, and the Tucson Boys Chorus is selling them at the southwest corner of El Con. They've been doing this for 35 years. From tabletop trees to special order 25-ft. trees, and the price ranges from 10 bucks on up. They deliver, they fire-retard the trees, they flock them. You name it and they'll take care of it. From 9:30 a.m.-9:30 p.m. 296-6277.

Bright Lights, Big Tree

Dec. 2, dusk

Let's get dark downtown as this late '80s version of turning on the tree goes berserk with special effects—using mirrors, wind chimes, and fiber optics to produce state-of-the-art reflections in gonzo color. Tubes in primary colors run from the base of the tree to converge above, illuminating the top in white light (great for those who believe in

the power of white light to rid the body and mind of anger, guilt, angst). All this is supposed to make patterns of snowflakes on the ground. Who needs the real thing when art imitates life? Be there—the hoopla starts at dusk, in the park across from the United Bank Tower. Sponsored by the Tucson Electric League. Info, 882-4040.

Old-Fashioned Christmas

Dec. 2-Jan. 13

The Arizona Historical Society/Fremont House Branch Museum are recreating the holiday spirit of Territorial and Victorian days with an exhibition that ranges from antique ornaments and children's toys to traditional tree-decorating techniques and two tabletop trees. Escape from the malls into the past. Free. Wed.-Sat., 10 a.m.-4 p.m. Info, 622-0956.

An Apple A Day....

Dec. 3, 4, 5, 6

Four days in Willcox jammed with local and visiting craftspeople. A bazaar on Fri. and Sat. features craft demonstrations, a Christmas parade unfolds on Sat. morning, a tour of churches is on Sun. afternoon—and the main event is Willcox's annual apples contest. They cook, bake, peel, scrape, bob, dunk, coat and cream the fruits and auction off the finished products on Sat. afternoon. So take the drive through the San Pedro Valley and on to Willcox for this ranch town's annual "Apple Festival." Info, 1-384-2272.

Navajo Library

Arts and Crafts Sale

Dec. 4, 5

The Friends of the Navajo Nation Library System are sponsoring the 10th annual arts and crafts fair and sale at the Window Rock Civic Center in Window Rock, Az. See more than fifty Navajo craftspeople exhibit jewelry, pottery, weavings, paintings, et al. And if you've been chowing down too much nouvelle cuisine lately, taste some red chili stew, mutton stew, authentic fry bread and other refreshments. The festivities include a drawing for a chance at over 100 items. Fri., 10 a.m.-8 p.m.; Sat., 10 a.m.-6 p.m. Free. Info, Mon.-Fri. 8 a.m.-5 p.m. 1-871-6526.

Last Chance

Dec. 4, 5, 6

The Ocotillo Artisans are holding their final show and sale of the holiday season so it's your last chance to buy

the finest in hand-crafted items. They're celebrating Christmas and Hanukkah and you'll find stained glass, ornaments, centerpieces, wreaths, clothing, graphic arts, toys, teddy bears and more. The sale is at Casa de Ventanas model homes, by Richmond American, at Wilmot and Sunrise. Visa/MC accepted. Dec. 4 & 5 from 9 a.m.-5 p.m., Dec. 6 from 11 a.m.-4 p.m. Info, 742-2030 or 297-3666.

Artistic Seniors

Dec. 4

Armory Park Senior Citizen Center's Sun Fair, presented by those who have lived long enough to tell it like it is. Handmade and original arts and crafts by authentic grandparents. In the evening, everyone kicks up their heels and dances. From 8 a.m.-10 p.m. Info, 791-4865.

Many Hands on The Holiday

Dec. 5

The merchants of the Many Hands Courtyard host a holiday festival featuring unusual gift items as well as a bake sale. So if you can't decide which treasure to give someone, at least you'll find something to gorge yourself on. The "Street Minstrels" will perform while you spend your dough or eat some of theirs. Free. 3054 N. 1st Ave. Info, 792-3323.

Nogales on Parade

Dec. 5

Float on down to Nogales when the city's streets fill with color in this Christmas parade representing Mexican and American culture. From 10 a.m. 'til 1 p.m. Downtown Nogales, Az. Info, 1-287-3685.

Children's Christmas Party

Dec. 5

Treat your kids to yesteryear in this old-fashioned Christmas party. Volunteers will demonstrate the use of 19th-century toys and show how holiday ornaments were once made. The Tucson Public Library will have finger puppets telling the tales of Christmas. The Tucson Fire Department and the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum will also participate in the full day's program. Children are invited to thrash away at and break a piñata in a traditional party to close the festivities. Free from 10 a.m.-4 p.m. at the Arizona Historical Society, 949 E. 2nd St. Info, 622-0956.

Holidays with the Boys

Dec. 6, 11, 18

The Tucson Boys Chorus' big

HOLIDAY

AT HOME ON THE RANGE

Boys Chorus looks for an audience

There's no tougher audience than the one on your own turf.

When our homegrown rockers Giant Sand went on tour a while back, they found European fans who had every record they'd made and recognized their faces. The Italian press gushed that Tucson must be a rock mecca. But, as they like to tell the story, when they got home to Tucson "we had trouble drawing flies."

The challenge also faces a local institution more famous than the above. When this troupe does California, people say, "Oh, we saw you on Good Morning America." When it plays Europe, it's "The Internationally Renowned Tucson, Arizona Boys Chorus." And outside one packed hall during last year's China tour, students broke windows trying to get into the concert or at least hear the music.

Back in the Old Pueblo, these accomplished youths face what Boys Chorus director Julian Ackerley describes as "that pat-em-on-the-back, aren't-they-cute, little-boy syndrome. When it's just the kid next door, who always asks you to buy a Bonanza book, he doesn't have the same foreign mystique."

While other parts of the world delight in the taste of the Wild Frontier brought by these balladeers with their cowboy duds and rope tricks, Tucsonans apparently see the routine as hokey. Even Ackerley, who understands the promotional value of the Western motif, admits that he sometimes can't stand the thought of one more "Home, Home on the Range."

Setting aside that hometown blasé and listening, Tucsonans may just find themselves impressed by their home-grown talent. "The response is overwhelming when they see us," says the ever-upbeat Ackerley. "Too many of them just don't get to see us."

Wrote former *Arizona Daily Star* critic Larry Harnisch on a Christmas season past, "In the past three weeks I have reviewed a dozen Christmas programs, and I have seen even more.... Of all those concerts, only a few have been as pleasant, relaxing and enjoyable as last night's program by the Tucson Boys Chorus...."

This season's concerts will feature the Jewish tradition mingled with Christmas. Traditional favorites—"Hanukkah Song," "Carol of the Bells," "White Christmas"—will be highlighted, but there also will be some surprises such as "The Monotone Angel" (a novelty bit about an angel who only knows how to sing one note).

Performances will be at 3 p.m. and 7:30 p.m. Sunday, Dec. 6 at the Tucson Community Center Music Hall (\$3 to \$5 general admission tickets available in advance at TCC outlets and Dil-lards; \$7.50 reserved-seat tickets are at the Boys Chorus office at 5770 E. Pima).

The chorus also will give two free performances, at 6 p.m. Dec. 11 at the Continental Shopping Plaza in Green Valley, and at 7:30 p.m. Dec. 18 at the Williams Centre's Holiday of Lights (Broadway and Craycroft). □

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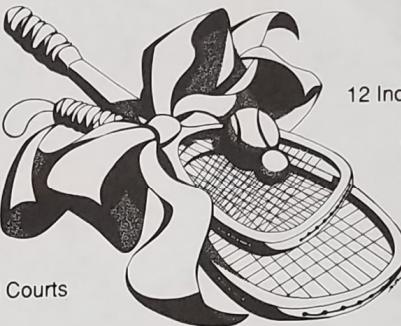
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WHERE TO HOWL

public concerts of the season will be on Sunday the 6th, at 3 p.m. and 7:30 p.m., at the TCC Music Hall. General seating, \$3 to \$5 at TCC and Dillards outlets. Reserved seating, \$7.50 at the Boys Chorus office, 5770 E. Pima. The "world-renowned" chorus also will give two free holiday concerts at 6 p.m., Dec. 11 at the Continental Shopping Plaza in Green Valley, and at 7:30 p.m., Dec. 18 at Williams Centre's Holiday of Lights Festival, Broadway and Williams Boulevard

Tumacacori's Annual Fiesta
Dec. 6

The Santa Cruz Valley's cultural groups come together in their 17th annual fiesta. Events include a commemorative mass at 10 a.m., folk dancing, fiddling, authentic ethnic foods and craft demonstrations. This year they're also celebrating the 300th anniversary of Father Kino's arrival in the Pimeria Alta. 45 miles south of Tucson at exit 29 off I-19. 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Free. Your chance to get out of town. 1-398-2341.

Half a Marathon
Dec. 13

The Southern Arizona Road Runners Club is off and running with the Holiday Half Marathon. Find out if you're half in shape before tackling the biggie. 8 a.m. at Hughes Falcon Field. \$8 for SARRC members; \$9 for non-members. Late registration and packet can be picked up at the Running Store on Dec. 12 from 10 a.m.-4 p.m. Hotline 744-6256.

Las Posadas

Dec. 15
Local school children reenact the pilgrimage of Mary and Joseph to Bethlehem. Sponsored by the Tucson Festival Society, celebrating their 50th year, at Carrillo School. The traditional festivities start at approx. 9 a.m. and include a retrospective look at the changes of the festival over the years. Alumni who were students and took part in Las Posadas years ago will be on hand to talk about the good ole days. Info, 622-6911, 440 S. Main Ave.

Fiesta Navidad
Dec. 18

Normally quiet Tubac begins glowing with luminarios at sundown in celebration of the holiday season. Merchants provide free refreshments, and the community—an interesting mix of art and history—breaks out in song

and dance. Further info, 1-398-2370.

Annual Holiday Art Show

Dec. 5, 6

Show at the Tucson Botanical Garden features Southwestern artists in media including oil, watercolor, sculpture, metal working and weaving. Free. 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Dec. 5, noon to 5 p.m. Dec. 6.

The Bazaar Too Tough To Die
Through Christmas

The Old Firehouse Art Gallery in Tombstone is having an arts and crafts fair featuring such homespun items as crocheted and knitted baby clothes, doilies, stuffed animals, Afghans, embroidered pictures, potholders, towels, dolls, handmade clowns. All proceeds go to upkeep of the gallery and to scholarships. Wed.-Sun., 10 a.m.-4 p.m. at 5th and Toughnut. Info, 1-457-3485.

Safford Christmas

Dec. 10-11

It's the Festival of Trees, adorning this Graham County farm town with trees decorated by local families and businesses—whose imaginations go crazy. One year they even had one tall enough to reach the gymnasium ceiling, and the whole thing was decorated in Cabbage Patch Dolls. See what adorns the tree that reaches the ceiling this year. It's at Safford Stake Center on Catalina Drive, beneath lovely Mount Graham. From 5-7 p.m., but usually runs later than that. At 7 p.m. the music begins. Info, 1-428-2511.

Christmas Bake Sale
in Tombstone

Dec. 12

The Women's Fellowship of the Congregational Church is putting out a spread of homemade goodies for you to buy. What would Christmas be without such a binge? Held at the Congregational Church on 2nd and Allen in Tombstone at 9 a.m. These homespun treats move fast. Proceeds to the Women's Fellowship. At presstime, the date wasn't firm, so call first. Info, 1-457-2205.

Reap What You Sow
Nov. 21, 22

The Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum's harvest bazaar features a combination cacti/succulent and gem/mineral sale. Other local vendors gearing up for Christmas will also be on hand to sell their wares. Free, from 9 a.m.-5 p.m. Info, 883-1380.

Deck the Malls
Through December
Santa beams down from the North Pole to kick off the central activity of the season: the prowling of the malls for Christmas gifts. You can have your picture taken with St. Nick 'til Dec. 27. And holiday music will fill the halls through Christmas.

Christmas Carols
Through December
Local school choruses, bands and orchestras perform holiday music during normal shopping hours at El Con and Park Malls.

Wish Upon The Stars at Flandrau Planetarium
Dec. 1-Jan. 3
Follow the "Star of Wonder" and travel back 2,000 years in time to view the skies as the Wise Men did in this beautiful and traditional Flandrau Planetarium Christmas show. Mixture of slides and gonzo special effects. Return to a time when the skies had no smog. Tickets \$3.50. Tues.-Sat. at 7:30 p.m. and Sat. & Sun. at 1:30 p.m., 2:30 p.m. and 3:30 p.m. Extra afternoon shows during Christmas week. Info, 621-STAR.

Operation Santa Claus
Dec. 1-18
A drive for gifts and donations so local mental health agencies can bring holiday cheer to patients. Mental Health Association of Greater Tucson, 121 S. Olsen Ave. 623-7506.

Old Tucson Presents A Storybook Christmas
Dec. 19-Jan. 3
This 45-min. professional stage presentation of favorite holiday medleys will be performed in the Old Tucson Soundstage. Times and special group rates to be announced; call 883-6457.

Concert at the Mission
Dec. 19
The Tucson Masterworks Chorale Chamber Singers give their annual holiday concert at San Xavier del Bac at 3 p.m.

Holidays at El Conquistador
Twelve nightly concerts of holiday music in the resort lobby, Dec. 13-24, free and topped off with complimentary hot cinnamon cider. And on New Year's Eve, three parties—one a sixties bash featuring the Platters, one a Country-Western blowout, and one a cantina-style fiesta. Info and reservations, call 742-7000.



Scott Garber

This knife sharpener, courtesy of Table Talk, is produced by Chantry of Clearwater, Florida and is included in the permanent design collection of the New York Museum of Modern Art.

THE MONTESSORI KITCHEN

BY LAWRENCE W. CHEEK

I have visited Mexican kitchens, French kitchens, Russian kitchens and even Chinese kitchens, all in ordinary people's homes, and I have noticed something they have in common: They are all more interesting than American kitchens, because the paraphernalia of cooking are out in the open, exposed to view. They are the kitchen's tools and decorations at once.

We don't do this. We incarcerate our herbs and spices behind fake Colonial cabinet doors, tuck knives and spoons and whisks into drawers, stack pots and pans out of sight as if they were something to be vaguely embarrassed about, like a closetful of sweat-stained clothes. Visual entertainment in American kitchens tends to take the form of kitsch—ceramic plaques with some Swedish saying about how baked carp is good for the soul, that kind of thing. At best, you can hope for some Doonesbury episodes taped to the fridge.

I think this is odd, because Americans' workshops don't look like this—not those belonging to serious amateur woodworkers or even halfway accomplished putterers. Tools are displayed in the open, aligned on shelves or hung from pegs in neat rows. The saws, planes, clamps and drill bits form a kind of industrial art exhibit and make a statement

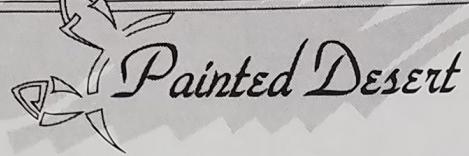
about the person who uses them and keeps them sharp.

So why the difference? A kitchen is a workshop, isn't it?

A possible explanation is that until rather recently, we Americans were much better at making bookshelves and installing deadbolts than we were at cooking. At some level, perhaps, we sensed this, and knew instinctively that we shouldn't be showing off the equipment we were about to use to make a meatloaf. A related reason may be that until rather recently, we haven't known enough about good cooking to buy pots and pans and knives and things that were fit to stay out in the daylight.

I indict myself. I've taken increasing sensual pleasure in cooking for the last eight or ten years, and acquired reasonable skills at it. But for some reason I kept assuming that the implements in the kitchen didn't matter as long as they were up to the basic tasks at hand—that techniques and good ingredients, not tools, made a cook look good. I checked out the high-priced stuff in the cookware stores and figured it was just so much more meaningless consumerism aimed at the dreaded Y-people. Then one evening I watched Jacques Pépin, one of the more entertaining TV chefs, dismember and pulverize an entire head of garlic in about four

Mi Casa



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Pasta	priced daily
Boston bibb, mushrooms, mustard vinaigrette	3.95
Spinach leaves, bacon, pecans, parmesan cheese	5.50
American endive, gorgonzola, bacon & bacon vinaigrette	8.95
Red bell pepper pizza	basic 8.95 designer ?

Mains

Burrito, chicken, exotic mushroom cream sauce	10.95
Blue corn enchilada, grilled scallops, red pepper cream sauce	15.95
Tuna, papaya & kiwi butter sauce	16.95
Salmon, Arizona sunset sauce	15.95
Breast of chicken, goat cheese, peppers, maui onion	13.95
Pork tenderloin, dry sherry cream sauce, pecans	15.95
Breast of duck, Grand Marnier sauce	16.95
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seconds.

Maybe I'll get a new knife, I thought.

That was a couple of years ago. I now have a fairly complete kitchenful of fine tools, things fit to hang on the walls and keep for a lifetime—Henckels knives, Cuisinart pots and pans, a Braun drip coffee maker and grinder, and so on. It may look like an indulgence: \$400 for a set of French-made pots and pans is four to six times what the same basic vessels, made of cheaper materials in a country with lower-valued labor, will cost. The brochures for these things carry on about their even distribution of heat, fifty-year warranties and so on, which is great. I think they are making me a better cook. But the more important reward of using them is simple: they feel good in my hands.

What should be on hand in an American kitchen where the occupant enjoys cooking? Let's look at the major items.

Knives: The worst place to try saving money, because a knife can make a cook look either like a klutz or a wizard. The other evening I turned cheap at the grocery store and came home with bargain meat for a Chinese stir-fry. With the first slice I realized it was tough meat—really tough—and if I'd been stuck with a cheap knife we would have had Thousand Chew Beef for dinner. But I was able to slice it credit-card thin, the knife assuming much of the work our jaws would have endured otherwise. Wizardry.

There is general agreement on what constitutes the right stuff in a knife: look for drop-forged, high-carbon, stain-resistant (but not stainless) steel and a blade that extends back through the entire length of the handle. I have six different knives, but I could get by with three: a three-inch paring knife, an eight-inch carving knife, and a fat ten-inch chef's knife. Keep good knives in a wooden block, hone them with a sharpening steel every other use, and don't, for God's sake, put them in the dishwasher.

Pots and pans: There's no expert consensus here. If you've visited a cookery shop lately, you've seen a bewildering variety of high-end cookware, mostly imported, on the shelves: Mauviel from France in hand-hammered copper; Chantal from Germany in blue enameled steel, so heavy it would only feel good in Art Greathouse's hands; no-nonsense American Calphalon in heavy aluminum; and the stainless steel-and-copper-sandwich Cuisinart.

Professionals bicker endlessly about which materials offer the best cooking surfaces and heat transfer, which is why there are so many alternatives. You can't test-drive a \$100

sauté pan, unfortunately, so check the equipment out with wits and intuition. Will there be a maintenance problem? (Beware copper!) Are there sharp corners where food will stick? Do they feel like tools you'll enjoy handling?

And watch how you handle them. My Discount Village stuff never got me in trouble, but my Cuisinart covered skillet nearly set the kitchen on fire the first week I had it. I had heated a film of olive oil in it, then decided I wasn't yet ready for it. I cut the heat, which caused a vacuum that sealed the lid to the skillet. To re-expand the trapped air, I turned the heat back up high—TOO high. When I finally pulled the lid, a three-foot tower of flame shot out of the pan. I could not pass this off as wizardry.

Gadgets: They're always intriguing in the stores, frequently less so at home in the kitchen. Many are fads—when was the last time you hauled out the fondue pot you bought in 1971? A general principle is that the more specialized a gadget is, the less you need it.

I have a great Italian-made pasta cranker, which I use maybe annually. Sure, fresh homemade tortellini stuffed with chicken and nutmeg and sautéed in butter and garlic are ambrosial—but this takes about two and a half hours, and I don't have that kind of time to spend in the kitchen.

Food processors? I'm ambivalent. I have one, and I like it, but I find I use it mainly to slice sunamono—paper-thin cucumber to be marinated in rice vinegar. When cooking for only two or three people, a wizard can do most food-processing chores as efficiently with a good knife.

But I used to have an ingenious German-made mechanical food processor called a *blitzhacker* (literally, lightning-chopper)—six blades that could be pumped, piston-like, inside a large plastic cylinder. It made an alarmingly military noise and could vanquish an entire onion in seconds. It cost, I recall, about seven bucks. But when it wore out, I never could find another one.

A wok is the one indispensable gadget; it works as nicely for whipping up chorizo and eggs as for kung-pao shrimp. If your kitchen is cursed with an electric stove, as mine is, you need an electric wok. Most of them, according to a comparison test I saw, are wimpy: They don't recover heat rapidly enough after you toss in the meat or vegetables. Buy the most powerful wok you can find; if "turbo" is in the name somewhere, it's a good sign. Leave it on an open shelf, label facing out, and you've made a statement. You know what you're doing in that kitchen. □

Nu Revues

Michelangelo

5931 North Oracle

This is good food! Generally I'm not one to gush, unless it's over a pizza or a corned beef on rye on one of those nights when you're starving. But Michelangelo is like one of those out-of-the-way spots that you stumble upon in an ethnic neighborhood in Milwaukee or Chicago and remember forever.

This spot is tucked away in San Marco Plaza on Oracle near Rudesill—I live in the neighborhood and took a year to discover it—but it is hardly a pizza parlor. It is a comfortable, quietly elegant place with high-end regional Italian delicacies and hovering waiters who discreetly appear with a match when the lady reaches for a cigarette.

The wine list alone is an impressive mix of Italian, French, German, with a careful splash of California, and the food...well, I haven't talked to anyone who didn't rave about it. I had the *vitello lombardo e gamberi*, veal medallions and shrimp sautéed in lemon and butter, with a side of fettuccine alfredo, and I think I imprinted on it. The veal was tender and sweet, the fettuccine rich and sassy. My friend had lasagna stuffed with ricotta, meatball, pepperoni and hard boiled eggs and gushed about the flavors and moisture achieved without being drenched in sauce. The garlic bread came with ham and provolone and was light enough not to generate reminders the next day.

The menu roams innovatively from smoked salmon and stuffed mushroom appetizers through a full range of interesting pasta (say, linguini with escargot and green olives), to veal, filet mignon, shellfish and sautéed squid for the adventurers. The gourmet dessert showcase will finish you off—the two of us worked on one piece of chocolate mousse cake with whipped cream and still had to take some home in a box.

I found out later that I shouldn't have been surprised. Michelangelo is owned by Damiano Ali, who for years operated the popular family restaurant still bearing his name. Now he and wife Assunta have another winner. Dinner prices range from \$7.95 for spaghetti and meatballs to the \$12 to \$15 range for fancier fare. Open for lunch, too, at more casual prices. Closed Sundays, which they reserve for private parties. Credit cards, checks. 293-7100. —Cholesterol Kid.

DiMaggio's

1802 W. Grant

A few years past, a weekend ritual in town was to drive or bicycle over to Pima and Swan for the privilege of standing in line to eat breakfast in an unlikely looking little restaurant called Peggy's Cafe. Eventually owner Tommie DiMaggio, a curly-haired man with a mustache and fun in his eyes, got tired of the uninitiated asking him if he was Peggy, and tacked the

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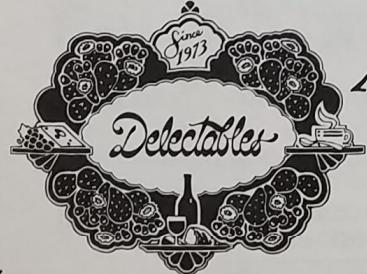
At The French Loaf, we take no shortcuts in baking authentic French bread, baguettes and croissants. And our fresh specialities like baked ham and cheese croissant sandwiches, baked Brie baguettes, and fresh Nova salmon on light rye bread have a distinctive French accent.

Join us at The French Loaf for breakfast, lunch or an early dinner, Monday through Saturday from 7:30 a.m. to 6:00 p.m., and Sundays from 8:00 a.m. to 12:00 p.m.

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family name on the joint.

Progress finally replaced the old building, and Tommie and his wife and kids moved to New York to make real money working for a big operation in ski country. They loved the income, but began to wonder after nine months why they had not unpacked. Well, you know why. This is a hard town to leave.

Which is the long way of saying that Tommie is back in town, this time tucked into the sprouting industrial/business district on West Grant, with the fancy name of DiMaggio's at the Santa Cruz. As expected, it is becoming a destination resort for the weekend ham-and-egg set. This is one place in the West where they don't insist on turning scrambled eggs into linoleum. If you're bored with the usual breakfast meats pigs die for, Tommie offers Italian sausage or chorizo. And, of course, the popular DiMaggio's home fries are back. In addition to the usual array of omelettes and pancakes, DiMaggio's also serves up a mean breakfast burrito and huevos rancheros.

Let's also do lunch. When I was there, the \$3.95 special was a big plate of roast lemon chicken—a great brown crust preserved the moist sweetness inside—nested in rice and a half-dozen vegetables. The daily menu has the range of burgers, sandwiches and salads to chicken parmigiana, herb tea and New York seltzers. And there isn't a meal that won't leave you change from four singles.

DiMaggio's draws an interesting mix of West Side workers, downtown pols and even some university types. It's not fancy. The tables are small; the service imitates lightning. There's also a side room for private gatherings and a forty-dish catering service that doesn't miss a palate. Examples: tabouleh wheat, chicken-fried steak, seafood linguini, gazpacho, crepes, chimis, quiche, ribs, catfish and meatloaf. Breakfast and lunch, 6:30 a.m.-2:30 p.m. weekdays, breakfast only weekends, 7 a.m.-1 p.m. No credit cards; checks with a bank card. 884-8770.—Cholesterol Kid.

The Swedish Boathouse 7889 E. 22nd St.

This landlubbing riverboat always looked a little strange, perched there on the left bank

of the nearly-always-dry Pantano Wash. Now, with a new owner, theme and ethnic menu, it's stranger still: There are lakeside tables inside The Swedish Boathouse.

We took one, of course. With the appetizers (we chose Camembert cheese pan-fried with herbed bread crumbs) came a remote control unit for steering the Swedish-flagged toy boats on the lake. There was even a battery-operated frogman who occasionally managed to outswim the boats. We had a couple of minor collisions on the water before making the first of several trips to the "authentic Swedish smorgasbord."

There we found we didn't need distractions from the food: it was good! The Swedes really know how to broil shrimp to perfection—a rare talent in this desert. The crab salad was excellent, too, as were the marinated mushrooms, fresh fruit salad, deviled and pickled eggs and a generous variety of other salads.

At the hot table we found baked ham, meatballs, beef stew, parsleyed whole small potatoes and a tempting array of breads and cheeses. The potatoes were a little disappointing—a tad overdone—but all was forgiven with the arrival of a Swedish chocolate cake, deliciously moussey inside but firm enough on the outside. It was perfectly complemented by hot, strong coffee.

Besides the smorgasbord, there are menu entrees such as Swedish Pie (a casserole of fresh seafood topped with puff pastry), beef medallions in green peppercorn sauce and sauteed sweetbreads with mushrooms, herbs and wine. Dinner prices are \$13.50 for the smorgasbord, or \$10.95 to \$15.95 for entrees. The lunch menu includes salads at \$4.95, omelettes and a \$6.95 smorgasbord.

If the food and lakeside entertainment aren't enough, mention that it's your birthday. You'll be serenaded in what sounds like, and must be, Swedish.

Lunch served Tuesday-Friday, 11 a.m.-2 p.m.; dinner Tuesday-Saturday, 5-10 p.m. and Sunday, 5-8 p.m. Sunday brunch, 11 a.m.-3 p.m. Wheelchair access, credit cards. 298-0028.

—Limey

Encores

Austin's

2920 E. Broadway

For thirty years, this Midwestern dairy bar has huddled off the roar of Broadway just west of Country Club. The menu is more dependable than the American dollar: if it's cream of potato soup it must be Wednesday. A long counter flanks the west side of the room and a maze of booths that would puzzle white mice fills up most of the rest. The fountain area sits in plain view for worship by ice cream devotees and Austin's

makes it own—good stuff with flavors that change from time to time. This is not a fun-food zoo but a serious ice cream facility. Sandwiches here are advertised as overstuffed and the folks don't lie. The chicken salad and tuna salad is as addictive as cocaine and the hamburger is the plain Jane version (patty, bun, onions, lettuce and tomato) that America favored before the corruption of California laid waste to everything true and holy. Take out. No credit cards, checks with

personal guarantee card. 327-3892. —Desert Rat.

Blue Moon Cafe

1021 N. Wilmot

An innovative husband-and-wife venture trending toward trendy, with first-class twists (one of their Blue Plate Specials is "wheat loaf," but real chickens gave their livers to the pistachio paté). The food not only is grand, but interesting. A crisp salad and soup bar with homemade breads offers baby corn ears, cold curried vegetables and potato

Eat

salad along with the standards. The menu dances from brie to pasta to Oriental to Mexican to tuna salad. Usually, ordering cheese ravioli in a place that doesn't sound Italian is risky; here it is a blessing. Average meal \$5. Smoking discouraged. Lunch daily, dinner Wed.-Sat. Closed Sundays. 790-0069.
—Cholesterol Kid.

Blue Sahuaro Steakhouse
3412 N. Dodge
Before sprouts, there was the Blue Sahuaro, where a rare steak is still walking and they won't take responsibility for anything ordered well-done. Even the frog legs might come with a mess of ranch beans. The food is honest, the beef is U.S.D.A. choice, the atmosphere hometown, and the waitress won't ask you your sign. But she might call you honey and tell you about her grandkids. Average dinner about \$8, children's menu. Full bar. Wheelchair access. Nonsmoking section. MC, Visa. Dinner only. Closed Mon. 326-8874.
—Cholesterol Kid.

Cactus Rose Doubletree Hotel

Flavors of the Southwest are sprinkled through executive chef Todd Proctor's wholesome and adventurous menu. You might start with grilled corn pancakes garnished with shredded duck, avocado and tomatillo relish; then refresh your eyes with a trip to the salad bar, where shiny spinach leaves provide a crisp green base for an unusual variety of natural foods and homemade dressings. There is a generous supply of homemade seven-grain bread, all warm and soft on the inside but satisfyingly crusty outside. No, we agreed solemnly, we couldn't possibly manage dessert. But this chocoholic would not resist the Arizona pecan and chocolate tart with whipped cream. Diet resumes on Monday. Open for breakfast, lunch and dinner daily. Non-smoking section; major credit cards. —Limey

Cafe Jerusalem
1738 E. Speedway
Located in the Speedway/Campbell shopping center, this Middle Eastern restaurant is run by Mr. Saad, owner, cook and waiter. Excellent falafel, rolled in pita bread and easy to manage without disgracing yourself, and a variety of vegetarian, lamb and chicken dishes. The por-

tions are decent, the food not only excellent but healthful too. The service is good, but they cook to order so don't be in a rush. While you wait you can stare at an aquarium stocked with colorful fish. Great place to meet foreign students. The most expensive meal is \$4.75. Limited wheelchair access. Lunch and dinner. 323-2010.—Country.

Casa Molina 6225 E. Speedway

Since 1947, the mother ship of the Molina empire. Food a little pricey for Mexican grub in Tucson (dinners from \$7.85 to \$12), but very good. The chips may be the best in the city and the salsa weighs in as serious stuff (be brave and ask for the homemade chiltepin sauce). Some argue—this is dangerous ground—that the beans are the best in Tucson. The tostadas are about the size of truck wheels. A true bargain is Picadillo, a specialty of the house which makes for a full meal at \$4.80. A little noisy (you want tile, you get noise). T-bones, fried chicken and hamburgers for the faint of heart. AE, Visa, MC, DC, CB. 886-5468. —Desert Rat.

Corleone's 1035 E. Mabel

The secret to this success is that whoever the godfather is, he hasn't raised his prices in years. Located in an old home just north of Speedway in the University area, Corleone's is spacious and cozy inside, with separate rooms for those who smoke and those who don't. We had Corleone Festino (\$6.95), portions of lasagna and veal served with spaghetti. Everything was cooked just right; my complaint was they showered my veal with spaghetti and I had to dig awhile to get to the good stuff. The salad was of the antipasto variety—crisp greens and slivers of pepperoni with helpings of carrots and olives. We also sampled the Veal Corleone (\$6.95), a layered combination of ham, eggplant and mozzarella over a 4-oz. veal patty. When spring and summer hit, the outside patio is romance city for the university crowd. Limited access. Visa and MC. Daily 5 p.m.-10 p.m. Sun., 4 p.m.-9 p.m. —Country.

Encores

see page 28

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Parties To Go

Between Turkey Day and New Year's, time is more precious than platinum. You're rushed, harried and well short of jolly during the holidays—right? If you're shedding too many tears in the season of good cheer, help is at your fingertips.

Dianne Costa and Jacque Clark have compiled and published a guide called *Catering to Tucson*, a source book that dances gracefully from breakfast in bed to strip-o-grams. This season may be cookies-from-scratch time, but if you're exhausted at the prospect of sweating through recipes, rip off your apron and stash it. Let your fingers do the dirty work—inside this book. It's available for \$9.50 plus \$2 for postage at *Catering to Tucson*, P.O. Box 31701, Tucson, AZ 85751.

Here's a random sample of the more than two dozen catering services they survey:

Beans, Bacon and Caviar

Maureen Boggs, 743-7282

She'll cook your goose—or your goat, javelina, duck, deer or any other wild game you've tucked away in your freezer. If you deplore hunting but enjoy the feast, she'll provide the game—chuck wagon style BBQs and suckling pig “complete with in-mouth apple.” Think of it as a suburban safari. Maureen provides the pit and you supply additional help. For 10-200 people. Advance notice 2-3 weeks.

Chalet Gourmet, Inc.

Jan Vesely, Debbie Low, 327-0604

They'll cater to your needs, but their first love is preparing weddings

and they'll arrange a cupid's reception. No party is too small, so even if you've just eloped, you can let these kitchen magicians in your home. Their southern chocolate pecan pie has won awards, so even finicky romantics need not fear. Other specialties include chicken Florentine, teriyaki marinated bacon, wrapped dates, Guaymas shrimp with snow peas. Advance notice. Call mornings Mon.-Fri.

Emerald Wheat Catering

Mark S. Van Hise, 722-0213

This guy started getting cuisine crazy when he was in grade school—he baked cookies with his mom. He's now expanded his services and offers French, Italian and Chinese dinners, though he'll honor other requests. He specializes in preparing candlelit dinners for two. When was the last time you did something so decadent and wonderful for the person you love? Whether you're on the verge of breaking up or buttering up, he's a good bet to help. Buffet catering up to 100 people.

Mary Had a Leg of Lamb

749-9428

No, these folks don't cater bad puns, but rather Mediterranean ethnic food and fine pastries. You provide your appetite and money and they'll prepare Armenian, Lebanese, Egyptian or Greek specialties as well as continental and southwestern fare. Tired of a traditional Christmas theme parties? Mary even caters belly dancing. Mon.-Sat. call from 8 a.m.-8 p.m.

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—Laura Greenberg

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Encores *from page 25*

Mama Louisa's 2960 N. Campbell

This summer Mama Louisa's opened its long-awaited second location at Campbell Plaza, a bustling, friendly and noisy place—just what an Italian kitchen should be. A creature of habit at Mama's, I always order Joe's Special—thin spaghetti topped with melted white cheese, thick tomato sauce, chopped garlic and hot pepper seeds. With a salad, it's \$6.50 and very good. But the other night I tried something new—a combination of manicotti and cannelloni—and I wasn't sorry. Compared to the firm, assembly-line manicotti tubes we've all had from the supermarket, homemade manicotti is a pleasant surprise—soft and drapy, like a crepe, it doesn't overwhelm the creamy ricotta filling. The new Mama's also has a "pasta bar" at lunch, where you can load up on carbs for \$5.50—just suck in your spare tire and pretend it's a salad bar. Mon.-Sat., 11-11; Sundays, noon-11. Credit cards. Wheelchair access. Full bar. 795-1779 —Hungry Heart.

**Micha's
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The only Mexican restaurant in the history of the planet to expand, get all gussied up and not go to hell. The place is famous for its soups (albondigas, cheese, chicken and rice, cocido, menudo) but makes a good stab at breakfast and dinner fare. On Sunday morning mobs of Mexican families descend to get their menudo fix and smile on the world. You can see softball players getting fueled for a day on the diamond, or City Manager Joel Valdez huddled over his newspaper. A new bar with live entertainment has pushed Micha's into the night hours. Lunch on weekdays is often overrun by newspaper people—careful what you say. Prices are moderate. Full bar. AE, Visa, M.C. Wheelchair access. 623-5307 —Desert Rat.

**Olympic Flame
7970 E. Broadway**
This excellent Greek restaurant resides in a defunct H. Salt franchise out on East Broadway. A Village Salad (\$6), split three ways, pro-

vided a cool end to a warm day with chilled tomatoes, cucumber, bell peppers, purple onions and feta cheese drenched in red wine vinegar and herbs. The gyro plate (\$8.95) offered Tucson's tenderest slices of rotisserie-broiled lamb. A shishkebab (\$12.50) featured lamb that was slightly charred on the outside and delectably moist on the inside. Red snapper smothered in wine and tomato sauce (\$10.95) was the only flawed entree; the fish was slightly overaged. A special treat here is the pita bread, flown in from Chicago and warmed over charcoal. It's light, yeasty and smoky. Visa, MC. 296-3399 —El Paso.

**Salvatore's
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Mom and Pop moved from Detroit and ended up cooking great Italian food in our backyard. There's something exquisite about a leisurely multi-course meal in a storefront shopping center. Northern specialties glide from homemade pastas to barbecued steaks and chops. The wedding soup (a chicken base

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**ZZ's Deli
2921 E. Fort Lowell**
Another flamingo-pink imitation adobe building has gone up at the far west corner of this small industrial complex. One of the tenants, however, is no fake—ZZ's serves all Vienna Beef products and proudly asserts that "7 million people from Chicago can't be wrong." Here are slabs of lean corned beef, pastrami, fat gray bratwurst, hot dogs and a variety of Italian grinders. All are excellent and the prices top out at \$3.50. Don't forget to try the French fries. They're cut in a pattern, and are ventilated with holes stamped by a cookie cutter. They come steaming hot, with the grease just barely coating the wax paper beneath. Wheelchair access. No credit cards. Daily 10 a.m. 8 p.m. 326-6833. □

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DESERT

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LIFE AFTER EV

Arizona could use some mothering

All this talk about Rose Mofford as governor makes sense enough in the state that elected Ev Mecham. It's hard to imagine Arizona being ready for any other kind of woman than "Aunt Rose" in the office. With her false eyelashes, belle dresses and platinum beehive, she reminds people of the days before feminism. And as the number two name on the Democrats' ticket in 1986 behind gubernatorial candidate Carolyn Warner, she complained privately that Arizona wasn't ready for two women at the top of the ticket.

Sixty-five-year-old Mofford likes things just fine as "one of the boys," yukking it up with flirtatious one-liners and off-color jokes.

She has quipped that Mo Udall's one wish in life is that he'll be named in a paternity suit when he's eighty years old—and it'll be a class action. She tells her friend Clarence Dupnik that the only indication she's seen that he can keep his mind on two things at once is his poster of Dolly Parton. She drawls that she's heard Lew Murphy's waterbed is known as Lake Placid.

Speaking of the mayor, she announced devilishly to about fifty Tucsonans at a recent charity golf tournament that "Murphy wanted me to pick up his balls." And she's always telling male politicians to kiss her...ring, as she holds up the big rock she wears.

"Oh great," sighed a young Tucson professional woman not long ago. "We'll go from Ev Mecham to Mae West. Our national reputation will never recover."

But like Miss West, Rose Mofford is no dummy—and it's no accident that she has thrived in the private men's club of Arizona politics for nearly a half century. She was high school valedictorian in Globe, where she also got elected class president six years in a row. She was an All-American in softball (on the Globe Cantaloupe Queens), once played basketball in Madison Square Garden as a teen, and turned down a pro contract in basketball. Hired as a secretary to the state treasurer in 1941—she'd won a national typing contest in high school—Mofford helped organize his political campaigns and worked her way up the state administrative ladder.

When Wesley Bolin appointed her secretary of state in 1977, she computerized the office and became known for loyalty to her people and efficiency (although she still types her own letters so no one else will have to). "Reliable" was the adjective most often awarded her. In her second re-election last year, she was unopposed and drew more votes than anyone else on the ballot. Everyone knows Rose, who will cheerfully go to any backwater town to ride in any hokey parade.

During the years of travelin' Bruce Babbitt, Mofford was bumped up to acting governor no fewer than 889 days. It was on one of those, after working late on a Friday night, that she and an aide got stuck in the elevator at the empty capitol. Pushing the emergency button, they heard a prerecorded message in Babbitt's voice: "I'm out of the state right now, but don't worry, our Secretary of State Rose Mofford will get your emergency call...."

Mofford, who loves to tell such stories, has a loud, raucous sense of humor, and she plays her public appearances for laughs—ignoring "the issues." Yet she has a take-charge personality. She once led a team that met with striking miners in Ajo



Rand Carlson

and Morenci in Babbitt's absence; she was the daughter of a copper miner herself. And a friend remembers a time she leaped out of a broken-down vehicle—with her imposing height and large build she is difficult to ignore—and commandeered the next car to whisk her to the airport. (The bewildered driver didn't speak English; she rewarded his service by giving him two official pens from the secretary of state's office.) But you could wait for Godot while trying to remember if she's taken any stands on issues facing the legislature. Steadfastly noncontroversial, she is one of the few Democrats around who has refused to say anything critical about

Mecham. Unlike the analytical Babbitt or the ideological Mecham, Mofford is a politician more interested in people than issues—and she cuts across party lines all the time to be that way.

"Arizona could use some mothering, and Rose could do it," commented a local Republican about the time Mecham was sprawled across the front pages for his allegedly secret campaign loan. Married for about ten years back in the sixties to a police captain whose gambling, friends say, clashed with her habit of saving money, Mofford has no children and has lived alone for a long time. But she is not without "family." On Thanksgiving and Christmas she has been known to wait tables at Goodwill. A colleague tells of being in a Phoenix restaurant with Rose and learning from the owner that she had loaned the money to set him up. Friends with a Japanese family that raises flowers on Baseline Road in Tempe, Mofford sometimes delivers bouquets door-to-door for them on holidays. A first-generation American always known to her mother as "Baby Rose," she had both of her elderly Austrian parents living with her until their deaths. And when her ex-husband was stricken with cancer long after their divorce, she took him in and nursed him for the last two years of his life.

With help from an artist friend living in California, Mofford cranks out political buttons for her political favorites from a button machine at her Phoenix home. Pima County's sheriff once got five hundred that declared "Return of the Dupnik." Mofford has a special fondness for law enforcement that traces back to her close relationship with her brother, an Arizona Highway Patrol officer who was a longtime driver for Gov. Paul Fannin, and the state's sheriffs are said to be crazy about her.

She sends out thousands of Christmas cards with her own caricature on them, suggesting that her silver beehive is as much fun for her as for everyone else. But it didn't start out that way. When her brother died suddenly of a heart attack some twenty years ago, Rose's hair turned from red to gray almost overnight.

Nowadays Mofford uses a bottle to enhance the color, friends say, but her trademark hair—unlike Ev's—is all hers. Tucsonans got to see that when she went to a fundraiser at Old Tucson last year as Annie Oakley—with long platinum pigtails. □

—Norma Coile

HEARD THROUGH THE ROSEVINE

So the street talk, as we went to press, was that Gov. Rose's choice to succeed her as secretary of state would be her old buddy, Pima County Supervisor Sam Lena.

Rose Mofford and Lena go way back, both being from the more conservative "old wing" of the Arizona Democratic Party. And Lena, who spent a number of years as a state legislator, has remained close to long-time capitol insider Mofford.

If Lena's appointment did come down, it would open up a South Side seat on the Board of Supes for the first time in a dozen years. Those who come to mind as possible successors include former school board member Raul Grijalva, South Tucson Mayor Dan Eckstrom, City Operations Director Tom Price,

State Rep. Phil Hubbard or former state senator Luis Gonzales. But one of them would have to come up with three votes among the current supes to get the job, and that sounds like a free-for-all.

The Ev Mecham administration has been unraveling way too fast for a rag with monthly deadlines to keep atop, so who knows what new unbelievable turns the story will have taken since our press date? But it was looking more and more like a Mofford succession as we put this issue to bed. In addition to the possibilities of indictment and/or impeachment of Mecham looming in her favor, there was cocktail-hour speculation among reporters that Salt Lake City might decide to send Mecham on an important mission for God in order to bail Mecham (and the

NOTES

church) out of all this bad publicity. Even Safford's *Eastern Arizona Courier*, which serves an area with a significant Mormon population, was calling for Mecham's resignation. There also was the widespread story that Ev's wife Flo had seen all she wanted to of life in the fishbowl. And there was the fact that good-ole-gal Rosie was more attractive to the establishment in both political parties than Democrat Carolyn Warner, who was dead set on running against Mecham in the recall election.

As several observers put it, Mofford is savvy enough to delegate, she

comes in under budget, she doesn't make waves, her retro beehive is more fun than Ev's cheap rug, and she's an amusing emcee/political personality. And after decades in the secretary of state's office, in one capacity or another, she's been around long enough to be tight with Barry Goldwater as well as some relative youngsters on the political scene, like Dennis DeConcini, Mo Udall....

So the line going around was this: "The good news, Carolyn, is that Arizona's finally going to have its first woman governor. The bad news...." □

—Norma Coile

BLEAK MONDAY

How a working stiff lost \$24,000 in a blink

The government worker in plain tan uniform sits silently, staring over the starched white shirt of his stockbroker to the green numbers flickering wildly across the computer screen. He is not here simply to monitor his investments in the stock market, which by day's end will tumble 508 points. When EF Hutton talks, he listens—and they've summoned him downtown on his lunch hour to cover his margin call.

Just write out a check for ten grand, they tell him. Tomorrow he'll owe another \$14,000. He makes \$21,000 a year in a blue-collar job and has three children in college.

"I borrowed a lot of money against my stocks to buy more stock in supposedly solid companies," the stocky fifty-eight year old is explaining. He seems compelled to convince a stranger that he'd known what he was doing. He's played the stocks all his adult life. "Not risk stocks," he adds, then pauses before sucking in a shock of air. "At least, I didn't think so."

He made some \$80,000 on the bull market, and he put it all back in. But now, in a morning's notice, he must pay the piper he didn't see coming. It is noon, October 19. The Dow is down a stunning 320 points so far. "I'm trying to save my stocks," he says, going over the problem in his head and reciting it aloud almost absentmindedly. "If only I had a crystal ball. You can't predict the next ten minutes." He stops, sighs, holds his round face in his hands for a few moments. When he looks up again, his tired eyes are startlingly blue. Wall Street is down nearly 400. "This is craziness," he laments, eyeing the selling stampede and groping for someone or something to blame. "That damn Democratic Senate."

He wishes aloud that the brokerage firm didn't want its money right away. "If only they could wait. Everyone knows the market will come back up eventually." The broker nods sym-

pathetically, but they both know that this is no day for patience. The longest lunch hour of his life nearly over, he finally extracts his checkbook from his back pocket. His stained, rough, workman's fingers grip a pen. In quick strokes he fills in the amount: Nine thousand, nine hundred seventy-five and 00/100 dollars. He stares for several minutes at his wife's name below his on the check before adding his signature. "She's probably in divorce court right now," he jokes. Earlier he had quipped that he's glad Hutton is on the first floor. "Actually, I'm proud of myself," he adds. "I'm taking it better than I thought I would." His forehead is moist.

"They've been anxious for this," broker Ron Brown apologizes before running off with the check. In his absence the client reveals he has twenty-four hours to figure out how to cover it. Maybe he can take it out of his retirement pension....

Behind him, a crowd of curiosity seekers has formed in the lobby of the building. A couple of men in loosened ties and crumpled white shirts are pacing and smoking, but for most observers a black humor has taken over. It's ten minutes until closing; the Dow is down 449. The lights on the EF Hutton switchboard are flashing like fireworks. The crowd starts chanting. It wants 500, and it will get it.

The sober government worker looks up the pension fund in question. It was at \$83,000 at the beginning of the year, but it too has been rocked by the crash. He calculates it's down to about 50K, and today and tomorrow he'll be yanking another \$24,000. Suddenly he's looking at a \$26,000 retirement, just a few years and a shaky market down the road.

"What now?" he's asked. "Now I go back to work and earn my ten bucks an hour." He stands and makes his way through the sea of dark suits to the sunny autumn day outside. □

—Norma Coile



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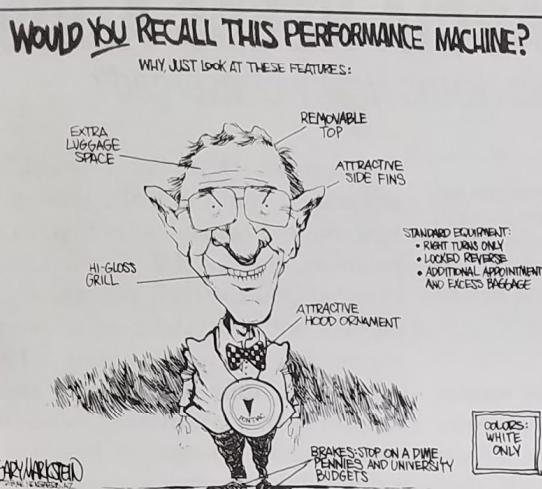


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THE CARTOON GUY

Gov. Evan Meacham may have spelled bad news for Arizona's convention business, but he's been the best thing that ever happened to the editorial cartoon trade. That much is apparent from *The World According to Evan Meacham* (Blue Sky Press, 4406 E. Main St., Suite 102-97, Mesa 85205; \$4.95).

This small book pulls together some of Ev's better lines ("Does the Pope speak English?"), some rather routine observations by compiler Mark Siegel, and forty-four editorial cartoons by Rand Carlson of *New Times*, Len Boro of *The Phoenix Gazette*, Dave Fitzsimmons of *The Arizona Daily Star*, Gary Markstein of Tribune Newspapers Az., and, of course, Garry Trudeau of "Doonesbury." It turns out that publication was financed by Tempe developer Barry Wolfson, the guy who loaned Meacham \$350,000, then apparently thought better of it. But whatever Wolfson's motives, it doesn't diminish the book's archival value. Reproduced here by permission is one of Markstein's better shots. □

OUR TOWN

Some miscellany we've picked up in reading:

The war of words over growth continues, as Roy Drachman makes clear in this snippet from the Oct. 14 *Wall Street Journal*: "Unlike environmentalists of a few years back who pressed for some limits on development, some people are now opposed to any growth," says Roy P. Drachman, a Tucson developer. In Tucson, he says, activists want a law that would require a public referendum on any zoning change. They don't care about jobs; they've got theirs, and they don't want any changes."

As chairman of Pima County's committee for a comprehensive land-use plan, Drachman has been working to forge compromise between environmentalists and developers—a diplomatic task that would be tricky even if the two sides were holding their tongues. Perhaps it didn't occur to him that local neighborhood activists (many of them being businesspeople, too) might read the *Journal*.

In a recent column headlined, "When in Arizona, beware the righteous," *The Albuquerque Tribune's* Lynn Bartels scoffed, "Arizonans embarrassed by Gov. Meacham? Let's get serious. But then, you've got to expect that from a state that serves the most putrid garbage in the world and passes it off as Mexican food."

Bartels' address: New Mexico State Tribune Co., Post Office Drawer T, Albuquerque, NM.



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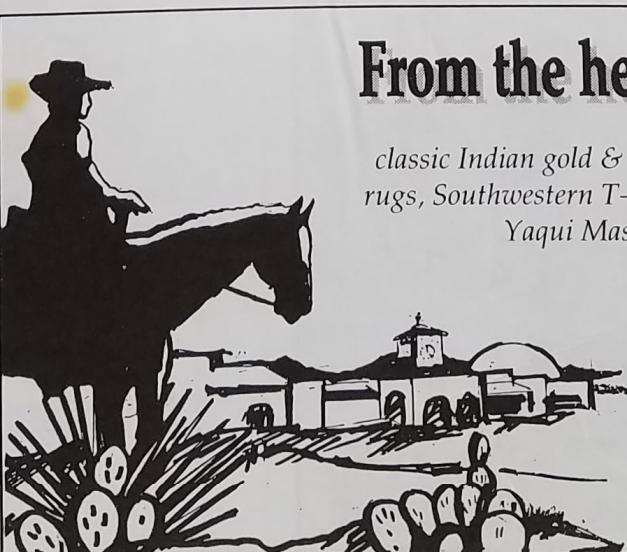
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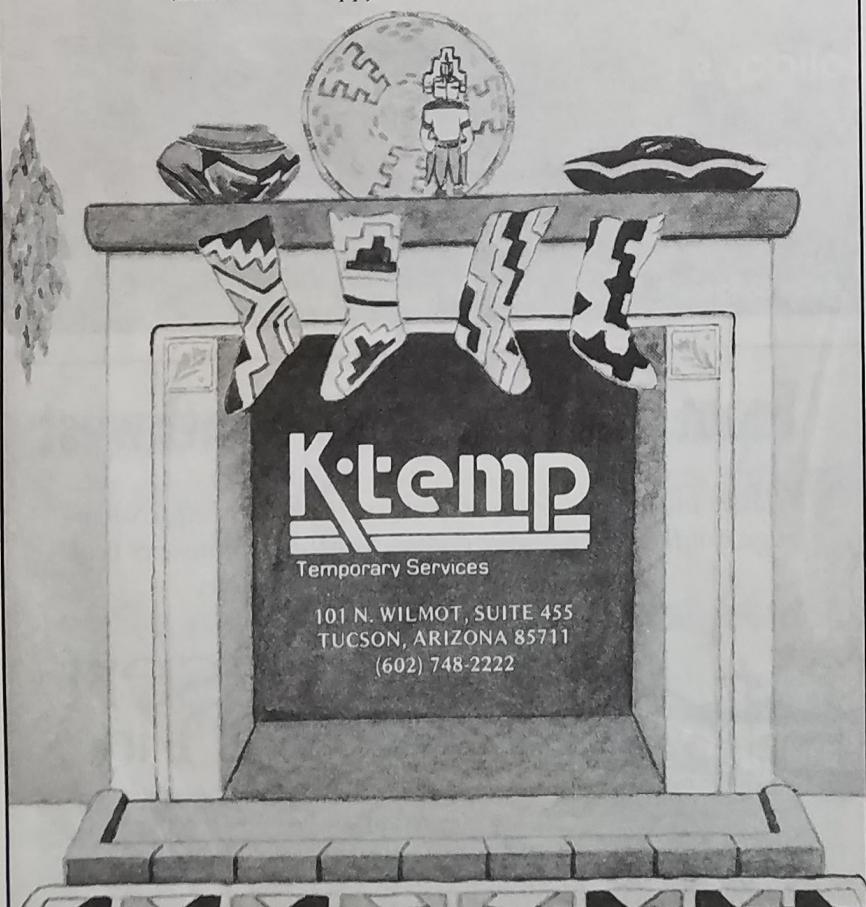
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32 DECEMBER 1987

NOTES

GERALD GARCIA NEEDS A JOB

Or did he get harmonically converged?

COCKY, bellicose, dynamic yng exec seeks mgt psn, perks worthy of fast-trk career. Went from spts pg to publisher/vp by mid-30s. Once axed dzns in single day. Bled \$12m/yr out of Tucson for distant conglomerate. Experience manipulating pub opin for frwys, dvlpmnt. Xlnt minority hiring recd.

The rumor is all over his former domain, the *Tucson Citizen* newsroom, and has made the rounds at some local bars as well. But ex-*Citizen* publisher Gerald Garcia insists it isn't true that he's been applying for jobs back in Tucson, now that his Texas newspaper is being sold out from under him. (Just in case he's bluffing, though, we've composed the above "situation wanted" ad to help him out.) Garcia, who had become a regular on Tucson boards, committees and golf courses and had been figured to have political ambition here, left about a year ago after running the *Citizen* for five years. Nobody was quite sure why. Garcia maintained that returning to his native Texas—to run a paper smaller than the *Citizen*, in a chain not nearly as high-powered as Gannett—was a smart move. The financial package was too fat and sassy to turn down, he boasted in typical fashion, and his wife Joyce was eager to get back to her home town of College Station.

When we caught up with Garcia in late October, however, he was in a rare mood—subdued, introspective, almost (is this possible?) humbled. He'd found out only two weeks before that his employer, Harte-Hanks, was putting *The Bryan-College Station Eagle* up for sale. Reeling like everyone in the Lone Star State from the oil-industry recession, the Texas media chain can't service its debt and is getting out of newspapers, Garcia said. "They screwed me," he added, with a flash of the old fire. "In a year, it all came crumbling down for me."

Garcia was not expecting to survive at the *Eagle* after its transition to a

new owner. "I probably could," he suggested, "but I'm really tired of the newspaper business—I'm tired of the pettiness, the bullshit, people always blaming you for their problems, employees not understanding or accepting our role and responsibility... I just want some time to myself. I don't want to answer to anybody. When the history of the newspaper business is written, I'll have my sentence, and I don't need any more conjunctions."

Just the day before, he and Joyce had posted a "For Sale" sign on their dream house in the Texas countryside. They'd been in it only two months. "I'm disappointed, and we know people will gossip about it. But you have to prepare." He said he doesn't want a monthly mortgage payment, and he's also going to sell the Indian newspapers he owns and liquefy some other assets so he'll have "a lot of money to do what I want." Not that he doesn't already. A savvy player of the stock market, Garcia sold his large cache of Gannett stock when it hit 55, just below its peak of 56. The day we talked with him it was down to 32. Years before, he'd unloaded his stock from former employer Capitol Cities and made a similar killing.

Garcia insisted that what he'd like to do now is build a house with picture windows on a mountaintop in the desert, not necessarily this one, and finish the novel he's already started—"a love story." Then he'd start his book on his experiences with three media companies, in which he hopes to tell a good story without burning his bridges. ("Leaving Gannett was the worst decision I ever made," he admitted.)

"I just want to get my family and me in harmony," he added, "and we are getting closer and closer." Joyce will be heading in a different direction for a couple of years to get her Ph.D., he said, and his son is going off with

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Publishing the Southwest

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Up With People. That will leave Gerald to take care of his fourteen-year-old daughter Wendy in what he figures will be a traumatic experience for her—being uprooted again, and this time to live only with her dad. Reminded that none of this talk sounds like the Garcia Tucson remembers, he said, "Yeah, they expect me to be high-visibility, high-intensity, high-stress. I don't need that shit anymore. Some people have accused me of having a harmonic convergence," he allowed, breaking into a brief cackle. "But I'm at peace with myself, and I don't care what anyone thinks."

As for the persistent rumors of his Tucson job-hunting, he maintained they, too, are a bunch of bull. He does fly in every month because of his investments here and a role on the board of friend E.C. "Ernie" Garcia's bank, as well as his continuing business association with University of Arizona pollster Michael Burgoon. He did concede that "if the right position came along, and it hasn't, I probably would look at it very intensely."

One scenario has Ernie Garcia bankrolling a Gerald Garcia purchase of the *Eagle*, but Ernie said Gerald hasn't asked—and he said he'd be wary of jumping into the battered Texas economy in an industry he knows nothing about. It also has been rumored that Gerald wanted work with Tucson Tomorrow, but both he and executive director Betsy Bolding said that's news to them. "Believe me, there ain't any jobs here he'd want," Bolding said. "You know how nonprofits are."

"Of course," she added, "he always claimed he wasn't leaving Tucson until he did." She says that's the way the game's played.

—Norma Coile

H K Jensen

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NOTES

VINEGAR JUNKIES
Beating the drug tests with Heinz

The doctor who treats addicts is unhappy that the word is out on the streets. White vinegar indeed screws up urine tests, he confirms, resulting in a "false negative" for people who are using cocaine.

"This means urine tests have to be supervised," explains Dr. Anatolio Muñoz, who runs an East Side clinic for cocaine abusers. "It's upsetting for everyone involved."

Tests for cocaine use are based on the acidity of urine, and that's what white vinegar affects when added to a urine sample, Muñoz says. (It also works to drink the vinegar, "but you have to drink a hell of a lot." At the same time, by contrast, vinegar will make a urine test more positive for alcohol.) Drinking cranberry juice also interferes with coke tests by speeding up detoxification, the doctor adds.

This all sounds like new ammunition for civil libertarians who oppose mandatory drug testing. But for Dr. Muñoz, the white-vinegar information being passed around is regrettable because of its health implications. "If someone is doing that (messing up their test results) when they're in therapy, their self-esteem goes down more because they're lying and cheating," he laments. "They don't get well."

Another problem, he notes, is that it's an insult to have to supervise patients' urination, "especially with people you know are very committed to getting better. But you just have to tell them that you're supervising everyone. You can't trust any addict."

RUDY REDUX

No nails in the coffin yet

Rudy Bejarano, the pol too stubborn to die.

He was visibly angry on primary night when fellow Democrat Bruce Wheeler snuffed out his bid for a third term as the city councilman from Ward 1.

Then there were rumors Bejarano and his top political allies, brothers Luis and Mario Gonzales, met to plot strategies for Bejarano to run as a write-in or independent in the November council election. (The thinking being that pro-development Bejarano would do better in a citywide election, picking up Republican crossovers and East Siders, than he did with West Side Democrats in the primary. But write-ins never have a chance in hell.)

That idea scuttled, the political gossip is that Bejarano placed a call to superior court clerk Jim Corbett to ask if he's planning to run for re-election, because if not, Bejarano might be interested. He reportedly was advised by the ever-blunt Corbett that whether or not the clerkship is available, Rudy is too hot to try for a comeback and ought to lay low for a couple of years—"take it from someone who knows about these things." (However, Corbett isn't up for re-election until 1990 anyway).

Last we heard, Bejarano was hinting that he might just run for David Yetman's seat on the Board of Supervisors next year. If so, that would give Bejarano's mentor Luis Gonzales the pleasure of taking a shot at political rival Jaime Gutierrez. Gutierrez, a Democratic state senator, is definitely planning to run for Yetman's seat—assuming Yetman declines, as hinted but never confirmed, to seek another term. Gonzales swore revenge after Gutierrez refused to back his 1986 congressional bid, falling in behind Mo Udall instead.

NOTES

THE INDEX

Iggy's view of the underbelly of life

- Amount the Pentagon budgeted for Star Wars research in 1987: \$3,500,000,000
- Amount it budgeted for basic technology research for the Army, Navy, and Air Force: \$3,233,000,000
- Number of computer, radar, and systems maintenance technicians employed by the FAA in 1978: 11,000
Today: 5,500
- Percentage of high school students who say the telephone was invented after 1950: 10
- Percentage who cannot name the region of the country William Faulkner wrote about: 67
- Percentage change in Ku Klux Klan membership since 1980: -50
- Amount lawyers spent advertising on TV in 1986: \$47,000,000
- Percentage of doctors who say it is not unethical to refuse care to an AIDS patient: 27
- Reported cases of rectal gonorrhea in San Francisco in 1980: 5,098
In 1986: 390
- After-tax income of the average

- female-headed household in 1980: \$10,858
In 1985: \$10,309
- Copies of *Little Black Sambo* sold in the United States in 1986: 12,900
- Cases of child pornography investigated by the federal government in 1982: 82
In 1986: 179
- Number of public officials charged with corruption by the federal government in 1986: 916
- Number of people who listen to Watergate tapes at the National Archives in an average week: 12
- Total number of hours The Grateful Dead has played "Dark Star" in concert: 46
- Percentage decrease in marijuana arrests in 1986: 20
- Black-market price of ten pounds of lean meat in Romania (in cartons of Kent cigarettes): 1
- Liters of vodka drunk in the Soviet Union in 1984: 2,577,000,000
In 1986: 1,386,000,000

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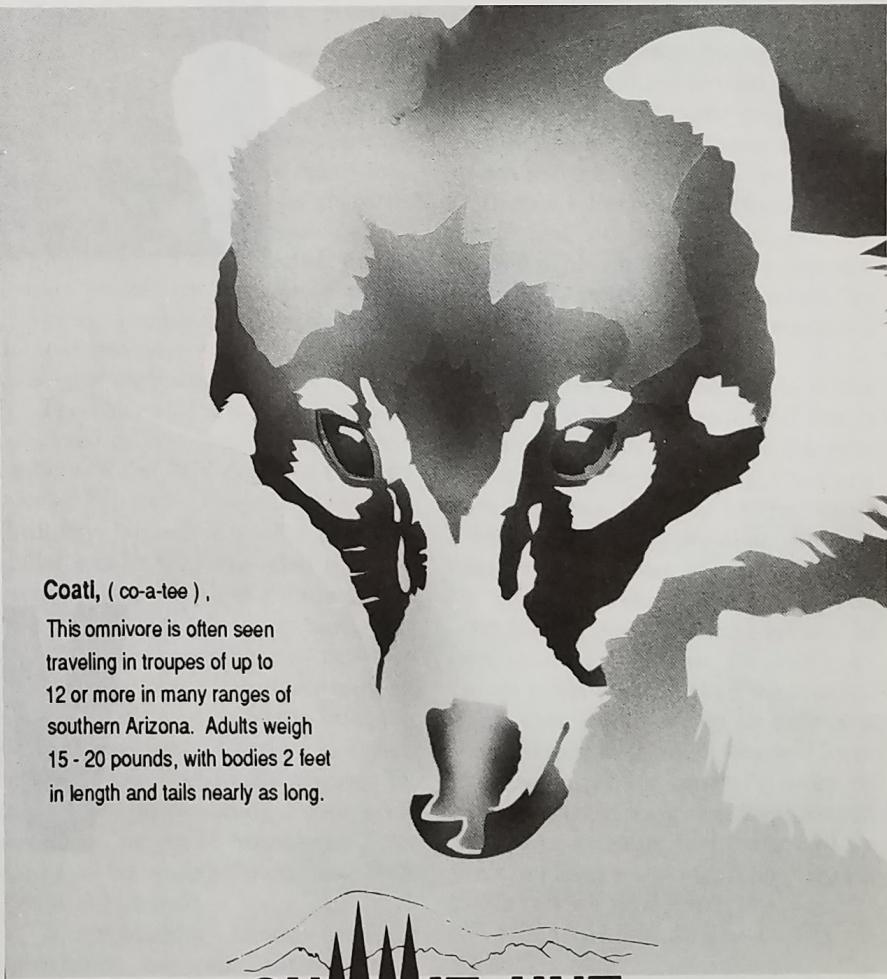
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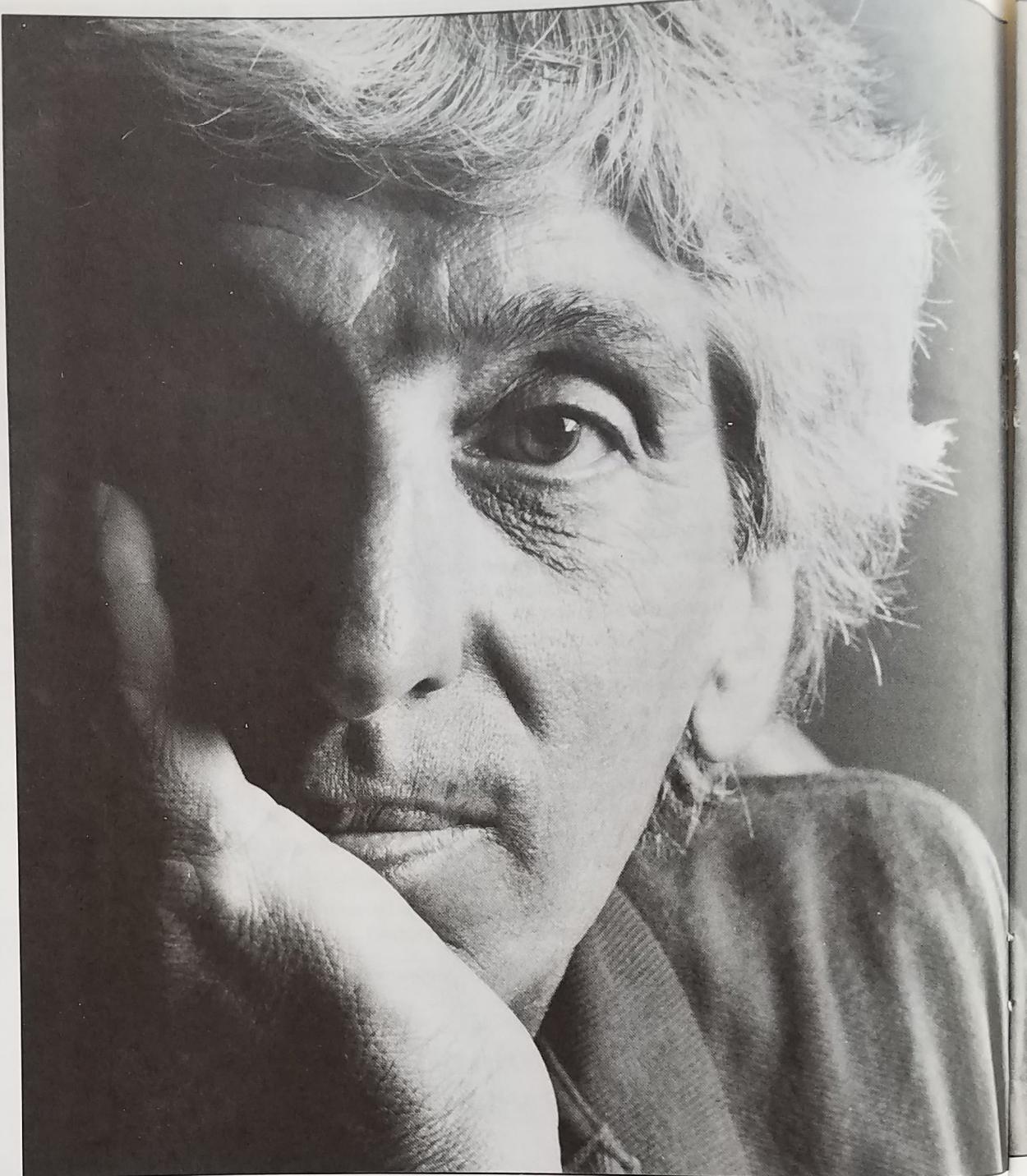


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LEGAL WEAPON

*You're busted, you're facing the gas chamber.
You want your best shot. Get Bob Hirsh.*

BY LAURA GREENBERG
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JACK DYKINGA

I'm running late," Bob Hirsh wails through the roar of his shower. Moments later, he is dressed and on his knees scrambling through legal briefs strewn like a snowstorm on the gray living room carpet of his downtown condo. His housekeeper is calmly scrubbing and organizing bottles of spices in his kitchen cabinets. Hirsh jams his documents into a bulging briefcase for a four-day trip to Phoenix. Then the voice lowers, and the charm slides out. "Would you please bring the car around?"

Tucson attorney Robert J. Hirsh deals with the things that the rest of us would just as soon forget. Today, his job involves murder; he has the weight of a convicted killer on his conscience. After hours of shuttling between Federal Court and his Tucson office on a stiflingly humid day to clear his calendar, he finally gets on the road. Instructional Spanish tapes poke out from under the seat of the leased Honda Prelude and the bumper wears a Hirsh belief ("King Had a Dream, AZ. Has a Nightmare").

On the asphalt of I-10 he talks and talks—dominating the drivetime with islands of non-related subjects: He envies his housekeeper's imagined happiness, rages about the death penalty, outlines his upcoming case, remembers past ones and chews on a bologna sandwich with equal intensity. The car whips off the interstate into a rest stop and Hirsh grabs the pay phone, towering over the booth, shifting his long legs in search of comfort. Back on the road, sipping iced tea, he rubs his eyes. "I'm so tired, I can't sleep. Last night I woke up at 3 a.m." He thinks it's the case. Then he's speed-talking about it again, his right hand flailing in the air, his left foot pressing the accelerator when asking questions he might pose to a witness, easing up when he takes a breath to think.

In 1982, after freeing two notorious killers, Hirsh was asked by a reporter how he slept at night.

"Like a baby," the diva of cocky defense lawyers cracked back.

Now, some days the pouches under his eyes are the color of bruised plums. He massages them with his large hands, and moans: "I've developed a sleep disorder. I listen to my sleep tapes, I'm in bed by 11:30 p.m. and I'm wide awake an hour later." Many nights he tosses until 6 a.m. Then he hauls himself out of bed to face a frantic sixteen-hour work day.

Five years ago, by his own description, Hirsh "could have been mayor of the bars," a familiar figure at any one of several downtown hotspots, surrounded by other twilight hedonists, a quick-talking, smooth character who drank, hustled women with madcap charm, and was a maven of local gossip, half of it about him.

These days you're more likely to find him at a health club; at age fifty-two he's on a jock binge instead of a bender, leaping into anything from aerobics to marathon bike rides. "I'm going to start working on free weights," the lanky lawyer announces, conjuring before-and-after images of Charles Atlas disciples in comic book ads.

Hirsh wonders if there's a man left inside the lawyer. Tired of being the local legend of high-rolling and flashy blondes, he says his thirst today is for meaning. Never one to do something halfway, he has hired a Zen Master to help get him there. He wants enlightenment, he says through a playful grin. Maybe he'll even learn patience. "Oh, but I'm impatient to get started."

Hirsh parks in front of La Mancha, the Phoenix hotel for fitness fanatics, unfolds his cramped legs and registers at the front desk. His eyes absorb the lobby, then he heads straight for the bar, pro-forma. Zen Masters aside, he is on now: Robert J. Hirsh, oft-anointed by both colleagues and enemies as the best and most flamboyant criminal defense attorney in Arizona,

maybe in the entire Southwest.

The owner clasps his hand, Hirsh's eyes drift to the mini-skirted cocktail waitresses as he downs a light beer. Then he is moving once more and talking. Two athletic looking teenage girls in the lobby get the cross examination: "Where are you from? What are you doing here? A basketball championship? Gee, that's great. I always wanted my daughter to play basketball but she's only five-foot-three." The teens gush from his attention. Later he asks a long-legged black girl if she wants to go one-on-one. She times her answer carefully. "Shit, you're in better shape than Kareem." It's Hirsh's turn to gush. He strides out of the lobby, beaming, "That made my night."

This is the public Hirsh, the compulsive talker and interviewer, always center-stage; the man who prances among well-toned women in his aerobics class, all eyes tracking his moves; the man who frustrates his brother on wilderness hiking trips by stopping at every ranger station to gab; the man who can't get through a plate of spaghetti and meatballs at Caruso's without having to set down his fork a dozen times to shake hands and shmooze.

Outside La Mancha, Flagstaff lawyer Donald Bayles, Jr., pulls up in a black-lacquer BMW complete with fuzz-buster. Hirsh piles in, and yells as the car careens out of the lot that court is at 10:30 a.m. tomorrow.

Bob Hirsh is constantly looking for motivation to stay on top. The matter at hand began as a lark. A while back, Hirsh and his former partner Bayles went cruising for a death row appeal case because the gas chamber sends them both into the equivalent of insulin shock. They selected one a Tucson prosecutor considered open-and-shut, jumping in as court-appointed attorneys for thirty dollars an hour—for them candy money.

Their client, Paris Carriger, was convicted of first degree murder and robbery in the 1978 death of Phoenix jeweler Robert G. Shaw. The victim's skull was bashed in with a cast-iron skillet and he was strangled with his own necktie. Carriger's thumbprint was found on adhesive tape that bound the jeweler's hands—but Carriger claims the real murderer took the tape from his van to frame him. For the last nine years, Carriger has been on death row, steadfastly arguing his innocence and becoming a competent jail-house lawyer. A Mensa certificate hangs on his wall in the Arizona State Prison at Florence.

In the Maricopa County Superior courtroom, the case unravels at a sleepy pace. It is a hearing for the defense to produce fresh evidence that could justify a new trial. Carriger, who has already lost three appeals, sits in shackles. Robert Dunbar, the man who turned him in a decade ago and

was granted immunity by the state for unrelated crimes, is the person Hirsh and Bayles intend to put on trial here. They contend he is the murderer. Today they have lined up his stepchildren to testify.

Hirsh packs an oversized and overflowing briefcase. He wears a cotton suit that wrinkles in minutes—a Hirsh trademark. One by one the witnesses testify, tears pool in their eyes, some break down on the stand. Hirsh is a tower of seriousness when he stands to direct a question, gently prying out a stream of tales concerning molestation and beatings by the stepfather. He stands irritatingly close to the prosecutor's table, his right hand jammed deep into his trousers pocket, jangling coins and keys. Prosecutor Jessica Funkhauser responds with a smirk and taps her desk with long cherry red fingernails that Howard Hughes would have envied.

Hirsh's voice captures the weariness of the stepfamily. They say for nine years they have been afraid to tell the truth for fear they would be killed by Dunbar, since divorced from their mother. Dunbar, a former cellmate of Carriger, testified in Carriger's 1978 trial that he was home sleeping at the time of the murder. But the children say today that Dunbar often told them he was taking a nap while he was actually out committing burglaries.

If Hirsh isn't speaking, he's moving; his left hand doodling in a child's scrawl on a legal pad, twisting away the time in his chair until it squeaks. Anything to distract the opposition. Prosecutor Funkhauser is in the position of power. She has the might of the state behind her and is about to finally squash Paris Carriger, in her eyes a death row killer who has flunked the appeal test too many times. But she has one problem. She is now cast in a Bob Hirsh production, in which he likes to be the star, the director and the choreographer.

Hirsh feels just fine. He is in the middle of a hopeless case and this is where Bob Hirsh lives. Over the next few months, he will bring Dunbar's ex-wife Joyce Stevens to the stand where she will testify that she lied nine years ago when she gave Dunbar his alibi by swearing she was in bed with him at the time of the killing. In fact, she will say that Dunbar confessed to her that he killed the jeweler. After that, Hirsh hopes to deliver a Perry Mason bombshell that will force the state attorney general's office to concede that in their eagerness to tuck away a conviction, they have had an innocent man sweating in anguish on death row for nine years.

Hirsh intends to free Paris Carriger.

Bob Hirsh is drawn like a moth to the spotlight of trouble and public attention. Fresh out of the University of Arizona law school in 1964, one of his first clients was his brother Sid trying

to beat a speeding ticket. As they waited their turn in court, the man ahead of them was bungling an effort to defend his wife. The judge suggested he retain a lawyer. Without even taking the time to change in a phone booth, Bob Hirsh surged forward, won the case on the spot, and was paid. Then Sid's turn came, and his brother instructed him to tell the truth. Sid lost, but he didn't pay an attorney's fee.

Robert Joel Hirsh was born May 18, 1935, in Shamokin, Pennsylvania. In 1944, David and Rose Hirsh sold the family shoe store and left coal-pit country by train with their three children and the English setter, Sargeant, for David's planned retirement in Tucson. Living on Adams Street near the Arizona Inn, they remained a hard-working, middle-class Jewish family. After dabbling in other things, they opened Hirsh's shoe store here, still run by Sid.

Bob, the youngest child by five years, was the rambunctious member. He went to Sam Hughes elementary school and Mansfield Junior High and seemed to major in basketball—playing forward. "I was lousy," he says, though he never backed away from a good game. When he wasn't shooting hoops, he played a ferocious brand of Monopoly and Scrabble. He loved to gamble, he hated to lose. One New Year's Eve, his brother and sister threw a sedate party and young Bob brought out a roulette wheel, converted the affair to a Las Vegas night, and cheerfully cleaned out the guests.

He learned theater early. In junior high he baited a teacher until she slapped him. Bob feigned injury and fell to the floor. Suddenly concerned, the teacher rushed to him. He grinned back malevolently, "I'll have your job." Soon after he was shipped to the New Mexico Military Academy, the traditional way to tame wild boys. It didn't take. He came back with the nickname "Horny." The whole subject is unimportant to Hirsh. "I've always been the center of attention. I was the class screw-up, constantly breaking rules, racking up demerits. I was infamous. Everyone at school knew me."

After military school, he entered UA and promptly flunked his classes—but not before establishing himself as a mean intramural football player. "I was great, for a Jewish boy," he jokes—but of course he had to be the star, playing several positions. His family nudged him into joining the Army, where he served most of a two-year hitch carousing in Germany during the Cold War, returning home with a Volkswagen convertible he won by gambling.

Hirsh went back to UA, more serious about his studies but not his lifestyle, which he partly financed by playing the dogs and poker. Married now, he even dreamed he could beat the big boys at their own game after reading a book on how to best the



Vegas casinos. He took the family savings and hit the blackjack table—boasting, methodical work, he recalls. He was on a roll, until his luck faded and he lost the whole bankroll. He had to phone his wife for money to buy a ticket home. He remembers this laughingly, but vividly: "Do you know what Western Union is like in Vegas? You're in a long line. You finally get to the front, and they scream, 'Hirsh? No, your money ain't here!' And you have to go back to the end of the line again."

Looking for a game that could sustain him, law school seemed a natural. He had no interest in joining the family retail business; the idea of being a salesman repulsed him. In sports, his compelling drive to win got in the way of a performance that depended on other players. Gambling didn't allow him to control the outcome, either. Hirsh is best when he runs the show himself. He graduated in the upper part of his law class, telegraphing the future by winning stu-

dent mock court two years in a row.

Hirsh says he gave up serious gambling once he entered law school. Yet even today, he'll tell you that picking a sympathetic jury is not much different than picking a dog at the track. You look for behavioral characteristics—in the case of dogs, "some are good breakers, some are good closers, some are good from the outside or inside."

"But they'll always run the same kind of race, and if you study them long enough, and are astute, you'll pick up these things."

The courtroom quickly became his personal turf. He notched victory after victory. By the early seventies he was in the major leagues, representing reputed Mafia kingpins Joe Bonanno, Charlie Battaglia and Peter Nortaro—now he calls these efforts "soap operas"—beating the government and winning the respect of Arizona's Little Italy. He successfully defended murderers, drug dealers and other charac-

ters shunned by polite society. He became known as Mr. Mission Impossible, taking on airtight cases where the accused had publicly confessed to atrocities, and getting them off. During the drug crackdowns of the late seventies, he was dubbed the "cocaine lawyer." Hirsh has lost fewer first-degree murder cases than he has fingers, though he has no idea how many he has tried. He expects to win; he only remembers the losses.

In the early eighties Hirsh did two back-to-back first-degree murder trials that gained him national exposure and snagged the ire of Arizona prosecutors who saw him as a menace to the criminal justice system. In Maricopa County, he defended Steven Steinberg, a man who stabbed his wife Elana twenty-six times on May 28, 1981, until she was a bloody heap on their marriage bed. The jury came in with a verdict of not guilty by reason of temporary insanity. Before Hirsh had time to do a pirouette, he was in the Mormon-dominated community of Safford, defending Bill Gorzenski, accused of ambling into his ex-wife's trailer and calmly murdering her and her lover in their bed. Verdict: not guilty by reason of temporary insanity.

Soon Hirsh was on "Sixty Minutes" explaining the merits of the insanity defense to Morley Safer. Ironically, Hirsh won his battles, but lost the war for future defense attorneys—our legislature tightened the insanity laws, putting the burden on defendants to prove they were insane, rather than forcing the state to prove otherwise.

In the courtroom, Hirsh is the impresario. Prosecutors howl that he doesn't fight fair. Hirsh says "fair" is a matter of perception. He fights to win.

His arsenal contains the usual weapons of a good trial lawyer: the ability to sense a jury's emotions, cross-examination skills that can switch in an instant from a shoulder to cry on to a chainsaw attack, and the willingness to work until he knows a case better than anyone else involved in it.

In a typical opening statement he might buddy-up to a jury: "Hey, look, I know this is a tough case. It's tough for me, too." Then he draws them into his conspiracy by quipping, "Don't analyze my handwriting...." as he outlines the facts according to Hirsh on a poster pad. He has the timing of a stand-up comic, intuitively sensing when to raise his voice, when to lower the volume, when to crack a joke, how far to push a witness, when to pick up the pieces. He can be loud, compassionate, quiet, thoughtful. He can set tear-ducts flowing or put a grin on every face in the courtroom—often with an inside joke against the prosecution.

The witness stumbles over words, and who is gently patting him, reas-

suring him? His sympathetic friend Bob Hirsh. Then the instant the guard drops, Hirsh turns on the drill again. He could discredit the Pope on the witness stand.

But the histrionics are used sparingly and wisely. Hirsh knows when he wants the jury's eyes on the witness, not on the showman. He pauses, summons up something set aside in his apparently comprehensive memory, and then he's off on a tangent, throwing witnesses off-guard or making them feel guilty. Questions are fired at a machine-gun pace, the last still ricocheting in the witness' mind while the next one is hitting right between the eyes. And they aren't in an order logical to anyone but Bob Hirsh. He's the only one who knows where we're headed. The jury and witness find out—often too late—when they get there.

Part of the show is the slouch. In a courtroom, Hirsh becomes the Sultan of Slouch, a six-foot-three-inch wrinkled suit, a man who seems unable to stand up straight. His shoulders hunch in good-guy humility and pout as he paces, then he leans against the jury railing like a neighbor talking

over the backyard fence, a shock of gray hair with memories of black tumbling on his forehead. Yet even from the slouch, those seated always seem to be staring up into that determined face, those deep-set, ocean-blue eyes.

In a recent case, the prosecution had so many heavy cardboard boxes of evidence they had to be rolled in on a dolly. Poor Hirsh was left to defend himself with only a legal pad for a shield and a pencil for a sword. The cannon was concealed in his mind, in his commanding presence. Bob Hirsh can get more mileage dangling a couple of sheets of paperwork from his long fingers than the prosecution can muster with a truckload of files.

He sniffs out the weaknesses of his opponents. One assistant county attorney prided himself on being highly principled. During recesses, when the judge and jury were out of hearing range, Hirsh would begin spouting torrents of abuse about the man's lousy ethics. The prosecutor told himself to ignore it, but Hirsh got to him. The prosecutor daily had to pump himself up just to shake the Hirsh remarks churning in his mind.

He's the man the prosecutors love

to hate. Once, a man with the same name got busted on cocaine charges and the county attorney's office was said to be breaking out the champagne when a clarification revealed it was not THE Bob Hirsh. County Attorney Stephen Neely says he always tries to assign an experienced prosecutor against Hirsh, so Hirsh won't steal the show. He concedes that Hirsh is one of a handful of lawyers whose mere appearance in court can affect the outcome. Sheriff's deputies call him "Broadway Bob." Still, guess who they hired to represent their case in salary negotiations last year with the Board of Supervisors?

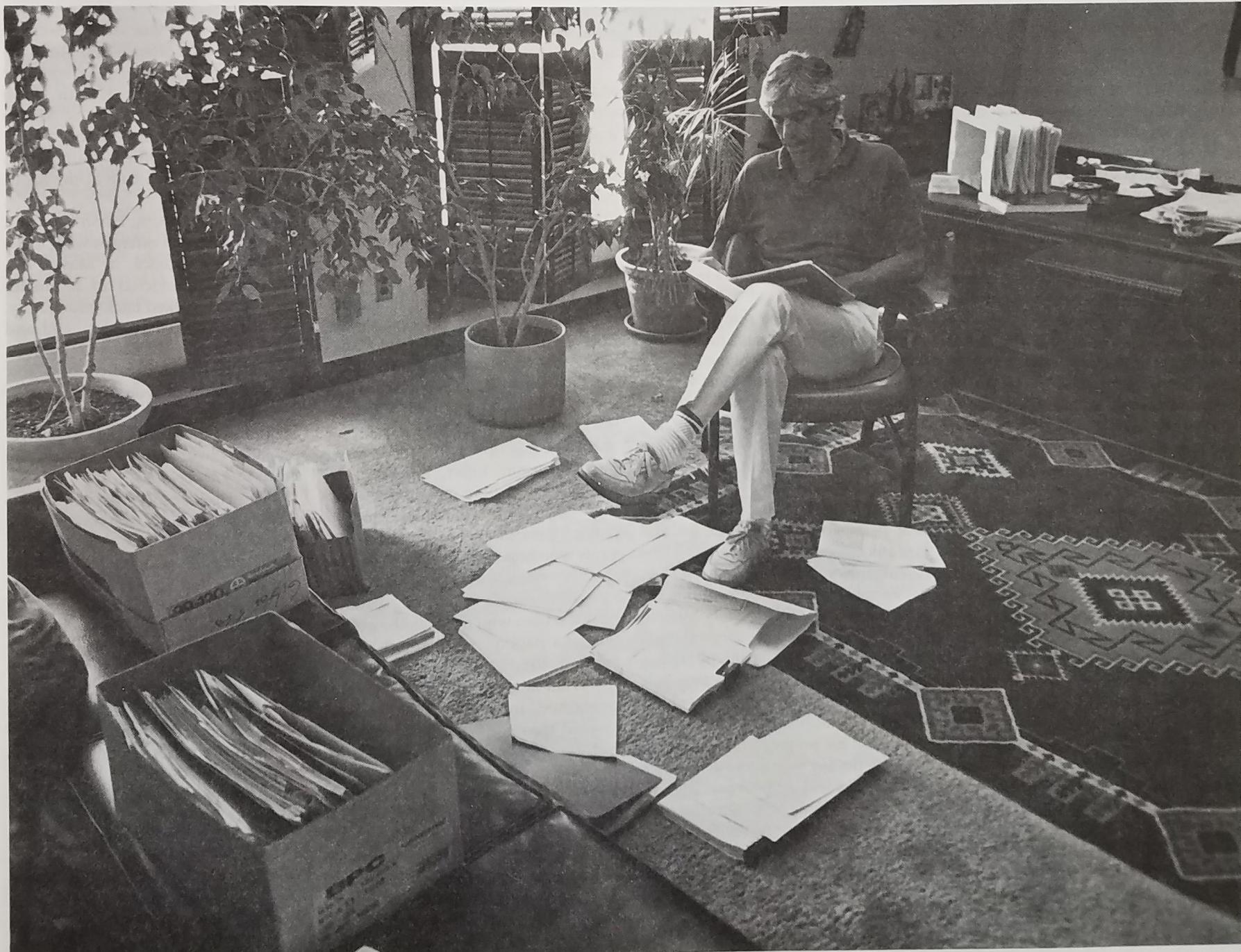
But there is another ingredient to Hirsh, one his opponents often foolishly discount. He passionately believes in what he is doing, and the rights of accused to the protections afforded by the Constitution. He is an old-style liberal who feels hard-liners are gutting civil rights and perpetuating a criminal subculture with harsh penalties, mandatory sentencing and tax dollars spent on lockups instead of rehabilitation.

Steve Hair, the jury foreman in a Hirsh case, reviews his performance

this way: "He lives the case, he gets involved to the point that it is his entire life. He believes with his entire heart and mind that his client is innocent."

He is not a man of moderation. The Rev. John Fife, for whom Hirsh worked nine months in the Sanctuary case, has gone river-rafting with him and says Hirsh always has to run the roughest rapids. One evening in camp, they played a game of Frisbee, that mild game of hippies and dogs, but Hirsh played so hard he required knee surgery.

Hirsh despises the death penalty, yet is adamant that he doesn't want psychos walking the streets. Recalling a case that received tremendous notoriety in town, that of Michael Bernal who in one bad moment butchered a young woman—stabbing her sixty-four times—sexually molested her and then tried to scalp her, Hirsh believes: "You know, he was really a pleasant fellow, but he just couldn't control his impulses. He was a sadist." Then he quickly deadpans that he certainly didn't think Bernal ought to be wandering around free in society. When he took the case, he wanted to



plea-bargain a prison term, but the state was insisting on the death penalty.

So he went before a jury of twelve red-blooded Americans and convinced them that Michael Bernal was sexually repressed and mentally deranged and was driven to the crime from seeing one too many "mutilation" movies. Hirsh surprised even himself. Bernal not only dodged the gas chamber, but was found guilty of only second-degree murder, receiving a sentence of forty-two years.

For Hirsh it was a win. Even the most liberal of citizens blanched. Okay, he repeats, over and over again, he doesn't want crazies out on the streets. But Hirsh believes people can be "technically guilty, but morally innocent"—meaning not bad people at heart.

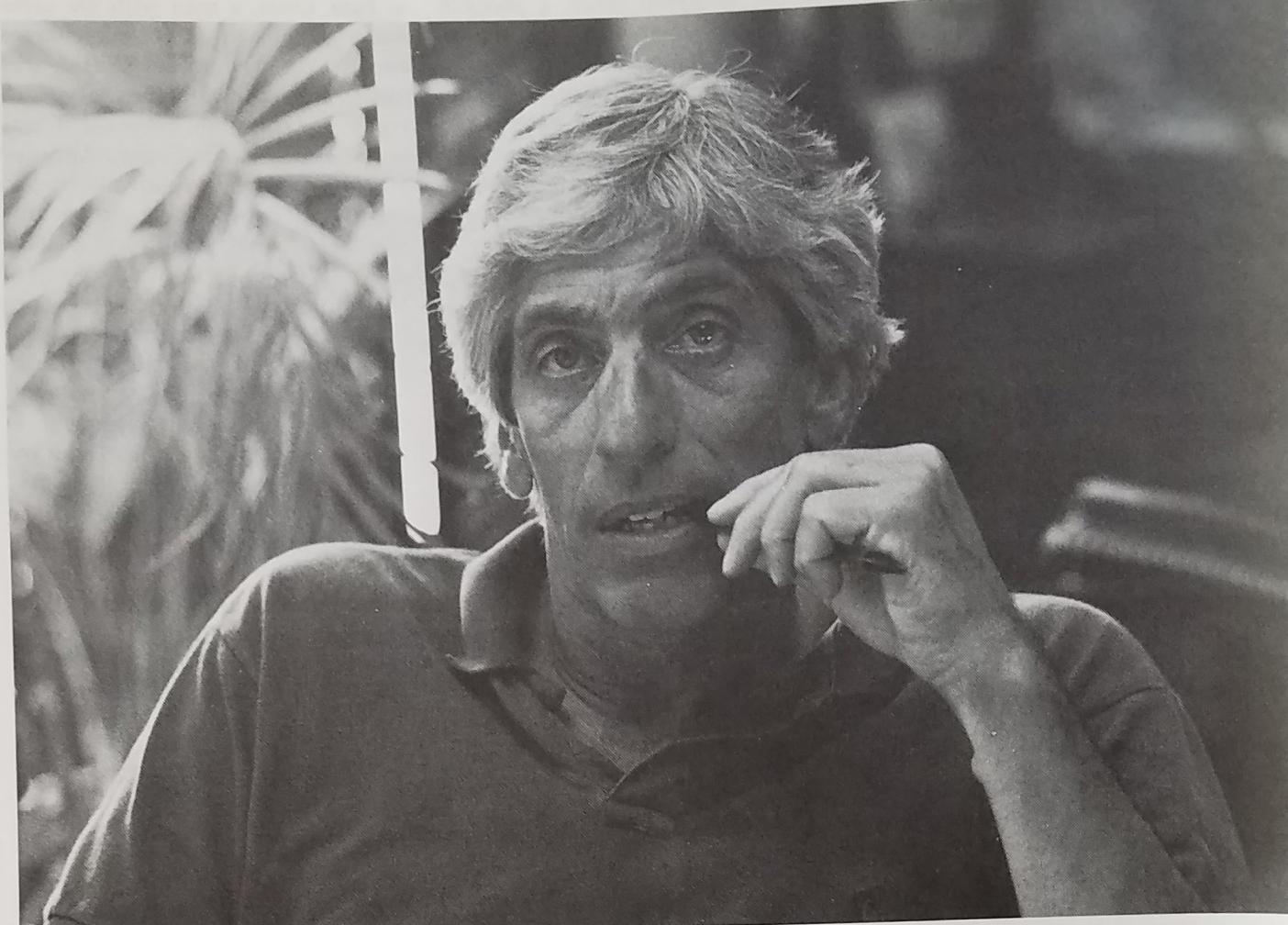
It was during those heady days of high-voltage success that Hirsh bragged to a reporter about how comfortably he slept. But life has a way of putting lumps in the mattress.

On Friday night, November 12, 1982, Bob Hirsh was driving north on Flowing Wells Road, heading home to change clothes before a farewell party for Bayles who was joining a new firm in Flagstaff. He was alone in the soft glow of the dash lights in his Mercedes. The night outside was rainy and windy, there was no moon, and the stretch north of Miracle Mile was blackness unrelieved by street lights.

Suddenly, Betty Germonettie and Maude Enyart stepped into the dark street, two elderly women from the Lamplighter mobile home park on their way to the weekly bingo game. Hirsh twisted the wheel violently to avoid them, jammed the brakes, but there was no escape from the awful thud as the Mercedes smashed into them. Betty Germonettie died in the street and Maude Enyart was taken to an emergency room in critical condition. A friend remembers that associates rushed to the scene to find Robert Hirsh, the big-splash defense attorney who always insists his clients tape their mouths shut, talking his head off to the police; the man who made a career out of baiting and fighting cops.

A television station breaks into its regular prime-time show to flash the news to viewers. The incident goes to Neely's office for review. But there is no case. Hirsh tests .00 on the breathalyzer. It is simply a matter of a man driving home from work, totally sober and below the speed limit because of the weather, who is unable to avoid two elderly women who step without warning out of the darkness in front of his car. It is an accident. And afterwards the city installs street lights along that dark stretch of Flowing Wells.

But to Bob Hirsh, suddenly the sanctity and judgment of the law are inadequate. "Don't you understand?"



he pleads even today. "I was actually responsible for a woman's death."

For weeks he sat at home, avoiding people, then sequestered himself in his office. He stopped driving. He asked his girlfriend to sell the Mercedes. The night of the accident Hirsh was wearing a purple jacket from the Samaniego House, one of his regular spots. No one ever sees the jacket again. His friends worry. The non-stop voice is still. He is different. He begins to see police officers in a nicer light.

"It was the worst thing that ever happened to me," he says today. "My associates were furious at me for babbling to the police, and I just wanted to go to jail." Hirsh called the injured woman in the hospital and sent her flowers. He wanted to visit her, but his lawyers advised him not to make contact. He shakes his head at the irony of the profession he has practiced with near perfection, balls up his fist and sardonically mutters, "Ain't this the American way?"

People all over town sent him reassuring cards and letters. Bob Hirsh knows everyone, but some people think he has few close friends. He has failed at marriage twice. He says he's no good at leaving the office behind when he comes home. The man is still the person his brother Sid remembers as a boy, the kid who acts as if he is on top of the world and reveals little of his feelings. John Fife, who became close with him during the Sanctuary trial, senses a Grand Canyon between the public Hirsh and the private Hirsh. He feels Hirsh doesn't really like himself, that he is basically a tormented man who feels so strongly about injustice, inhumanity and per-

sonal frustration that he cloaks it in an arrogant, sarcastic front.

Perhaps, nobody lives up to Hirsh's expectations, including himself. And so he lives in a world of disappointment where his mood swings from brash to sweet. He acknowledges that "a facet of my personality—a bad trait I have—is my high expectations. It's made my life difficult because I expect it from other people too."

Hirsh will never really explain why he defends the people he defends. But the answer is not too mysterious. He is the true-blue liberal who is angry that the social programs of the '60s have been slaughtered. He blames society for spawning, then crushing the people who need his services. He always stands up for the underdog—the half-insane killer, for example, who loses control in one moment and then faces the guns of the state and the pat answers of the government servants who hope to send him to the gas chamber before they return to their nice, safe houses. He is easy to attack: he is the man who defends the people we, as a nation, produce but cannot face ourselves.

What he does and what it costs is contained in one package called Dewey Moore. Moore had a lengthy history of bizarre sexual behavior and child molestation. One night, while having intercourse with his wife, he choked her until she lost consciousness. Hirsh took the case because the defendant's mother came to him and told of her son's heart condition—just the shred to activate Hirsh's empathy. Hirsh felt Dewey Moore certainly needed prison time and extensive counseling, but not the life

sentence the state was seeking because of Moore's past offenses. So Hirsh attempted to negotiate a plea with the prosecutor. They fenced, with Hirsh warning that he knew juries; Moore was going to walk if he went to trial. The prosecutor's office assured him they were equally astute at the art of working juries.

In the courtroom, Hirsh saw to it that Moore's prior offenses were inadmissible as evidence. In May, 1984, Moore was convicted of a misdemeanor and walked back into society. Bob Hirsh could have shrugged and said I told you so. But four months later, a prosecutor called him and demanded: "Are you happy now?" Dewey Moore had been arrested in Oklahoma for murdering a twelve-year-old cheerleader (he's now on death row there).

The case deeply affected Hirsh's entire staff. His office received death threats. Marti Moore, the efficient manager who makes sense out of Hirsh's chaotic life and cluttered law offices in La Placita, said the staff demanded that they begin choosing cases more sensitively—in fact, they later insisted that he turn down the Frank Atwood case if it ever was offered. (Atwood later was convicted of the 1984 disappearance and murder of eight-year-old Vicki Lynn Hoskinson and now is on death row in Florence.) Hirsh instead turned to a more noble cause.

The press called it *Sanctuary*. John Fife, who had openly declared his South Side Presbyterian Church as a haven for Central American refugees, was a principal character. In January,

1985, Fife and sixteen others were indicted for sheltering and transporting Central Americans who had entered the country without papers. The government said it was simply a case of aiding illegal aliens in defiance of the law. The defendants put the case into the national limelight by challenging federal policy—they said the Central Americans were political refugees whose lives were in danger from dictatorial regimes, and should receive the same accord as, say, a Russian who defects.

Fife called Bob Hirsh the morning the indictments came down. Four months later, Hirsh and another Sanctuary attorney flew to Guatemala and El Salvador to see the conditions firsthand. Hirsh came back shaken by his tour, but pumped up by the time spent with frightened families living on hillsides of poverty. For seven months, from October, 1985, to May 1, 1986, Hirsh abandoned all other cases, working on Sanctuary along with thirteen other lawyers. Hirsh, the lone-wolf star of the courtroom, found a new role: the mediator massaging the fat egos of a large defense team drawn from around the country as the national press watched. Cast as psychologist, Hirsh spent his days cooling down tempers and organizing strategy. Ditching his usual attention-getting tactics, he became the model of decorum.

But Federal Judge Earl Carroll was determined not to let the case become a political carnival. He declared that the trial was not a review of the war in Central America or U.S. foreign policy—it would focus on the narrow legal grounds of whether or not the defendants had violated American immigration law.

Hirsh still felt he could win. He lived and breathed Sanctuary, working sixteen hours a day, seven days a week. Alone at night in his living room, he orated his arguments. He mapped strategy in the shower. A few days before the case went to the jury, he told a friend he was confident. On May 1, 1986, the verdicts came in: essentially, guilty. Hirsh was devastated. The man who convinces juries that crazed killers are really victims of troubled childhoods can't free a decent, humanitarian minister who helps people and thinks our immigration policy is crazy. Hirsh put it succinctly: "I felt that I finally take a fucking case that matters, and I lose!"

Fife recalls that he and the other defendants were put in a strange role reversal: They had to comfort their lawyers. Fife spent two months patching up Hirsh—some of that time rafting down rivers.

But Hirsh wasn't as easy on himself. "I couldn't stand losing. Was I the catalyst who made us lose? As a lawyer, your life is so intricate. The loss becomes your loss. It wasn't Fife who lost. I lost. And my life and my job are inextricably bound together—my self-

esteem, it's all connected. It was me they rejected."

In total burnout, Hirsh flew to California for a six-day seminar by Werner Erhard, founder of est, where he started another trial—a cross-examination of himself. Today he insists with a charming, devilish smile that he is not an "estee." But somewhere along the way he began to separate the man from the egocentric lawyer who only judges himself by his losses. If Sanctuary was an albatross, it also carried the grace that he had donated his considerable talents to people who were trying to do something they—and Hirsh—believed was worthwhile. "It made me feel good about me," he allows today. "It was something right

and it was appropriate. There was true value there."

Hardball laws—Arizona now has the harshest drug statutes in the nation—and mandatory sentencing have taken some of the pleasure out of the work of Bob Hirsh. He rails obsessively about them at any opportunity, particularly mandatory penalties that took the discretion away from judges. The steel teeth brought about by heavy legislative lobbying from prosecutors who were infuriated that sentences for the same crime varied from courtroom to courtroom, radically changed the game for defense attorneys.

Previously, a lawyer like Hirsh

could use the threat of his courtroom skills to force a good deal for a client in a plea-agreement with prosecutors instead of going to trial—frequently, the prosecution was willing to accept half a pound of flesh rather than watch Hirsh sway a judge or jury to reduce it to a fingernail. Now, the prosecution sets the terms of plea agreements, usually the highest terms the market will bear. For the defense, it means take the deal, or face a higher, mandatory penalty if you lose in court. Take the life-sentence now or face the death penalty in court, unless you win the whole ballgame. It doesn't matter how charming you are to the judge—the punishment is set by law. For Hirsh, the master of courtroom manipula-

JIM CLICK

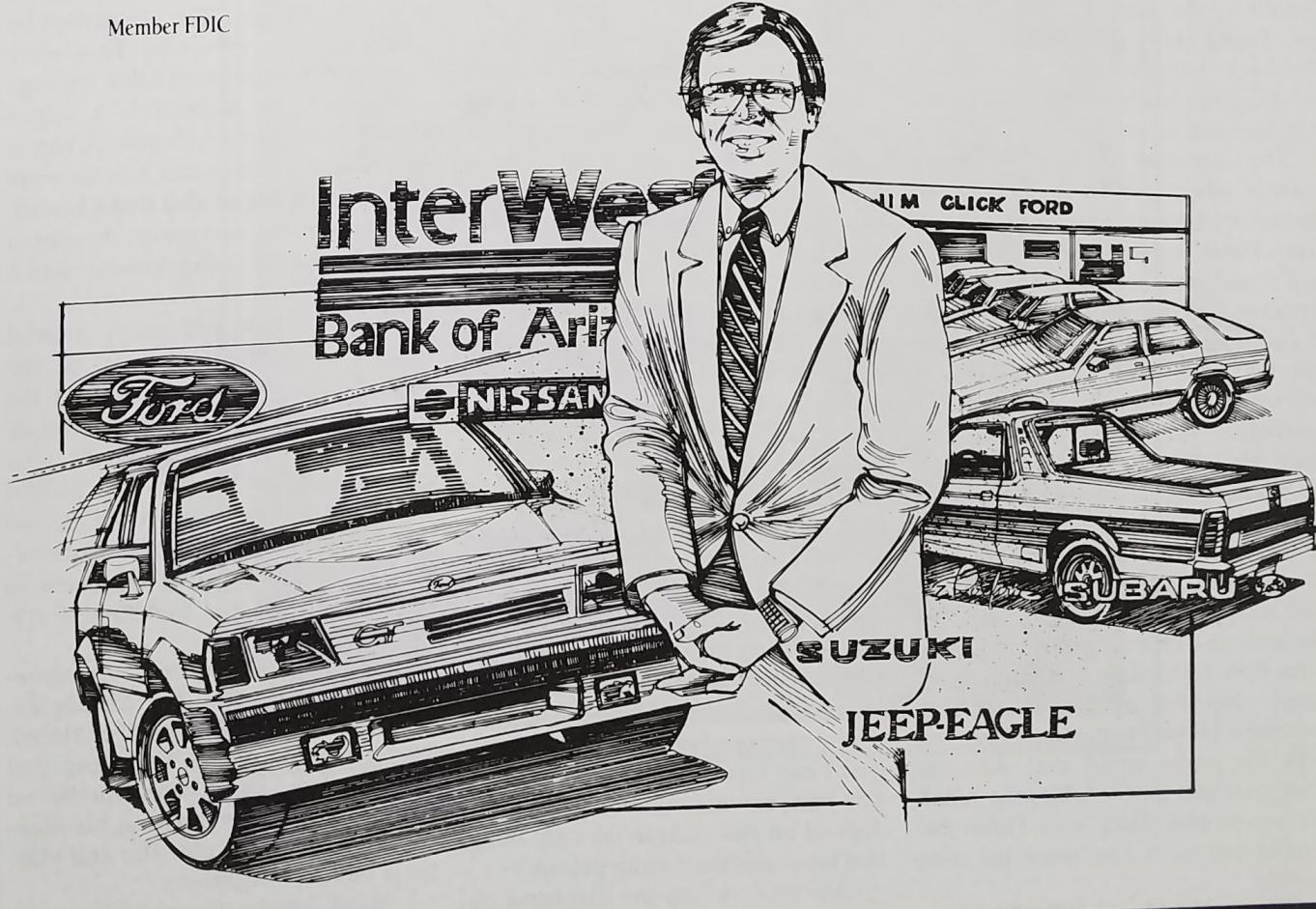
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tion, the room to maneuver is reduced.

His earlier successes have contributed to some of the problems he now faces. A 1987 verdict against Adalene Finklestein Ellenbeck brought that home. After complaining to police about ill treatment by her son-in-law Don McNabb, Ellenbeck drove to his home on April 15, 1985, and killed him with one pistol shot through the heart. She said she only meant to maim him.

She was sixty-four, a grandmother and a retired schoolteacher—a person who had devoted her life to teaching the learning-disabled—a defendant jury members conceded they would like to have as a neighbor and friend. Hirsh gave it everything he had, a \$75,000 defense by prosecution estimates. Fighting for your life against the government means mortgaging the house.

Hirsh stalled the trial for almost two years. He prepared a questionnaire for prospective jury members: Could you acquit someone on the insanity defense? Do you believe that certain drugs could affect one's mental state? Ellenbeck had used prescribed steroids for years to combat severe asthma. Hirsh produced thirty witnesses who swore to Ellenbeck's exemplary character and psychiatrists and pharmacologists who testified that the prolonged use of steroids could result in psychosis.

Typically, Hirsh put the dead man on trial, painting a picture of a wife-beater and drug abuser. He took the jury into the mind of Adalene Ellenbeck, a place where the friction of the McNabb household became monstrous instances of abuse, a place where fears and concerns were exaggerated by the effects of her medication. Faced with such a son-in-law, Ellenbeck snapped and murdered. Her daughter Michele, the dead man's wife, testified in her defense.

The state flew in a California psychiatrist who testified that claims of Ellenbeck's insanity were pure speculation. Hirsh insisted on reviewing the man's credentials: He wasn't a member of recognized medical associations or any mainline groups. Hirsh noted that his published work seemed to pop up in such scholarly journals as *Penthouse*—a fact that made the jury smile. He felt he destroyed the state's ace witness against the insanity defense.

Meanwhile, Ellenbeck, a tall woman with dark hair, sat through the trial strapped to an oxygen tank for her asthma—characterized by prosecutor Rick Unklesbay as a Hirsh sympathy ploy. But in the eyes of jury chairman Steve Hair, Hirsh believed with his entire mind that Adalene Ellenbeck was insane when she killed her son-in-law. Hair says Hirsh defended her as if she were his own mother.

The jury deliberated for four days.

They finally concluded that Adalene Finklestein Ellenbeck was guilty of manslaughter and Hirsh buried his head in his hands. How could they convict this poor lady? Ellenbeck burst into tears. Even jurors sobbed. Within days, three jurors went to the judge and asked if they could change their vote to not guilty by reason of insanity. It was too late.

Hirsh called up a juror to ask what he had done wrong. The juror told him that under the terms of the new law—the one provoked by Bob Hirsh—he had failed to prove Ellenbeck was insane. Ellenbeck was sentenced to the minimum—five years in prison. But she is free on appeal because Hirsh convinced the judge to make an exception because of her health problems. Prosecutor

tionships other than his work. Women don't understand the demands on his time; they don't feel his sense of responsibility. And the better you get at the job, the more demanding and sophisticated it becomes. Every case is the next mountain to climb. If you don't take the challenge, you're only as good as the last one. It hampers relationships, it hampers lots of things one could otherwise be devoting time to. Hirsh always marches from mountain to mountain.

He concedes he's selfish—but he's working on it. He knows he's arrogant and macho a lot of the time, baggage that comes with the job, he says. He's working on that too. His reputation announces him, and he does little in public to repant it. In fact, he uses it as a fog machine to keep people off

needs to work on weekends. The guru tells him, "You're acting like a Jewish mother or a martyr." But Hirsh persists. The man doesn't understand the responsibility.

Anyway, enough of this talk. It is 9 p.m. on a Sunday and in an hour Hirsh is expecting two people rushing down from Phoenix to discuss the drug charges against them. But first, he makes a mad run to his office to pick up a videotape on Arizona death row inmates, made for HBO. One of the subjects is Paris Carriger; so is Robert W. Vickers, the crazed killer who carved his nickname in one victim's back. Hirsh returns and shoves the tape into his VCR and Vickers comes on, life-size on the giant screen. Hirsh opines that this is one man who should be kept in isolation forever, then laughs and wonders, "How many Zen Masters do you think he needs?"

Then Carriger appears and the Hirsh monologue stops. Compared to the others, Carriger sounds like a gentlemanly scholar, smoking a pipe, explaining the sociology of death row. Hirsh watches intently. It is the first time that night he sits still and shuts up.

The hair is thinning, the face is pale, the eyes framed with gold-rimmed glasses, the look almost scholarly, like that of a butterfly collector suddenly caught unaware and dragged into jail in his blue pajamas. Paris Carriger's hands and feet are shackled and he is quiet and impulsive in the Maricopa County courtroom of Judge Michael Ryan. A thin scar traces down from his ear to his neck, the memento of a prison dispute with a razor-wielding inmate.

Rumors keep floating that he's going to quit the law, that it's no fun for him anymore, that he has made his money. He tells some people he's going to study documentary filmmaking; others that he just wants to hike with the Sierra Club. Maybe he'll only take death row cases....

Then, for a rare few minutes in his living room, he opens the private mind. It comes out reluctantly. Look, everyone changes. "I'm not driven by what I was once driven by. They were vague notions, unidentifiable feelings I needed to be successful. A vague idea of the American Dream. A vague idea that fancy cars and houses were important. A vague idea that a beautiful woman was necessary, or even a vague idea that being known was a good idea."

Not that the old party animal doesn't occasionally get out of the cage for an evening or two on the town or a weekend in Vegas. But he wants better solutions. "That's why I'm seeing a Zen Master now. To find out about me, to learn to focus and concentrate more. It's an exploration—partly for my own happiness, to improve myself and understand myself better.

"If I have a problem, I do something about it. The Zen Master explains that our minds are all cluttered, we're thinking all the time, and that we fail to feel." Hirsh has spent the last twenty-three years drawing his identity from his work, now the Zen Master is talking integration.

Hard lessons for a driven man. Hirsh tries futilely to explain that he

Hirsh scans a document, the head tilted back and the eyes so hooded they seem closed. He does not look like a man intent upon his business. He looks asleep. Then he seems to revive, leans across the rail toward the spectators and begins bantering with a woman lawyer from Ireland—"You have to call the judge M'Lord, right?" He is working now and moves from customer to customer in the audience, the head tilted carefully back, the nose like a cannon.

The judge rolls up the ramp to the bench in his wheelchair and another evidentiary hearing in the case begins. The two prosecutors sit at their table like bored junkyard dogs. They have spent nine years hammering the coffin shut on this death row case and seemed disgusted that yet another nail is required. No one knows what is going to happen except Bob Hirsh, Don Bayles and Paris Carriger. And they worry that it is too good to be true. Three weeks ago, Bobby Dunbar called Hirsh and said he had something important to say. Hirsh went up to Florence and listened hard.

Bobby Dunbar shuffles in, his hands and feet shackled, the leather

restraining belt removed because of kidney stones. He has sandy hair with hints of gray and the hacking cough of an asthmatic as he marches into his forties. He is in prison on various burglary convictions and several weeks before, at an earlier hearing, Joyce Stevens, the woman he lived with nine years ago, and her children accused him of child abuse and of burglaries, particularly the one Paris Carriger is on death row for now. The prosecution assumes that today's hearing will be an effort by Hirsh and Bayles to substantiate that testimony and that Dunbar has waltzed into the courtroom to denounce it. His testimony was the key element that put Carriger on track to the gas chamber.

Hirsh remains seated as the questioning begins. The voice is at first almost inaudible—what is your name, describe to me the events of March 13, 1978, and so forth. But the timbre changes as Dunbar swings into his tale of how on that day he framed Paris Carriger, planted physical evidence and then took off with Joyce Stevens to rob the jewelry store of Robert Shaw at around 5:30 in the afternoon. He picks the lock, the place seems empty and closed and they begin to amass the loot when suddenly Shaw comes from the back of his shop saying, "What's going on here?" Dunbar points a gun, marches him back to the bathroom, binds him hand and foot with adhesive tape. He returns to the jewelry cases up front and leaves Joyce to watch over the man. She is very rattled, Dunbar recalls, very panicky.

Suddenly he hears a "muffled gong and kind of screams and moans" from the back. He runs there and finds blood all around Shaw's head. Joyce says, "I've got kids, I can't get caught." She has bludgeoned the jeweler with a frying pan, one he kept back there on a hot plate for making snacks. He tells Joyce, "Oh, we're in big shit now." Dunbar decides to finish it, he takes the cast iron pan, smashes the skull some more, then removes Shaw's necktie and strangles him.

As Dunbar speaks from the stand, Paris Carriger ignores him, his eyes glued to the floor—until he gets to the killing. Then Carriger looks up. His expression a blank, his eyes fiercely focused.

Dunbar is very relaxed in his recounting. After the killing and the robbery, he and Joyce drive home, a mere six or seven blocks away in Phoenix. He decides he'd better set someone up for the crime, "shift the blame to somebody, it just happened to be him," meaning Carriger. For the rest of the night, he busies himself planting evidence, and then, after coffee the next morning, calls the cops and hands them his friend, Paris. Dunbar pleads state's evidence for immunity and Carriger goes off to death row.

Throughout the confession, Hirsh is almost absent from the courtroom,

just a slouched figure sinking into his chair, a clear, reasonable voice asking a question here and there. This is not the time for theatrics, he knows box office material when he hears it.

For the rest of the day the prosecution pecks away at Dunbar, but it seems hopeless. He draws the backroom of the jewelry store perfectly. He explains his decision to confess as one based on declining health and "worrying about making my peace with God." Nothing works for the state. The jeweler's widow has been flown over from England at government expense but all she seems to do is confirm Dunbar's layout of the backroom down to the exact spot the frying pan was kept. She explains that customers

could not see back there and would not know how it was set up. When the frying pan is presented for her identification, she stares at it but does not touch it. "I guess," she finally says, "I just thought if the skillet hadn't been there he'd still be alive."

Around three o'clock the session ends. The Judge has set up another hearing for November 20th, the state's opportunity to try and tear Dunbar apart. This is no simple task—he has successfully beaten polygraphs and is an accomplished liar. As Hirsh explains to the judge, no one knows who killed Robert Shaw, whether it was Paris Carriger, Joyce Stevens, or Bobby Dunbar. The only thing fairly clear is that if the original jury had

heard Dunbar today, they would not have convicted his client.

Bob Hirsh is back, and he looks to be a winner. The lawyer's face is gone now, the serious cast, the careful voice, and Hirsh is alive with pleasure. After five years, he and Bayles are poised to spring a man from death row, a hopeless case now starts to look like a miscarriage of justice. Hirsh leans against the railing, smiles at the audience and says, "Another day, another thirty-five dollars."

He is full of plans for a Halloween party the next night. Everyone will be in costumes. Bob Hirsh will sit on his balcony, talking and relaxing. He'll be wearing a tuxedo and no shirt. He'll be Bob Hirsh, whoever that is. □

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Paris Carriger has spent nine years on death row for murder. He has always claimed he was innocent. On October 28th, his attorney, Bob Hirsh, produced Bobby Dunbar in court and Dunbar, whose testimony originally put Carriger on death row, confessed to the crime—beating Phoenix jeweler Robert Shaw to death with a frying pan and then strangling him with his own necktie.

Carriger is forty-two years old, a Phoenix native, and he has spent twenty-five years in Arizona's reform schools and prisons for a series of thefts and for one shooting. He is a member of Mensa with an I.Q. of 160. He comes from a large family—none of whose members have ever been arrested—and he calls his mother every night from death row. He speaks French, Spanish, some German, and works twenty hours a day as part of a network fighting capital punishment. He believes he will be released soon and will continue this fight.

In late October, *City Magazine* interviewed him for two days as he awaited the court appearance he hoped would lead to his freedom. The place was the Maricopa County Jail, white walls, shackles, constant noise—the feel of a world you cannot control. His words were a mixture of the Phoenix boy who is close to his family and the hardened institutional man who has survived a quarter century in the joint. Portions of his prison journals help to round out this portrait.

"What shows up in court may or may not be the truth," Carriger says. "Few times is it totally the truth....The thing that normally you would think would make me extremely happy was that Dunbar had made his confession. But it made me angry because the first thought that entered my mind was, 'Why didn't the son-of-a-bitch do this nine years ago?'"

For nine years the State of Arizona has tried to kill Paris Carriger. And this time the system may have targeted an innocent man.

At the joint I walk around in Levis, sweatshirt and boots. I use about an hour a day of lifting weights. But that's more of a social time than it is for the weight-lifting. You have to maintain a certain amount of contact with the rest of the people simply because they become paranoid. If they decide that for some reason or other you don't make sense on their level, you're not one of them. And that can get hairy.

The row is the most peaceful part of the prison. When I was first sent to the row, we were literally locked down all but an hour a day. They tried to run over us back then. I can't say they lost. They were taking televisions and radios and stripping us down to practically nothing. And we found a few novel ways to entertain ourselves, and when it got to the point that some of them started making darts tipped with nails and nailing various and sundry cops, it was decided another approach might be required.

Death row is not only the cleanest place in prison, it is the quietest, the most polite. I heard one of the nurses, a woman, say that if there was ever a riot, the place she would run for protection was death row. This is the one place where no one else from any other part of the prison is going to come to play. If you bring any trash down here you've got to pay, and you won't like the picture. The first warning you get is when you've been stabbed.

I had dreamed once, years before, that I would be here on death row. I remember when I first came in there was no mattress, no blankets and it was possibly the filthiest cell I've seen in all the time I've been doing time. The thing that kept running through my mind at that particular point was that somehow this was fore-ordained.

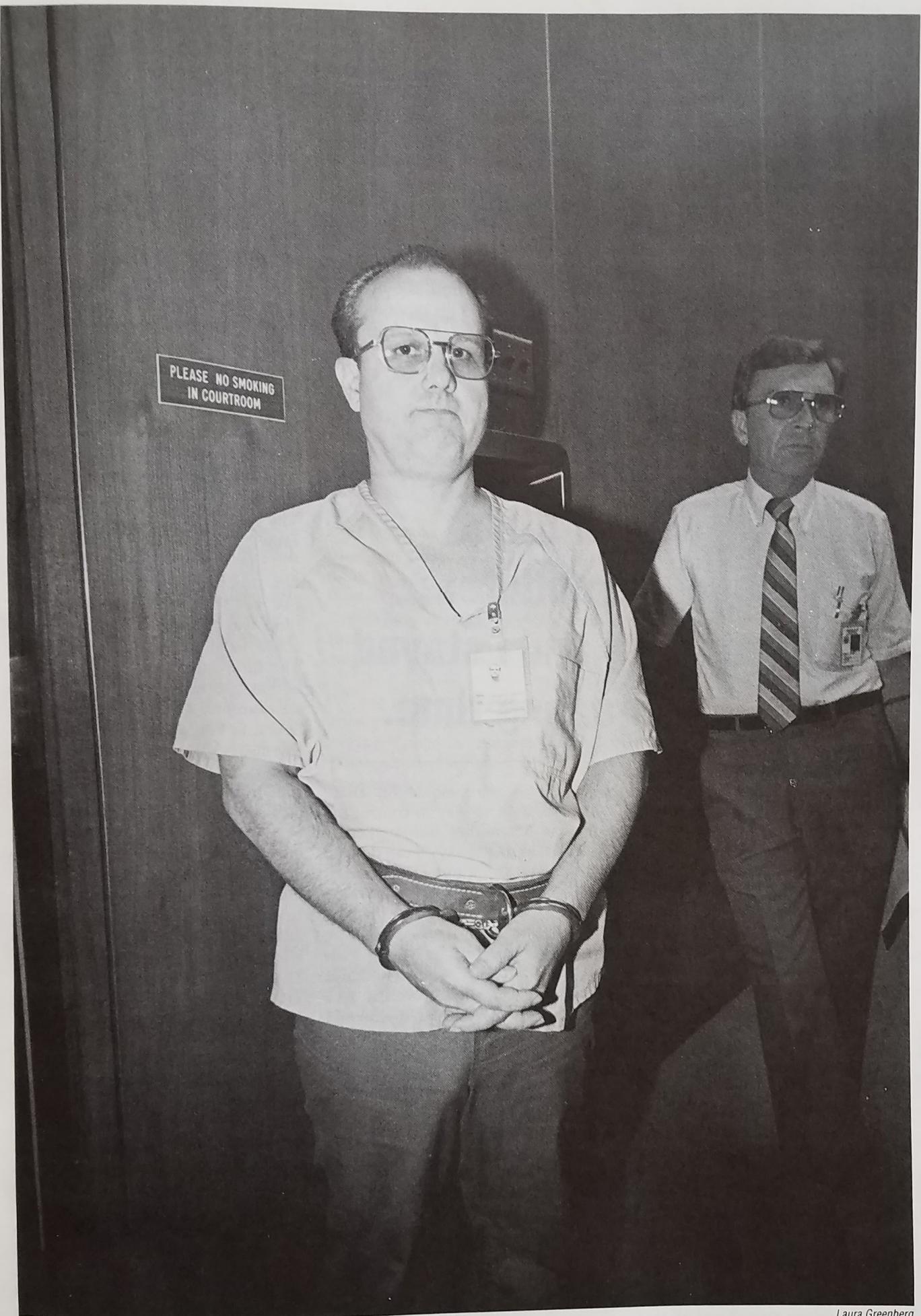
I never saw me die but in this dream, but I had seen the cell and everything matched. And I had to be as close to broken-hearted as is possible for an adult to be. The dream was one of those things that was clear enough that I never doubted that in some aspect it was true. I cried the first night. Up to that point I had pretty well kept a defiant attitude. You have no idea how angry I was.

Most of the time I believe that Dunbar could be in a cell with me and get nothing worse than a punch in the mouth. But sometimes I wake up from nightmares.... Sometimes my dreams make me uncertain. He has destroyed most of my dreams, taken from me the years required to do most of them....

I am speaking of an anger that no one seems to know what to do with.... I will have to go to people who know what people are like after too many years in prison...and hope that we can retrain me to function in the real world as something more than a cripple.

—Prison Journal, October 27, 1987

I climbed the walls for the first three years, maybe two and a half. For me it involved running around in circles and finding old contacts who could tell me enough about Dunbar to allow me to find a place to start to take his story apart. I bored everybody to tears. I was very close to insanity. I never spent a day not thinking about it and very seldomly spend a night where I dream about anything else. The case. The gas chamber. Before I got on death row, I used to enjoy eight, ten hours of sleep and maybe fourteen if I could get anyone to leave me alone that long. I started having nightmares—executions—and you don't want to go back to it. So you stay up as long as



Paris Carriger.

you can stay up.

On death row you die years before you're actually killed. We have people whose entire conversational repertoire covers 400 words and it's repeated like a rosary. Each time that there is hope for me, I go back to denial. And I start over again. That is probably the one thing that kills on death row because you can only go that particular route so many times before you wake up one morning and you don't have the heart to do it again.

You stop fighting for anything. I'm aware that I have limits, that I can be broken. Loneliness does it. When I came back from one hearing where a girl broke down on the stand, I cried for the better part of two days. There are places where I am unable to defend myself.

I know who I am, I know what I am. I respect what I think I have become and what I think I may become. What I cannot face is the loss of dignity with the death sentence. I don't

fear the dying, but being dragged around and put on public display upsets me greatly. When I was sentenced to die, the one and only comment that I made to them was that I would be polite, and I would follow their rules until the day came and they tried to kill me. At that date they could expect a fight and I wouldn't be kidding. They're going to have to drag me and they are not going to run home to the old lady bragging about how much fun it was. I saw some dogs gassed

one time out at the dog pound and it took one of them twenty minutes to die. Convulsions, throwing up, the shits. It's the kind of thing where I can see no way to maintain dignity.

I wonder how many others have lain in their own sweat and known that sooner or later they would die at the hands of another without the slightest ability to deny them victory? How many others dream of escape? Of an eternity of crawling on hands and knees through the desert brush feeling the sun burn and the thorns tear the still living flesh....Somehow you fight your way to the edge of the highway thinking only a few more steps....

The dreams are not always honest. Sometimes they masquerade as hope.... Sometimes the man will come to you and say that you are free, that the one who did this has confessed.... They say that all you have to do is take a shower and pack. You enter the shower and a door from nowhere slams shut completing the gas chamber and in the silence of madness you no longer hear the sounds of your own screaming.

—Prison Journal

We've got mock trials going on on death row all the time. You pick witnesses apart if a guy has a case coming up and he wants to know how this is going to play in Peoria. We put up a jury for him. And we usually convict his little ass.

I figured in seven years I would beat it. That was purely an intellectual judgement based on case law. I never considered that Dunbar would confess. It never really occurred to me that I would be executed, not even through three execution warrants. An awful lot of the time suicide was the main thing I considered. The first phase on the row is denial, not only for the idea that you're going to actually die but often that you did anything worth dying for. We've got a guy on the run [death row] that we tease all the time, and we wander around with plastic bags and we tell him we're looking for the Blue Mist Motel [a Florence motel where he murdered his mother, dismembered her, and packed portions of the body in plastic bags]. There's a very rough humor on the run. About my second or third day on the run, someone sent down an aluminum pie plate with a handle attached and there was a note on it that said, "Quick! There's two victims at the end of the run!"

What they're doing is testing to see if you have control of your own emotions. Because someone who is unable to control himself is dangerous and that's one person you need to step on. And they'll kick the living shit out of you. One guy, a child-killer, is an excellent example. They built a little cardboard suitcase and hung two child sized feet out of the end of it and somebody wrote on the outside,

Laura Greenberg

"MOVE OR DIE"—and they weren't kidding. Child-killers have pretty short shrift—it's part of that thing in human beings that demands they find someone who is worse than they are.

The average mind in the joint is about a ten-year-old. Their idea of thought is, "There's three of us and one of him." I find it very boring, very quickly. Books are most of life to me. I'm a reader. I haven't had close friends. I haven't been out of prison long enough to have had them. This is the first time—if I get out this time—where the people that I intend to go out and associate with aren't criminals.

This scar on my face? A man wanted something I had in the joint—this was before I was on the row. I said no. We exchanged words. I told him I'd cut his head off and roll it down the street. You talk that way in the joint. He started an apology. Well, being considered polite, I did something dumb. I leaned in so he didn't have to say it so loud. And he damned near cut my head off with a razor blade.

In the life that I have led and the one that I know about, defense is the first requirement of survival. This is not just something that is a conversational piece. It is a practical reality, from minute to minute, cot to cot. Because if you say the wrong thing, if you do the wrong thing, or you just do it in the wrong order, there are people who will kill you.

I generally get up between three and four in the morning. I make coffee—I have a percolator that I built from scratch. It's made of tin, the top off of a mustard bottle, a hot pot, part of an aluminum metal lid, the stopper is a telescoping antenna off a radio. I drink coffee all day. I don't eat breakfast. Sometime late in the afternoon I cook a meal. I take two or three hours off and I play with it—I catch the news off the radio then. I've got a cooker. It takes me four hours of hard work to make one. We take the bottom off of a hot pot—it's got a heating element. We take a rheostat so we can control the temperature. We take a pie plate we've stolen out of the kitchen and we take two dozen eggs we've stolen out of the kitchen and a block of cheese and a block of ham and we party. I'm the one on the row with the cooker. I do the cooking. Last Christmas I ordered seventy-five pounds of spices—every kind you could imagine—and when we need to do something with the food so that we can at least taste it, whether we can look at it or not, my house is where you come to. The boys will actually line up in front of the cell and if there's any extra, they will argue. One time there was almost a fight over it. One reason I built the cooker was to take power away from the system—I eat when I want to and I eat what I want.

Anyway, after I make coffee, I take care of the correspondence of the Execution Alert Network. I use a Real-

istic dubbing deck and a mike that fits my headphones and I work late at night. Mostly what I do is build tape presentations for other death rows. I mostly use that kind of material for fund-raising for various groups. I'm tied into a whole network of misfits. Ain't none of us any good.

I write letters, work on planning proposals, etc. I do some legal research. During the Bork hearings I spent about a third of my time writing the people that are on my personal mailing list to oppose the nomination—I have a list of something like 3,000 people. You take my typewriter and you've literally cut my throat and I don't have the ability to communicate. My hands have got plastic in them, (and I cannot write with a pen)—a couple of cops in the '60s de-

nothing to do with whether I could do something else or not. Quite frankly, I can learn anything I want to learn and learn it pretty quickly. It had to do with the conceit that said there was something different in me, that somehow I was special, a little tin god.

Up 'til 1967 I made no pretense of working for a living. I had no intention of it. I said I intended to be a thief. I got into something in '67, a job that I thought was controllable. I had it under wraps. I did the planning. And it went sour almost from the first split second and I ended up shooting a guy over it. It was extremely disturbing to me.

For about three days, every time I thought of it, I threw up. I simply decided I wasn't doing that anymore, the price was too high. It wasn't

some wheels from a kid and he apparently decided that he wanted the wheels back and denied that I had paid for them—about fifteen or twenty dollars. I went to Fort Grant for most of a year—children don't have rights. It was the first time I ever found out about isolation, the first time I ever found out about extreme corporal punishment—they beat the dogshit out of me and put me in the hole.

I ran off a couple of times. Me and two other guys. When they got us back they were whipping one guy and he was screaming in there, so the other guy and I kicked the window out and went again before we got our whipping. We were out less than three days. I was twelve, thirteen, fourteen. My opposition to the system had crystallized. To this day my greatest delight is jamming the system up against the wall. I have never been controlled. The Man does his routine and I do mine.

I was very close to thirty before I was sure I could control my own temper. For the first twenty years of my life I was so angry I don't think you could have spoken to me rationally. The state had as much responsibility in that as anyone else. Let me give you an example. At Fort Grant, they believed in corporal punishment. I got five swats with a leather strap two feet long swung by a six-foot-two to six-foot-four-inch man. They weren't bullshitting. Being a kid, when I got back with the other kids I giggled and laughed and said it didn't hurt. One guard heard me say that he couldn't hit as hard as another guard with the strap. Next morning we're standing out in line and all six of the officers who normally gave swats showed up. They each brought their own straps. They said that they had heard that I was an expert on how much something hurt and they wanted my opinion as to which one of them could do it best. A runaway—the worst crime in the juvenile system—got twenty-five swats. That particular day I got forty. They thought that was funny. I would have killed the lot of them if I could have.

In Florence, I once did twenty-three separate fifteen-day sentences in isolation, back-to-back. They only quit because they could see that I enjoyed it. This was in 1963. The discussion was all on whether I would work on the gang or not. When I was doing five years, the first day I went out there they were chopping cotton and I decided whatever I was going to do in life, I was not building any prisons. I lay down in a wheelbarrow and went to sleep.

They gave me ten days the first time. It was totally dark, you can't see anything. It's a form of sensory deprivation. I lay back on my mat and when I looked up I would imagine this gear. When I could see that gear good, I

Adults don't like precocious children. I started angry and I stayed that way for a long time.

cided I needed to be disciplined and they stomped on a pair of handcuffs and hung me on the bars. I started it; I caught one not looking at me and decked him. Anyway, after typing for hours, I cook my one meal a day in the late afternoon. I also spend on the average two and a half hours a day on the phone talking to street people.

Promptly at four o'clock I turn on NPR radio and go back to work. Put on the headset. Five o'clock I catch Channel 9 news, five thirty I catch the national news, then MacNeil-Lehrer. At around seven o'clock I do reading and research and go until ten or ten thirty. Then the building begins to quiet down enough for me to do tapes until midnight. And then I go to sleep. I average four hours sleep.

I was a "bunch quitter" from day one. That is a cowboy term that refers to cattle or horses that won't stay with the herd. They will drive you nuts. When I was out, I was always looking for the fast hustle. When I was free, before the prison started and all that, my friends were animals, my friends were children. Adults don't like precocious children. I started angry and I stayed that way for a long time.

My earliest memory was of mama singing at the dishes when she was trying to think of what to do with me. I remember even now the clear, sweet voice that sang gospel songs.

—Prison Journal

My thieving ways had absolutely

would add another gear and I would make the two of them combine. When I had those down pat, I would add some more. After quite some time at it, I got so I could visualize a roomful of gears. And I would make them do something silly like rolling a cigarette. I could see how every gear there worked. I could tell you exactly what position it was in in relation to everything else out there. To me at that particular time in the prison, the safest place was the hole. I spent 345 days there. I entertained myself with my own mind. It's my favorite toy to this day.

I think we over-use prisons, but there is this minority of convicts of considerably less than twenty percent—say twenty percent tops—that you're going to have to put in prison and you'll have to take every step to keep them there. You ought to place prisoners into two categories. One is the group you are not going to let out. Period. For them you should build cells that are big enough for a shower, a bed, practically anything the prisoner can think of to get in there—let him have it. Close that door and say, "That's the end of it boy. If you exercise, you're going to run up and down the walls. I don't give a shit if you make guns, knives and yo-yos in there because there ain't nothing in there to use it on." And you let him finish it. My reason for saying that is not cruelty. It is the kind of thing that would strike terror in most of the truly bad people that I have ever known. Very few people have the ability to be by themselves. They wouldn't live very long, they would mostly commit suicide. As cold as it sounds, it is my belief a man has the right to decide when to end his own life. The last frame in this movie is that they stay in there until they die.

It is possible I could be out on an appeal someday. For probably a year, I'm not going anywhere by myself because I have trained reflexes and trained responses that are trained to a different world. If you hesitate that extra instant in the joint, then by that time you've already got three holes in your chest. I don't want to hurt anything, but people on the street treat each other in ways that in here would cause an automatic response. I've got to have somebody play buffer. I'm afraid of my own reactions.

I find myself wondering about all the lives ruined and strained by this case. I sat in the courtroom and watched the wife of the victim testify about finding the body.... She had that soft shattered look in her eyes.

—Prison Journal, October 27, 1987

The first thing I'm going to do when I get out is have a bath. The one thing that pisses me off about prisons more than any other single thing is the showers. A shower robs you of one of the luxuries of life. There is very little

to do out there on the streets that I don't do in here. But one of the things that drives me up the wall is that I would like to be able to lay and lounge in the bathtub for awhile.

In this particular case I'm analyzing a bunch of imponderables. The thing that pleases me about Bob Hirsh handling this case is Bob's ego is even bigger than mine. Bob hates to lose. Bob would cut his own throat before he would lose.

No one is ever going to really know if I did this or not. I could stand here and swear it until the cows come home and you either accept what I say at face value or you decide it's an elaborate game. But either way, without the element of proof, we end up leaving the system in the hands of people like Bob Hirsh. Since he is, in my opinion, distinctly better than the competition, logic says that most of the time he's going to win.

I would like to have it where I was tried and I was cleared. But I don't think the state's got the nerve. I think they're going to lean back and look at it and claim on some television station that I beat it on a technicality. That way their butt's covered.

My older sister died while I was here. I spend a great deal of time wondering if she was ashamed of me at that moment. I wonder if she believed my innocence.

—Prison Journal, October 27, 1987

Trust. I don't think there is anything on earth that I trust. Quite frankly that is one of the saddest things that I have to say. It goes against every grain I've got—I would trust if I could. I will do it against every instinct I've got. So what I find now is that I even examine the motives of my own family. And that is something I never did before and it upsets me deeply. I keep looking for motives. I destroy my own peace. There's no way people should have to live that way but I am already stuck with it. I hope I can be re-trained. After nine years of being on death row, I've got at least ten opportunities and options that offer a future. The joke is that the difference between me then and now is a matter of nine years and not much else. The raw material was always there.

The man who put me here now admits that he framed me...and all of a sudden I have a world beyond the grave to consider.... I do not know what to think.... Since it became known among the men on death row that I may be cleared and freed soon, one by one they come by to wish me well.... I feel an odd shame as if I were sneaking away in the night leaving others.... For them I have already become one of the outsiders. □

—Prison Journal, Oct. 1987

By Charles Bowden and Laura Greenberg.



We need an hour or two of you.

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A city the size of Tucson could fit inside
the proposed park.
Maybe one won't have to.



The Last Creek

Meanwhile, back at the Empire Ranch the antelope
are getting worried

By Ron Steffens
Photos by Jack Dykinga

I used to stare stupidly at the Empire Ranch. For three summers I was a fire lookout on Red Mountain, south of Patagonia, and I looked fifteen miles north into the vast basin of tawny grass that spanned from the Santa Rita Mountains to the Whetstones.

I didn't really have to look—it wasn't public land. But it's embarrassing to miss a smoke, to have some ground crew call you to ask what's burning. So sometimes I stared, not knowing a thing about that land, and occasionally I radioed down that a small brush fire was coming up out of Cienega Creek.

Long days in the lookout and I'd study the map. Cienega Creek runs roughly south to north, splitting the basin. On the west side, draining the Santa Ritas, there's Gardner Canyon, Empire Gulch, Oak Tree Canyon, Fortynine Wash, and finally the Empire Mountains. On the east there's Mud Spring Canyon, Spring Water Canyon, Mattie Canyon, Fresno Canyon, Apache Canyon—all coming out of the Whetstones.

Near the top of my map, where Cienega Creek bends east, around the Empire Mountains, there's a spot called The Narrows. The creek does a double



"S." The creek is colored blue; the water runs year-round.

Maybe that's my excuse: I was interested in the land. Because in April my name got connected to the local office of Grubb & Ellis, a company attempting to become the Century 21 of commercial real estate. They needed someone to write a press release to help market the Empire Ranch. I thought it was a little piece of land. I thought it'd be a chance to see that basin, a chance to learn about the business of land. I thought I needed the money. So I said yes.

The Empire Ranch, I quickly discovered, wasn't little. It sprawls from mountain to mountain, from one Forest Service boundary to the other. It's about 75,000 acres, maybe 110 square miles. Tucson's city limits could fit inside it, with a few square miles left for a buffer. I got excited, talking to the Grubb & Ellis man. I began to forget that I was an environmentalist.

I still dropped hints—in all five drafts of my press release I detailed the need for open space. "Old and new residents of Tucson," I wrote, "are becoming increasingly wary of growth, if growth imitates the urban sprawl and L.A.-style smog of Phoenix." I implied that Tucson is a community that

would buy land and houses in a place like the Empire Ranch, if it were developed "in character with the land."

I dropped hints but I never imagined that the Empire Ranch could be saved. "In a state full of Air Force bases, Indian reservations and Forest Service wilderness, where only eighteen percent of the land is in private hands, the Empire is a rarity. The Empire may be the largest tract of land within commuting distance of a booming Sunbelt city. And the Empire Ranch, in all likelihood, will soon become a city."

The Grubb & Ellis brochure said the same thing, without qualifications: "The land is located in an area known for its ideal climate, natural beauty and water resources, and destined for immense growth. INVEST...IN THE WEST."

Luckily I'm horrible at press releases. As far as I know, my words never made it into *The Wall Street Journal*. They never made it anywhere. But Grubb & Ellis paid me and I bought memberships in The Nature Conservancy and the Wilderness Society. I bought a mountain bike. I went north for the summer, having had enough of heat and a lookout's solitude. And in August, returning to Tucson, I heard there was hope. Pima County was trying to buy Empire Ranch for a park.

The politics have at times read like a soap opera, but the idea is simple: Stop urban sprawl and prevent flooding by buying up Cienega Creek and a prime block of developable land.

Part one of the theory goes like this: If you curtail urban sprawl you promote greater density, which means shorter commutes and some hope for mass transit. And less air pollution.

Part two is even more common-sensical: Natural stream beds and wild desert and prairie absorb water; concrete doesn't. If we keep Cienega Creek wild our inevitable floods will be less intense and Marana won't wash away.

Part three of the theory is that parts one and two, the twin problems of urban growth and flooding, are damn good excuses for buying a huge chunk of relatively wild land. Pima County voters will have a chance to do just that, in a bond election set for Feb. 9. They will be asked to allow the sale of bonds for 65,000 acres thirty miles southeast of Tucson, at a price estimated at \$23.8 million.

We owe this opportunity to a lot of people, including supervisors David Yetman and Reg Morrison. Morrison has tried to convince Marana that protecting headwaters is good (and comparatively cheap) flood protection. And it's worth protecting because, as Morrison puts it, the ranch is "a spectacular place. They don't make land like that anymore."

There are a lot of ways to know a piece of land.

My first trip into the Empire Ranch was in a friend's Jeep. His wife and in-laws once lived in Kenya and Bruce has visited there. We took dirt roads up and down washes, through grass, mesquite, oak, grass, more grass. The road runs up a ridge and meets a power line, a straight line running north-south that demonstrates how much Cienega Creek weaves. The creek is half a mile away, marked by green cottonwoods and willows that poke up out of dull green mesquite.

Bruce pointed to the power line. "It's how we know we're not in Kenya." He was grinning. But it did feel like we were a long way from Tucson.

When Dan Campbell, state director of The Nature Conservancy, talks about the ranch, he mentions the rarity of perennial streams in Southern Arizona. He mentions habitat preservation and globally endangered species. "It's the largest gene

pool on earth for the Gila topminnow."

Andy Laurenzi, whose title is "public lands protection planner" for The Nature Conservancy, talks about the rarity of undisturbed prairie. In other states, The Nature Conservancy gets excited about forty undisturbed acres!

Before Laurenzi moved to Tucson he spent six years getting degrees in Phoenix, a place which he says has been destroyed. What about Tucson, I ask. It seems like some critical mass is forming, a movement to prevent another Phoenix.

He agrees. "There's a lot of positive signs." He mentions the fight around Saguaro National Monument, where thousands of people signed petitions for a buffer-zone initiative which, according to polls, looked like it would win. Developers got the Arizona Supreme Court to bump it off the 1987 ballot, but public opinion still may force developers and environmentalists to sit down and negotiate.

My Grubb & Ellis boss knew the land as a piece of property that contains the Empire Ranch and the Cienega Ranch. He knew that it's fifty percent privately owned fee land and fifty percent long-term grazing permit on state land. In April and May he talked about the resort and country club it might become. In September he was talking about the importance of open space and the economies of the deal. "The water rights alone are worth the price of the land," he said. "In the year 2000 we'll be very happy we have it. If that basin gets dried up from development, then water flow to Tucson would be affected."

The basin's aquifer holds 1.5 million acre-feet of water. At one point, when the marketing angle was development, the Grubb & Ellis land man was quoting the Arizona Department of Water Resources, which estimates that the water could support 41,000 dwelling units.

I used to stare stupidly at the Empire Ranch. Up in my lookout, and down in the city, writing my press release. Maybe we all change.

I once read that Highway 83, running from I-10 to Sonoita, was voted one of Arizona's most scenic highways by the Harley-Davidson Clubs of America. The last few times I've driven the highway, which makes up part of the ranch's western border, I've been in an old Dodge truck, with my mountain bike in back. I've come to see the land, to know it better. I've changed.

Things are different on a mountain bike. My first morning I pedaled through the muck and water of Cienega Creek and into Spring Water Canyon, which is dry. There was a cool wind, a fall wind. On the bike it's like being on horseback, only I was sweating instead of the horse.

Ahead of me a roadrunner broke from cover, its neck and tail straight, only its feet moving. I pedaled full speed and lost, miserably.

I pedaled into a dust devil, about man-sized. I saw cattle. Most ran but one big-mama Brahma, with an udder and horns, stood in the dirt track, staring. I yelled. I threw rocks. Finally it ambled away but I kept yelling, pedaling harder than ever, my feet twirling faster than the roadrunner's. I looked back, remembering my research, how the Mormon wagon trains of 1846 fought off renegade longhorns.

Cattle, of course, rarely attack. But I didn't stop pedaling until I topped a hill. Around me the grass was shorter, drier, but it didn't appear overgrazed. John Davidson, the man who leases the land from Anamax, has been praised as an environmentally conscious rancher. He keeps most of the cattle out of Cienega Creek.

The cattle, according to Yetman, will remain for a while. The county's lease to Davidson will provide



Antelope are among the current residents.

income to build campgrounds. In theory, cattle may even belong here. Father Kino brought the first herd to the valley in 1699. During Tombstone's heyday the Empire Ranch fed the town a thousand head a year. In most cases cattle do less damage than bulldozers.

The next two mornings I explored the bottomlands of Cienega Creek. On a bike I'm something different—neither man nor truck. I spooked up a doe and her fawn but they didn't run. She stepped silently away from me, waiting for the fawn to burst through the grass. But there had been enough rain. The bottomland and the high hills glowed with green. The grass in the hills and under the mesquite was knee-high; the grass along the creek sometimes reached my chest. It could have been springtime in September except the grass was seeding and the creekbed blooming with fall flowers, yellow composites and blue asters.

The creek runs slowly, with a few riffles and a few deep, dark holes. I discovered a few waterfalls where the creek has cut through a vertical shelf of sedimentary rock. But the three-feet-high waterfalls are a fluke; mostly the creek is seven feet across and six inches deep. Everywhere the water flickers with greenish one-inch and two-inch Gila chub, a threatened species. Along the edge and in calm pools the water is packed with the creek's most endangered fish, the little Gila topminnow. It's a fish that's full-grown at half an inch. The average fish would fit on your little fingernail. When I struggled to discern an individual fish I saw two eyes, two dots on the back, a tail, two tiny side fins. That's all there is to the fish. But it schools up. I've seen a glob of two thousand, maybe more. Whenever I step near the bank there's a mass panic, a flurry of tails.

It's hard to stop moving on a mountain bike. Self-propelled speed can be addictive. But I made myself stop. I sat on the rocks along the stream. I began to think that nature can only be grasped in metaphor: We need some comparison in order to understand a thing that has become so foreign to us, the dominant species. But nature traffics in its own metaphors. A stick in the dirt track is a gopher snake, stretched out straight, in line with the shadows. A vermillion flycatcher is the color of ocotillo, with black wings added. The buck I see topping a hill stops and stares at me, just as I stare at him. A mosquito becomes something different when it

swells pink with my own blood. But I squash it anyway, my own blood sticky on my fingers.

I know there's no guarantee that the Empire Ranch will remain the way it is. Current supervisors can't bind future supervisors. "Any land the county owns could be sold," Yetman says. Odd parcels may be sold but Yetman doesn't envision any major development. "One of our strong motives is to preserve it from being developed. It should remain open space." He foresees "passive management," an open-space preserve something like Catalina State Park.

The Nature Conservancy would like to have a hand in managing portions of that open space. They have experience with creeks and wetlands throughout Southern Arizona. They'd like to have a full-time manager overseeing the biologic resources.

Laurenzi worries about the pressures of a growing city nearby. "The only guarantee of saving it," he says, "is by getting the people to value it." If that's the case, then maybe we need John Donaldson on the land for awhile, since he seems to value healthy grasslands as range for his cattle. Maybe we even need the Empirita Ranch, a development which may be unstoppable to the north. This proposed satellite city, off I-10 and northwest of Cienega Creek, might be an environmental trade-off. The Empire Ranch would be a backyard park for these new exurbanites. They'd scream if the bulldozers showed up.

I sat by the creek, pondering a metaphor: Two thousand topminnows were in a mass panic, a flurry of tails. They felt the pressure of my footsteps. I remembered the possibility of 40,000 dwelling units and I felt a panic too, and then I felt how lucky I was to be at this creek, alone, staring at this massed city of fish.

There are people who watch birds, people who hunt birds, people who walk, people who picnic. People on mountain bikes. Maybe they'll learn from my mistake. You can't just look at a map. As I sat alone in The Narrows, next to a creek and surrounded by hills and small rock walls, I hoped that we'll all learn to stop staring so stupidly. I hoped for a mass panic.

Ron Steffens, who teaches fiction and composition part-time at the University of Arizona, is working on a collection of essays looking at the rural and urban West.

PARK POLITICS

For once the homebuilders and the environmentalists are together: They're asking Pima County voters to buy the lush Empire and adjacent Cienega ranches and preserve them as a watershed and park. It must be time to get out the picnic baskets and pop the champagne....

Well, maybe not. There's still a wild card out: County Supervisor Ed Moore.

"If we can get Moore then there really isn't any rallying point against the purchase," says a nervous Doug Shakel of the Sierra Club. Other supervisors—including Reg Morrison, who Moore calls Mr. Business Community—are enthusiastic about saving from development the 65,000 acres of mesquite-studded grasslands and rich riparian resources that fall inside Pima County. Although the land could provide sites for over 40,000 homes, the Southern Arizona Home Builders Association (SAHBA) has, to the wonderment of some, endorsed the bond issue and offered to help convince the voters. And Shakel has told all his environmentalist friends that "this one has to pass, because it's a bellwether (on conservation issues) for the next ten years."

The question mark is Moore, the quixotic, fiscally conservative Democrat who first sang the praises of the park purchase and joined in a unanimous Board of Supervisors endorsement, but later reconsidered and threatened to file suit unless the voters were allowed to approve the buy. Among Moore's concerns are that Bob Patrick, the husband of Reg Morrison's aide, is a real estate broker who worked as a consultant for seller Anamax on the property and apparently will get a finder's fee or piece of the five-percent sales commission. Judy Patrick says she is not sitting in on county meetings about the park and does not discuss the issue with her husband, who was the first to turn Morrison on to the land. She also has filed a conflict-of-interest statement. According to Morrison, the county attorney's office does not think he has any conflict.

It was at Moore's (and SAHBA's) insistence that the county put the park question to voters, rather than purchase the land outright through flood-control and open-space funds. Moore, who represents flood-prone Marana, said flood-control spending first is needed in the urban area. Assistant County Manager Chuck Huckleberry counters that watershed preservation of upper Cienega Creek is essential to urban flood control downstream.

When other supervisors subsequently agreed to hold a bond election and scrap the original financing scheme, Moore in return agreed to support the bonds.

But that support has so far been tepid, and Moore says he still has some problems with the purchase. One of Morrison's appointments to the bond committee, Pam Phillips Triano, works for Grubb & Ellis, which has the listing on the ranch property. Although Moore acknowledges she is to her employer's advantage to have the county buy the land.

Some of the other players were worried that Moore, whose enmity toward Supervisor David Yetman is thought to have much to do with his reticence about the park, will give lip service to the bond issue while quietly knifing it. He could,

they feared, stir up his tax-wary constituents in Flowing Wells, Marana and Sahuarita behind the scenes. (The bond issue would cost the average homeowner about \$5.90 a year.)

"I made a commitment to support it, and I will donate the first \$1,000 to the bond committee," Moore vows. After that, however, his public statements lead the park's advocates to feel less than secure.

"I do think any intelligent voters should analyze both sides," Moore told *City Magazine*, noting that the pros have been discussed much more than the cons. "Should we own it and retire this potentially revenue-producing land? Or should some person in the private sector be allowed to develop it sensitively, along the lines of La Paloma and Ventana Canyon, and let the county acquire the environmentally sensitive streambeds, floodplains and other open space (for free) through zoning (trade-offs)?"

At the Empirita Ranch development plan he supported near I-10, downstream from the proposed park, twenty-five percent of the land will be preserved as open-space thanks to zoning requirements, he pointed out. Extremely low-density, high-priced homes can be done without harm to land, he said, as long as the county has zoning control.

Moore noted that some 400,000 new residents may be arriving in the coming years looking for homes. And he observed that we live in a county where only fourteen percent of the land is privately owned and able to produce revenue for local government. "We owe more money per capita than any county in the country for bonds. I think people on fixed incomes will analyze this (fact) and think it's crazy."

It is up to the voters to judge, Huckelberry says, "but if the question is, are there less environmentally sensitive lands in Pima County to place our urban development? The answer, I think, is yes. Development (at Empire/Cienega) would destroy the riparian habitat zones"—zones surrounding perennial water where there are five species of native fish, including two that need protection.

Morrison says he went out and walked those riparian areas before deciding that getting this land under county control, for flood protection as well as for wildlife preservation, is his foremost goal. "I would much rather have this ranch than be re-elected, because my family will live here for the rest of eternity, I imagine."

Even Byron Howard, first vice president of SAHBA, says development can go elsewhere. "Once very sensitive lands (like Empire) are identified, they need to be preserved, or the battle (between developers and environmentalists) will continue," he says. "See, we're learning."

If SAHBA is seen as being on the right side of this one, Howard hints, maybe Tucsonans will work with the builders in return, to get the state to release some developable land that isn't environmentally sensitive.

The builders' support may indeed be public relations, undertaken after developers decided against buying the land themselves. "They needed to improve their image, and this one was a freebie," speculates Shakel. Dan Campbell, state director of The Nature Conservancy, explains that "every one of the major local development consortiums has looked at the ranch with the idea of buying it. But my reading is that (development) would have cost too much at the front end." Although the supervisors say Anamax

claims to have had at least three potential buyers, apparently all out-of-state and interested in a resort-based development, Campbell figures the county provided the first serious offer.

But there are skeptics who wonder if there are any hidden agendas, and if future access to groundwater at Empire are on them.

Because of the clout the copper industry had with the legislature in 1980, the Empire's groundwater was exempted from "active (government) management," even though it feeds 4,000 acre-feet directly into the Tucson aquifer every year. Campbell would like to see the groundwater put under active management, which limits its use. Otherwise, he warns, "developers could go to a supervisor and arrange to buy the water rights underlying county property. They'd have every right to make that request."

Campbell says he figures the City of Tucson will eventually get the water rights for urban use,

"which is fine as long as the water is taken from the lower reaches of the Cienega," already owned by Pima County. "But the topmost seven miles of the stream—we never want to see that de-watered."

Morrison, meanwhile, says taxpayers could recoup some of their investment by selling surplus Empire/Cienega water to a nearby mining interest, "without endangering Cienega Creek." But if the county doesn't buy the ranch and preserve the watershed—where 10,000 acre-feet of water for future Tucson use is recharged every year—he fears the mining company can, and will, buy the land. If that happens, we can bet the water will be pumped and that parcels of the land will be sold off willy-nilly for development, Morrison laments.

The bottom line, says Campbell, is this: "Saving the land for a county park is our last hope. Otherwise, it will be developed. It will be a city that will rival any of our neighbors."

—Norma Coile

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Notes from a

Solitary Beast

He left his job and moved into a cave near Tucson seven years ago.

**Written and Photographed
by Walker Thomas**



The flutter of bat wings has pulled me from sleep. It must be four. At four, the bat returns to the cave. For reasons of his own, he always flies into the deep hollow I have fashioned for my bed chamber.

He is a Townsend's big-eared bat, a male. When the snow melted, he began leaving the cave at night and returning each morning.

In flight his ears stand tall over the span of his wings and flattened body. His flight, quicker than a bird's, is as compelling. Watching him sail past stone walls, veering nimbly around obstacles, I feel myself in flight. In his own way, this bat is as lovely as a bird. In a beam of light his blond fur looks

soft, pettable.

The first time I saw him here, asleep, upside-down, clinging with hind toes to the cave wall, I stroked his fur with an index finger. He opened his eyes. His ears, collapsed rumpled on each shoulder, rose as he awoke, unfurling like the wings of an emerging butterfly. His upper lip curled, baring teeth as if in a snarl, to emit sound inaudible to me, sonar impulses, bouncing off my face and to be retrieved in the big masts of his ears. Finger bones as long as my own, but as fine as the ribs of a trout, unclenched from his sides, stretching taut the dark, elastic wings. He flapped away to a cleft in the cave ceiling, twenty feet above, where he has spent his days ever since.

But each morning he makes a side trip into my section of the cave. Maybe finding me here calms his fear that I have climbed, spider-like, into his own sanctum, and wait to pounce.

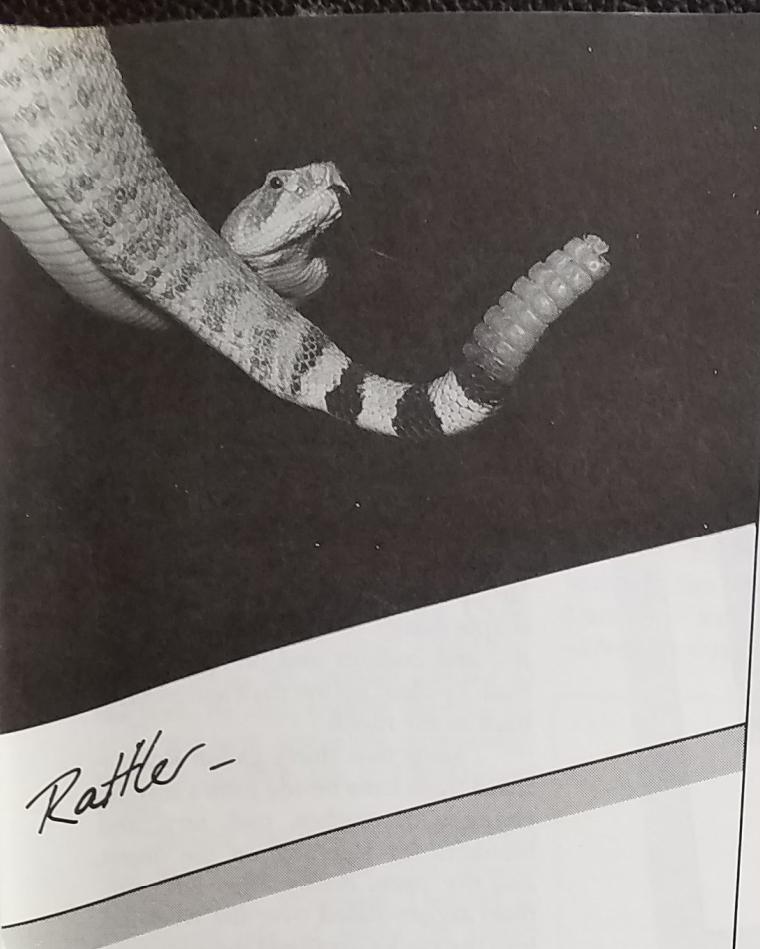
He may well dream of this giant,

bearded, sonar-imaged face, but beyond the shock of the unknown, his lack of human intelligence precludes human ignorance. His bat's mind deals only with the facts of experience. Since our initial encounter, I have been an unassuming roommate. When I come home late in the evening, he drops down through the canopy of oak and pine, circling me on the last slope, then precedes me into the cave. Bats frequently join hikers when we walk at night, though so silently, so furtively, few notice. On switchbacks, they glide in low, zig-zagging around a hiker's legs, wings barely moving, as they hunt insects kicked up with the dust. More often they fly just above our line of vision and are revealed only by a high-pitched chipping sound that seems to originate in our own heads.

When I am settled, the big-eared bat flies out of the cave to hunt moths in the open air. There is always a temptation to anthropomorphize an animal's motivation, bestowing human thought processes. The concept of thought without language is hard to put into words. As Pooh's friend Piglet said of Owl, "He hasn't exactly got brain, but he knows things."

This morning Bat makes two wing-slapping passes through my room. Then he retires to his own accommodations upstairs. In the dark and silence of our deep chamber, I return to sleep.

When I next awaken, a patch of light coats the rock, high on the wall. The distant glow casts as much light into the cave as the stars cast on a wooded path. I feel for candle and matches. It is five twenty-two, Thursday morning. I should get up. Saturdays I work in town, and Thursdays I begin my commute. I unzip my sleep-



Rattler -

ing bag and get to my feet, grasping the cave wall for support. Equilibrium comes slowly in a candle-lit hollow. My breath makes misty ghosts in the flickering light. A cold cave is good for sleeping and for storing food and supplies. I spend the days outside.

From the foot of my bed I have built a stone staircase up to a high-ceilinged, narrow corridor. The corridor then slopes steeply up to a wall, eight feet beneath the entrance tunnel. The wall is an easy scramble for man or monkey, but that eight-foot drop into darkness discourages large four-footed animals from entering the cave, like the black bear who was drawn to the scent of popcorn three weeks ago. Not even the fox who rests in the entrance tunnel has found a way to the interior.

Pausing in the darkness at the top of the stairs above the candle-lit hollow, I look up twenty feet into the entrance tunnel. Rocks, touched by the morning sun, glow like amber lit from within.

Outside, the rock that forms the ceiling of my underground bed chamber projects up another thirty feet and leans out over a ten-foot clearing. The ground there is composed of shards sloughed from the cliff face. Beyond the clearing, I climb to the cliff top by way of a wooded slope. There, from the roof of my cave, I look out at half a dozen more monolithic blocks of rock that punch through the trees.

I was here, reading on my roof the evening the bear came sniffing after popcorn. I walked to the edge to see what was crashing through the trees. He poked his head into the open and stared at me as if not sure of what he saw. I saw jaws.

Years ago I read a newspaper account of a camper in Yellowstone who

was devoured by a bear while her friends watched. Her last words were, "Oh God, I'm dead," as the bear closed its jaws over her head. Later, I dreamed a bear was closing its jaws over my head. I woke up on the floor after trying to dive clear of those jaws. Ever since, I smell in the strong scent of a bear, the suffocating odor of breath as its jaws close.

This bear's jaws were broad, powerful, easily capable of closing over my head. But this bear was a long way from Yellowstone where people are a common sight. I might have been the only human this bear had ever seen. He reacted the way a black bear is supposed to react to such a strange apparition. When I brought my camera to my eye and clicked off a shot, he turned and ran like an overweight race horse, legs churning under his ponderous body and kicking out behind so I could see the pads of his feet.

He was a big bear, not likely to share his territory with another large male. He probably is the same one who hibernates in the oak wood where I spend Sunday nights in a tent on my commute back up to the cave, a large male with well-worn paths all over this area, who also runs in a clumsy way, kicking his feet high behind him. He is shy, but curious, often circling my camps, but avoiding me.

The only danger he poses is to my supplies. Not far from the cave he demolished a tent I had left unattended, empty of anything resembling food, to chew on two tubes of K-Kote seam sealer.

From my rooftop this morning green velvet swells fill the distance to the east, hiding a sun that backlights the pine-furred crest of each hill, and spills over onto the rocks.

Today I will cross the nearest hill and turn north to Scotch Canyon for water, hauling six gallons back to the cave to free me from the task next week. Then I will go around to the south side of the cave rock and begin the descent into the valley. Tonight I will sleep on the desert, not far from the cattle ranch where I park my bicycle. Friday I will get up early to pedal in for work.

For all the time spent commuting, the walk is a pleasure. Walking provides a time for creative thought, and with that, a true sense of being. What I am most is in my thoughts. I am at home. Home is wherever I walk in these mountains. It has been that way for seven years now.

I took a drive on the desert in 1979. The roadside was littered with the car-

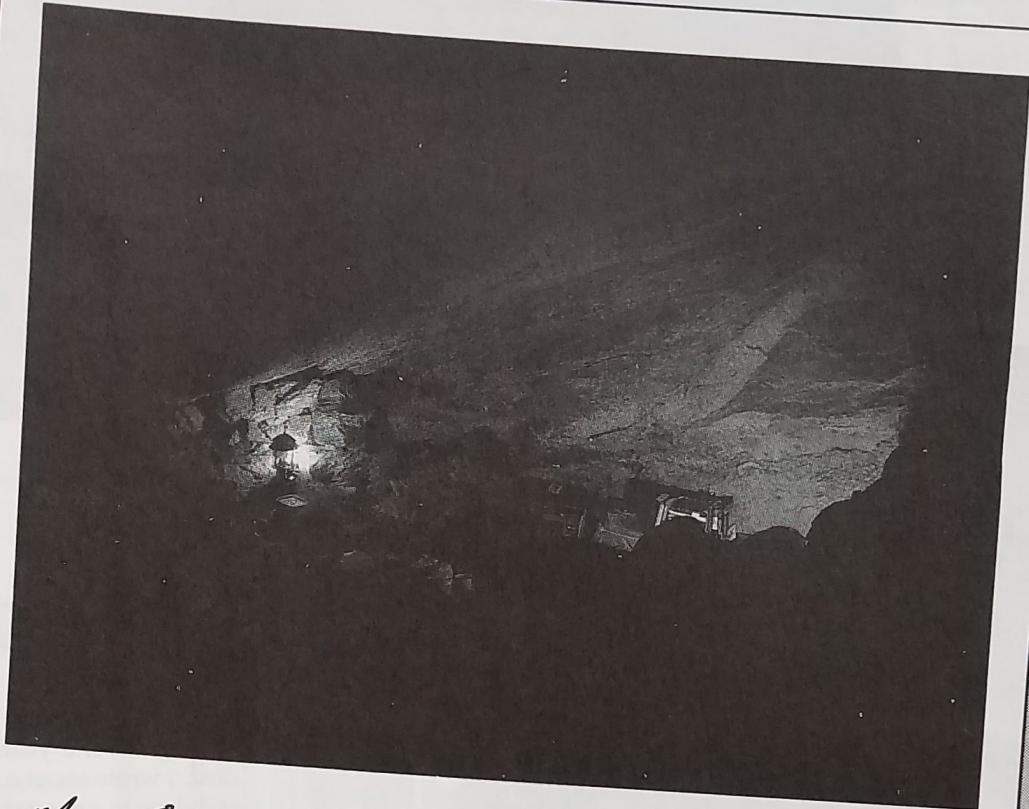
casses of species I rarely saw alive. A run-over sidewinder was lucky; half buried in the yielding sand of the roadbed it lay coiled and barely scuffed. I carried the rattler, salmon-pink with white, like paint spattered along the ridge of its spine, on the end of a stick to a shady place far from the road. I walked on, postponing the return to the car. Driving seemed an unnatural act.

I left my driver's license with the injured sidewinder. The following week, I sold the car.

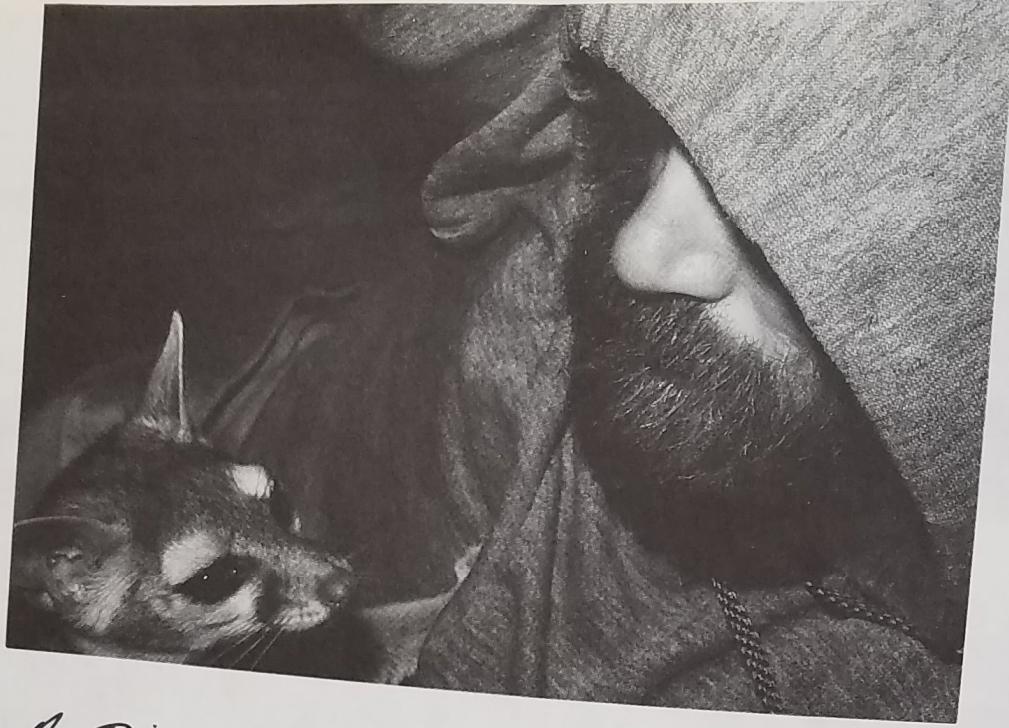
Every time rain washes the sky, a haze rises from the roads to muddy the horizon. Cars belch pollutants into an atmosphere that has been an eternity coming into balance. We are small fry responsible for the water in our own pond.

In my car I could go anywhere, over mountains, across deserts, from sea to shiny whatever, on swaths cut through every forest, on gravel roadbeds dumped on every marsh. All the life-forms of the land exist on the squares of a checker-board. Every square is bordered by blacktop and a moving barricade of cars.

Wars are fought for the fuel that makes this all possible. We are a spe-



My Quarters.



A Ringtail



the Spotted Skunk

cies great in our potential. For that we damn ourselves with every misstep. Putting ourselves first is proving fatal.

By depriving myself of a share of the road, I have changed none of this. My actions or those of a dozen will have virtually no effect. But driving is wrong for me. I will live more thoroughly as a walker. Why should I care so much for what the majority think? To go through life doing what I believe is wrong is to deny the value of all that I believe. What I am most is in my thoughts and beliefs. If I do not live according to my nature, have I lived at all?

More than ever before, my action helped establish an ethic as a way of life. I felt good, but with foreboding. There were many untenable aspects of society to distance myself from. We controlled too much of the land, distorted it and made it uninhabitable by

any but ourselves, a few select birds, and roaches. Would I walk away as easily from all human society, as from a license to drive? I formed a troubling vision of myself, a solitary beast.

In 1965 I fell from a cliff in the Huachuca Mountains. I awoke eight hours later with amnesia. Most memory came back, but a great gap separated me from the good and the bad of my whole life. When consciousness returned it came separately to different parts of my brain. I sat for a long while, a purely aesthetic being, enjoying the sound of a stream nearby, the smell of pine and soil, and the feel of the breeze through the hairs of my arm. I felt pleasure as an animal does, or a newborn, without the strictures of language. A solitary beast, I was free of any history, content with the fact of my being. I did not exactly have brain, but I knew things. Into the reverie, my verbal consciousness came to intrude, to ask who I was.

Sometimes I think amnesia was a plan conceived in my own subcon-

scious. In my high school creative writing class, a year before the accident, I wrote about a man lost for several days in a coastal pine barrens. He learned to fend for himself. All he seemed to need was an ax. He finally found civilization, in a seaside resort town. He went into a hardware store and bought an ax with the money left in his wallet, and walked back into the woods and swamps. At nineteen, caring too much for what the majority thought, I needed to be lost, or amnesic, to find myself. Though I did not then, a distant self was developing.

After I sold my car, I crossed the Rincon Mountains, and walked along the San Pedro River back to the Huachucas, where I had fallen fourteen years earlier. I saw no one along the way. Alone, I came to better know myself. When I did finally encounter others, they had become dearer to me than ever before. Distant from the crowd, I drew closer to each individual. I am most alone in a crowd, never so in my thoughts. A solitary beast can be the most sociable of all. I would never be as healthy, in body and in mind, as when walking in a natural setting.

And finally I came to these mountains to bury my father, though I think he still lives in New Jersey. He survived our last encounter twenty-three years ago. I helped move my sister into an apartment of her own. He came out of our conflict less arrogant, I hope, less capable of molesting children. On the mountain I have found an identity separate from that of my father's son. I have known others from similar backgrounds who have spent their lives in failed therapy.

On the last day of May in 1980, I bicycled to a place between two finger-like ridges where I had often

walked to unmuddy my mind. I parked my bicycle at a cattle ranch, beside John the foreman's tool shed, and hiked up to Crow's Foot Pool. I spent a first night in Hind Toe, the canyon just below the pool.

Now it is Sunday, seven years later. Several hours ago, I left work at an athletic club, where I shower and get paid to make friends. The job requires friendly conversation, a break from the solitary life. It is an artificial world, but the people are real. A few have been to the mountain.

After work I did some last-minute shopping: brown rice, lentils, barley, maple syrup, olive oil, candles, batteries, and cookies and oranges for the trail. I picked up my mail and bicycled back to the ranch.

I keep two thirty-gallon Rubbermaid trash cans beside John's shed for changes of clothes, pad, tarp, and blankets for sleeping on the desert, and my pack, nearly filled with supplies accumulated over the weekend. Into the pack I arranged the additional supplies from my bicycle panniers and started my walk home.

From the ranch, an hour of level walking precedes the climb to Fox Basin. The climb is steep. Fox Basin is greened by runoff from slopes on three sides. The water of countless rainy seasons has poured over the open face of the basin to cut a near-straight drop to the desert foothills below. Tonight I watch the sun set from a switchback just below Fox Basin.

The mountain night is not always dark. A full moon will cast an eerie glow. Or, like tonight, the city's incandescence, a glare that on a clear night would wash the stars from the sky, will reflect off low clouds. The light, carried on the underbelly of the clouds, will skip over ridges to bathe the ground beyond. Tonight, low-slung clouds light my route across Fox basin with dusty, pastel highlights. On a winter night, when there are fewer crawling things to watch for, I can find my way without even switching on my headlamp.

Stars, gone from the sky, are scattered across the rain-moistened ground. The turquoise lamps of glow-worms show brightly from the edges of rocks and from within clumps of grass. There is starlight in the eyes of spiders, blue-white, sparkling like crushed diamonds on the basin floor. Light reflected from a spider's eye is as pure as any I have seen.

Big, round amber eyes stare at me from the ground ahead. A poorwill lifts suddenly on down-silenced wings, to settle again in my path. A hooded skunk's eyes are red. Deer's eyes also show red. Last week I watched half a dozen pairs of deer eyes moving past a rock wall. Filtered through brush on top of the rock, another pair of eyes, yellow-white and as widely spaced as those of the deer,

flickered directly above them. The deer passed on and the other eyes winked out. Whatever had been watching turned away from my light and moved back into the darkness.

At the far end of the basin three dry canyons reach up to the crest like the splayed toes of a crow's foot. Where the canyons merge, subterranean water erupts through a dense growth of deer grass to empty into a pool, thirty feet long and six feet deep.

A hoary bat glides effortlessly while two smaller bats flutter like butterflies over the pool, occasionally dipping down to skim mouthfuls of water from the pool's surface. Owls, too, will drink, cutting V-shaped ripples across the smooth surface of the pool. By day, purple martins replace the bats and owls, chattering, moving rapidly on sickle-shaped wings.

The area around Crow's Foot Pool was my home for the first several months on the mountain. I would be awakened late at night by raspy shrieks. Mountain lion, I thought, until one night a gray fox, who had watched as I bathed in the pool earlier in the day, challenged me in that raspy voice. She stood above me on a steep slope, her front legs propped on a rock to bring her face to the level of my chest. My gaze was focused on the ground when she began to growl, a full, resonant sound from deep in her chest. I lifted my gaze, expecting to see a mountain lion ready to pounce. When instead I saw a fox not much bigger than a housecat, I laughed out loud and took a step forward, breaking a time-honored rule of backwoods etiquette. Relative size was not the issue here. I was breaching the fox's territory. She was incensed, and let me know with the shriek that I had been attributing to a cougar. She let me pass, but she followed me to my camp on the ridge eight hundred feet above, sounding that raspy, coughing, bulldog-cum-mountain lion shriek every few minutes along the way.

From my sleeping bag on the ridge, a few mornings later, I watched the effects of the changing light of dawn spread across Fox Basin. When I rolled to look at the mountains behind me, there was a mountain lion twenty feet off, walking away and looking back over her shoulder. She moved in a crouch on powerful legs. Her hind legs looked enormous, yet graceful in their low, reaching stride. She flowed over three rows of rock like a snake, her long, thick tail retracing each undulation of her body. As the ridge fell away, she too, was gone.

Trails end at Crow's Foot. No, they don't end exactly, they just continue on in directions I don't want to go, to people places other creatures and I tend to avoid. I spent a month here near running water and occasional human passage, then began moving up.

Tonight there is no end to up. The

top of the ridge disappears into the clouds. The outstretched toes of the crow, etched into the broad slope of the basin's rim, reach up and up, to fade into the pale depths of space. Clouds give the twenty minute climb the look of a Himalayan ascent. On nights like this, foxes play at the edge of the clouds, two steps from invisibility. Deer run into clouds and disappear.

At the top of the ridge, the mist is thin but wet, soaking like rain. As I climb down the other side, out of the clouds, I hear the water crackling through the upper gorge of Turtle Canyon, a half-mile away. The gorge carves its way through gray, marbled

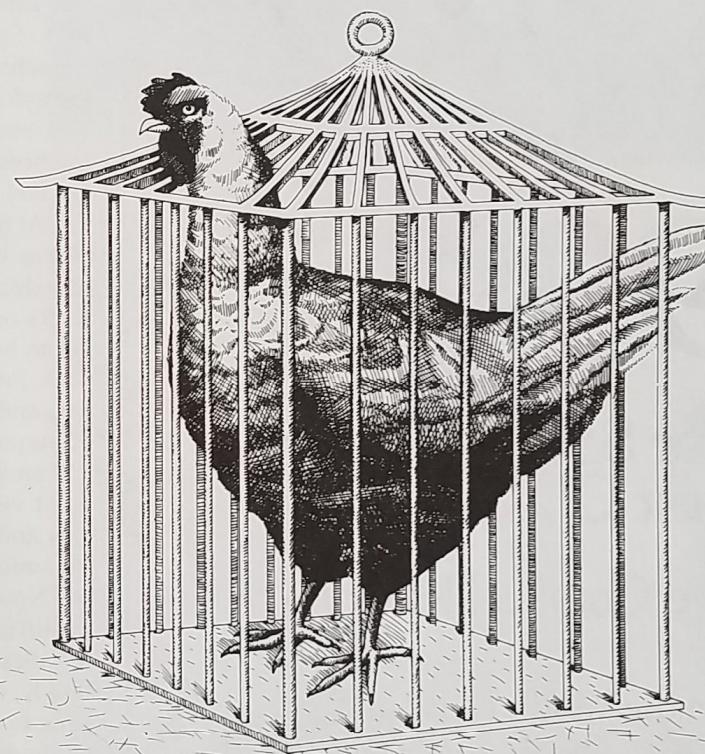
rock, sculpted and polished by the water it in turn sculpts silver, in both light and sound.

I cross Turtle Canyon just below the gorge, where water is channeled through a hundred yards of flat, broad rock before it drops again. A warm breeze, lifted from the city up through the lower gorges, spills into the valley. On a winter night, the Turtle Canyon valley is the last warm refuge before the mountain chill. In winter, rain will fall in this valley, while snow dusts every surface beyond.

I fill a gallon container I had stashed at the crossing with water to take up to the tent.

I reenter the soaking mist on an

oak-wooded terrace four hundred feet over the gorge. From the terrace, the ground rises steeply. As I climb, the cloud mist grows thicker, obscuring all but the nearest trees and rocks, isolating small worlds under a dome of false light. The nearest trees and rocks, dark with wet, stand stark against the eggshell wall of mist. For the first couple of years I would get lost on cloudbound nights like this. When there is no horizon, a straight line becomes a curve. The long slope is steep and rocky. Terrain dictates direction. A curving course becomes an endless, serpentine meander. Cloudy nights would frustrate me into the early morning hours until I learned the



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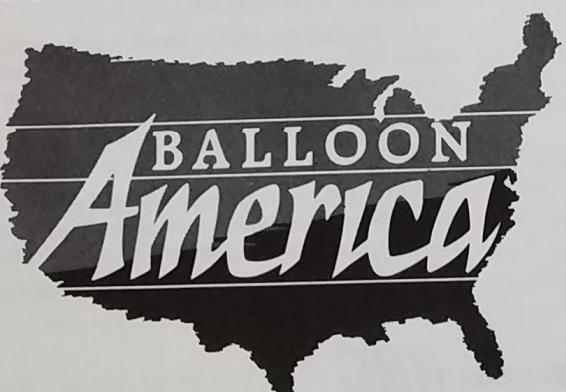
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shape of the slope, and every rock and tree along the route.

I reach my tent on the hilltop at midnight. I will sleep here and climb to the cave tomorrow.

As I hang my wet clothes in the juniper beside the tent, Effie appears at my feet.

My first porta-john was a garden trowel. When I moved up into this wood, Effie, a cottontail, began digging up all my burial plots. Cottontails are coprophagous—literally, fecal-eating. Her high cellulose diet yields little the first time through the small intestine. Further along, in the cecum, bacteria break down the cellulose and make nutrients available, but the large intestine is inefficient as a nutrient sponge. The most nutritious part of a cottontail's meal is defecated. Effie eats her food twice, and mine too.

Caught up with the intimacy of it all, Effie began sleeping beside the tent. Sometimes I would hear her scratching, thump, thump, thump, on the nylon by my head. One day while I was scattering grain for juncos and towhees, I found her sitting between my feet.

At the head of the tent is a wooden box as big as the tent itself, standing on a dozen empty V-8 cans. I spent ten hours one night hauling up the lumber to build it. Into the box, I put my pack. From the box, I take a canister of oats and Brazil nuts for Effie, another of sugar for hummingbird solution, and another of dates and nuts for late-night visitors. I toss out a handful of oats and nuts for Effie, and refill the hummingbird feeder.

Now, in the tent, warmth gathers within my sleeping bag. A screech owl whistles a soft, hollow sound repeated slowly, then faster and faster, accelerating to a tremulous trill.

Small paws press gently along the side of my leg. My eyes may be open; it is too dark to tell. Even so, I recognize the touch of the ringtail. This is the ringtail's way of waking me. If I do not respond, he will pace along my side until I do. I switch on a flashlight and prop it against a water bottle so its light is bounced off the tent ceiling. The ringtail has already slipped from my hip to the floor of the tent. His nose

is inches from my beard, sniffing for crumbs.

His eyes are big and black, surrounded with a white mask, the photo reverse of the dark mask of his cousin, the raccoon. But his face, with its long nose and high pointed ears, is more like the face of a fox. His long, sinuous body is like a martin's or a mink's. His tail is ringed like a raccoon's, but fuller, and longer than his body. The ringtail moves like a squirrel, in flowing bounds that undulate through body and tail.

I came to these mountains intent on making no impact on the original inhabitants. I was proud to use no more space than a sleeping deer. The spaces I now occupy have grown. I found it impossible to be entirely unobtrusive. Every time I swept the crumbs out of my tent, I provided sustenance to a variety of my neighbors.

The ants came. Then the ground beside the tent became pocked with ant lion craters. Juncos and towhees came. I added seeds, then nuts for a scrub jay, drawing chipmunks and mice. The mice drew a bobcat, and western rattlesnakes, foxes, ringtails, skunks. The list could be endless. A friend combed her hair beside the tent. Two days later, a bushtit worked the long, silky strands into a nest in the mistletoe on a nearby branch.

But I no longer feel like an intruder. I am a functional part of my environment. Life goes on around me, gaining from me where it can. Wherever I am, I am a part of the nature that is there. In spite of human idiosyncrasies, we cannot be separated from nature.

I first knew ringtails as thieves and pickpockets. When I lived on the ridge overlooking Fox Basin, an old ringtail with graying fur and two young apprentices would steal my granola whenever I was away past dark. I had no tent then. I slept on a tarp under the sky, and pulled the tarp over against the rain. When I was away I folded the tarp around my supplies, but no amount of folding and rock piling would make the tarp resistant to ringtails.

One night, the young ringtails bounded away from the tarp as I ap-

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proached. A scurrying sound came from within. Old Gray came out dragging a plastic sack of granola half as large as herself. She dropped the granola near the tarp and joined the others, somewhere in the dark.

I opened my eyes late that night to see the ghostly forms of ringtails, pacing. I put the bag of granola under my head. When I next awoke, Old Gray was tugging the sack from under me. I moved my hand and she backed away. Ringtails are irrepressible opportunists. Old Gray was going to get that granola one way or another. I sat up and took a handful for myself and put a handful on the ground. After a little coaxing, Old Gray sat beside me like a cat at her dish while I ate granola from the bag. Ringtails are sometimes called miner's cats because they tame so easily. The youngsters, though, never overcame their fear. They haunted the periphery of my night vision. On a rainy night that brought Old Gray in under the tarp to curl up behind my head, the youngsters paced, wet, outside.

My sleep was shattered one night by a rush of wings and talons as a great horned owl plunged into the bush beside my head. Her wings were spread; her talons still gripped a white, wind-tossed rope trailing from a corner of the tarp. In the gilt-edged pupils and gaping beak I saw the risk Old Gray was taking when I drew her into the open. With a beat of broad, powerful wings, the owl was gone.

I had already contemplated moving higher. I had stayed where I was because of the ringtails, and for the convenience to town. Damn poor reason in the second case. The morning after my visit from the owl, I moved my camp to the woods on the cliffs over Turtle Canyon. I lived there until the summer thunderstorms. Then, lightning flashed at precisely the same moments as ground-jarring thunder. I found shelter by a juniper in a broad depression on the hilltop where tonight, the latest and tamest of a succession of ringtails takes a date from my hand, then hops over my legs to eat in the space between me and the tent wall, his sanctum.

He is called Gem, from Gemini Dancer, for the twin images of his body and tail. He came to the tent young, probably freshly weaned, two years ago. Skunks had already established territorial rights on the tent. Young Gem was terrified of skunks, and did not yet trust me. He would only come into the tent as I slept, or feigned sleep. One night a skunk walked in on Gem. The ringtail hopped over my legs and found safety in the space between my body and the tent wall. The skunk left, but Gem hid in his new sanctum until daybreak, pressing close, as to a surrogate mother. He has trusted me ever since. When there is no food (I make a point of feeding only occasionally so animals do not become dependent), Gem

will curl up on my legs, and wrapped deep in his tail, take his nap. Sleep comes as quickly to me.

He is beside me now, standing like a pointer dog, one foot lifted, nose reaching toward the tent flap, tail straight out behind. The end of his tail begins to curl and twitch. A skunk or another ringtail is nearby. Gem evaporates into the night through the open flap. There is no sound of a scuffle; the intruder is not another ringtail.

Sal, the skunk, comes in through the open flap, stomping her feet. Sal always stomps when there is a ringtail around. She is a fraction of Gem's size. She is a spotted skunk, no bigger than a chipmunk. She has a big white spot

on her forehead between short, half-moon, teddy-bear ears just visible in thick fur. Squiggly white lines form concentric patterns on her back and sides. A single spot escapes from the pattern on each side of her rump. She has the slender build of a chipmunk. She even climbs trees. Her tail is a white pompon, a fluffy snowball that billows over her back when she runs in the open, or is held flat on the ground behind her in a gesture of trust when she is beside me.

There is no scent in the air. Gem escaped in time. When Gem exits late he must jump over Sal, who will handstand under him and leave a heavy dose of scent in his fur. Sal knows not

to spray in the tent, but a demoralized Gem will return after she leaves, dragging his scented belly on everything.

Sal has overcome her outrage at Gem's presence. She takes a date from my fingers with surgical precision, sniffing first each finger, then the date, before carefully taking the date in her teeth. She arrived four years ago, one of five spotted skunks. After the spotted skunks had determined that I was benign, a pair of striped skunks joined the menage, but their little spotted cousins drove them off within a month. More recently Sal has made sole claim on the domain. The other spotted skunks' visits are subject to Sal's foot-stomping, whistling tirades.

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Janos Wilder

POSITION:
Chef/Owner, *Janos*, a distinctive downtown restaurant blending nouvelle cuisine with the ingredients of the Southwest.

BORN:
Redwood City, California

MOVED TO TUCSON:
1982

OUTSIDE OBSESSION:
Basketball. One-on-One or just shooting by himself.

FAVORITE POSSESSION:
Can't name one. (Janos)

He has five flat basketballs he won't get rid of. He takes them inside after they end up in the cactus when he misses his backboard. (Office Manager)

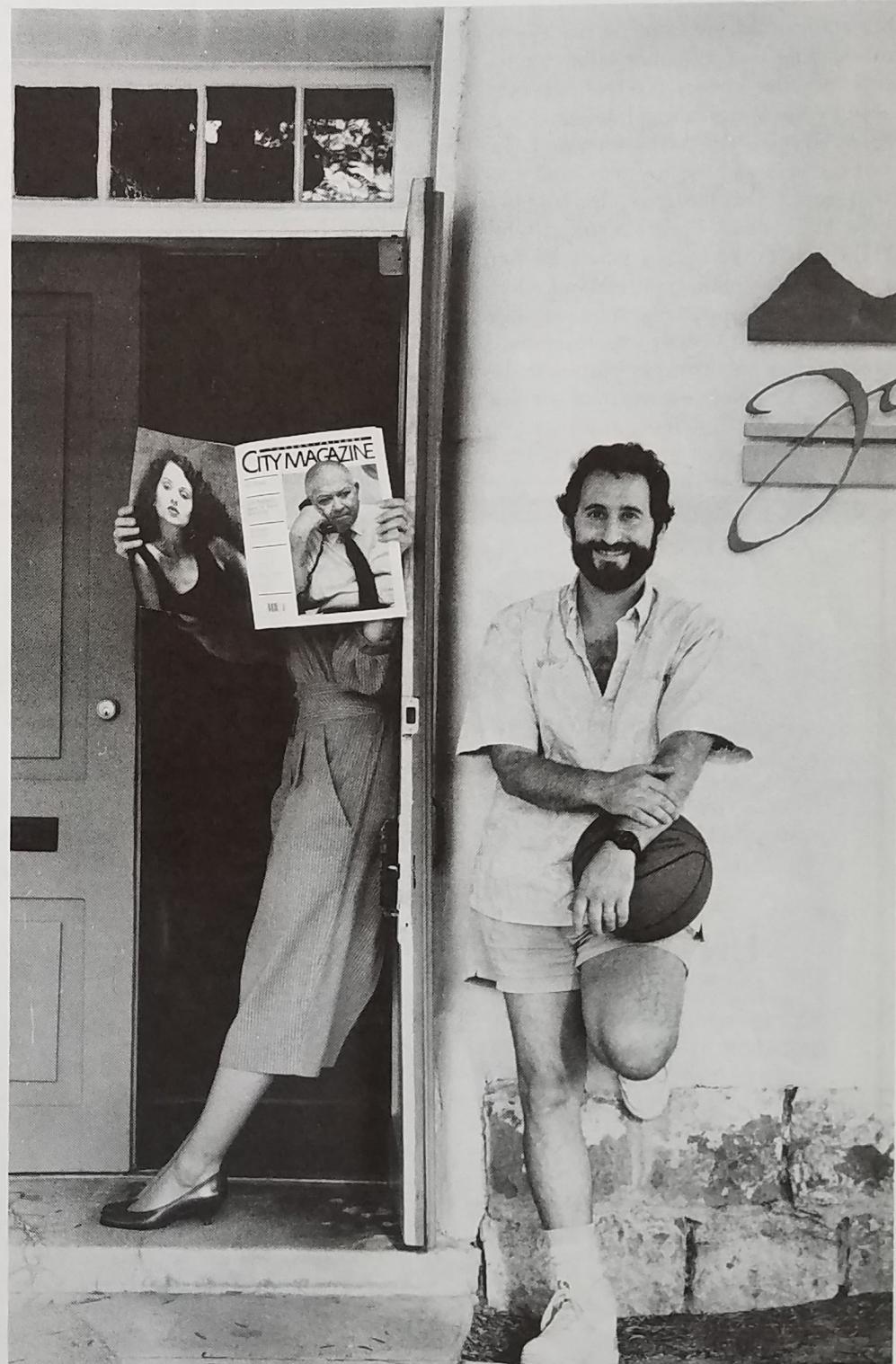
FOUND HIS CHEF MENTOR:
In France. The chef created an atmosphere for creativity.
"It was like fireworks."

FAVORITE CLOTHES:
Garish print shirts, shorts. Like the stereotype of a tourist, without the camera.
(He looks at the rolled-cuff Levi's and green-and-white pattern shirt he has on. "This is dress-up.")

ANY REGRETS:
None. Couldn't be happier—
doing exactly what he loves.

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CITY MAGAZINE

With me she is a gentle tyrant. She no longer threatens me as she did four years ago. She had let herself in on a winter night. The spotted skunks had learned to work the zippers with their teeth. I was slow providing a nut. She paced, stomping, and did a handstand, lifting her hind port high and tipping it, her chemical cannon, toward my eyes. She shifted her weight from forepaw to forepaw, taking aim. I called her bluff, hoping that a half dozen friendly encounters would be recalled in my favor, and pushed her, with open palm, out through the partially opened tent flap.

Our pecking order was established. She reasoned—I reasoned—that there was more to be gained as my friend than as my enemy. Since then, Sal has run the show with the other critters, and acts as I would have her act around me, sensing my every mood. She will alter her behavior to suit me. She knows if I feel nervous about what she is doing, like searching through my trash, or threatening Gem as he comes behind my legs, and she will stop to watch me for a hint of how next to proceed. I have a friend who thinks that her horses can read her mind. Around Sal, I understand why.

She is not a pet. She treats me like she would any other creature, once dominance and compatibility are determined. She once came in at sunrise, climbed over my feet, and went to sleep at the foot of the tent. After I got

up, she pressed a nest into the blanket and stayed the day. She would probably do the same thing in a rabbit's burrow if it were the best nest on the hilltop.

Sal and Gem alternate visits for the rest of the night. I leave a pile of nuts and dates on the carpet inside the tent flap and trust skunk and ringtail to sort things out while I sleep.

I awaken late this morning to a susurrant chorus of humming bees. They rise in waves from clusters of manzanita flowers as I go to empty my bladder. An Anna's hummingbird, her China-doll eyes outlined in white, a blush of red speckling her throat, hovers in my face, a morning ritual. She, never her mate, will fly to me while I walk, far from the feeder.

The clouds have risen. Later, the male Anna's will display in the afternoon light. He will fly high, arching back over the top of a great loop, then swoop down so fast he seems to disappear. At almost the same moment, he will reappear at the bottom of the loop with a loud, high-pitched chirp. Afterward, he will fly from tree to tree in a half-circle around the perimeter of the hilltop. Landing on the highest perch in each tree, he will chatter and flare the crimson feathers of his head and throat, a crimson so deep it appears black, until ignited by the sun in a brief, fiery flash.

He was king of this hilltop before I set up camp here. Since then he has

brought his mate and three broods of young to the feeder. He must now compete with two generations of young males for hilltop dominance.

I do not refill the feeder. It will go dry before I return, encouraging the hummingbirds to invest time in defending their chosen flowers in neighboring canyons. Each week, a female Anna's flies to me in the clearing in front of the cave and hovers for a moment. I wonder if she is reminding me that the feeder needs tending.

I reorganize my pack and secure the tent. A night here has cleared the noise and pressure of city streets and workplace politics from my head. The only weariness left in me is from the effort of last night's climb. The slope ahead is steeper still, but I tackle it at an easier pace. I have all day to cover a short distance and another fifteen hundred feet of elevation. I wander, trying new routes, adding miles to the trip. Rocks and trees grow larger the higher I go.

Commuting offers a challenge each week. The physical demands are surprising. The effort of the climb is magnified by the load in my pack, the wet rock, the cold wind. There are times, even in summer, when the effort to stay warm and dry seems a major task. But I always succeed, and there lies the pleasure I can least describe.

Near the crest of the cave I scale one high boulder after another. Rock-

bound arbors, dark and lush, fill the spaces between. Hollows in the black earth of ancient muskeg hold the imprint of a bear's heavy body. There also are signs of cougar, fox and bobcat.

Amid the moss and ferns I look for rattlesnakes. There is an aura of calm about an unprovoked rattlesnake. Every movement is deliberate and unhurried, as if a thick root has surfaced in the moss, patterned light and shadow, barely moving at all but for the flick of its tongue.

I approach the cave's roof from the city side. Prairie falcons glide overhead, white in the sun. Last week a peregrine passed at eye level and stood a moment, rock steady on a current of air.

There is a depth to the beauty here. My sense of beauty blends with the integrity of this natural world, and my place in it. I am not a perfect part, but I move always in that direction. A life needs a direction; this one, to better mesh with the workings of the natural world, places me precisely where I would choose to spend the rest of my life.

I adjust the weight of the pack on my shoulders and continue to climb, at a pace suited to a man at home. □

Walker Thomas lives in mountains somewhat more distant from Tucson since this writing. A Solitary Beast is the proposed title of a book in progress

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Decades of Christmas

By SHANNON TRAVIS STOLKIN
and ARTURO CARRILLO STRONG

If you were raised on holidays blanketed in mushy wet snow—where everyone holed up with steaming hot toddies, watching “Miracle on 34th Street”—waking up to sixty-five degrees on December 25 may seem a shock.

Christmas in the Sonoran Desert is anything but white. Here are some of the memories.



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Decades of Christmas

ARTURO CARRILLO STRONG, fifty-seven, descendant of pioneer stock: "Early on the morning of Christmas Eve, before the first light of day, the huge belly of the stove would be crammed full of mesquite logs and old newspapers, awaiting the match that would start the ritual of making tamales. Within minutes the fire was blazing and a warm glow filled the cold room. Huge pots were brought in and stuffed with rows of tamales that had been prepared the night before. Red chile and beef fairly oozed from the *masa*-filled *hojas* (corn husks) as Juana, the Yaqui woman who helped in the kitchen, and the girls gossiped and giggled. They prepared bean tamales in separate pots. Later, when the ovens were good and hot, Juana and Tia Pancha made the delicate sweet cakes and cookies from family recipes now lost.

"Most of my Christmas memories revolve around my Tata, my grandfather Arturo Carrillo. After we had morning coffee, his black with heavy doses of sugar, mine laced with rich cream and honey, Tata and I left the house to do Christmas party shopping. It was a short walk to the Grand Central Market at the corner of Stone and Broadway. Here Tata ordered boxes of oranges, apples, and mixed nuts. Upon my insistence, he also bought a few bags of striped hard candy. Then Tata retreated to the owner's office for his first holiday drink. In his overcoat he carried several white envelopes that he would distribute to his downtown cronies. He never overlooked the paper boy or the shoeshine boys.

"Our Christmas Eve tour took us to all the shops along Broadway, Congress, Meyer and Convent. Out of respect and friendship, Tata had a Christmas drink at each stop. By the time we got back home, we were singing carols with great energy, accompanied by a ragtag company of hoboes gathered along the way. Around to the back door we would march, making the sign of the cross as we passed St. Augustine Cathedral. We were met by Tia Pancha and Juana with plates of hot food and cups of coffee for all the revelers. After storytelling (Tata always wanted to know where the hoboes came from and why they had left home) and caroling, my grandfather went inside to rest up for the night's festivities.

"The best thing about Christmas was not the presents, but the gathering of the clan and the excitement and clamor surrounding the preparation of tamales. The big house on Stone Avenue swelled with family, friends and even strangers far from home, and the party swirled about the large decorated tree until midnight on Christmas Eve, when the grown-ups walked next door to the cathedral for Midnight Mass.

"The war years came and our parties saw lonely wives and sweethearts, uniformed men preparing to go to war in exotic-sounding places. Toys became scarce, food was rationed and the adults seemed more restrained. The family seemed to go its separate ways.

"Throughout the years, no matter how rich or poor I have been, I have always managed to buy a box of oranges, a box of apples, bags of mixed nuts and brightly colored candy. But first of all, I walk

with Tata down Stone Avenue to the Grand Central Market...."

SUZY RONSTADT JACOME: "We always liked to sing Christmas carols and we kids—Peter, Linda, myself, and later Michael—did them properly, with harmony and countermelodies. I remember the nuns at Saints Peter and Paul, where we all went to school, used to get really upset with Linda because they wanted us all to sing the Christmas songs in unison, and she always wanted to add some harmony. She thought it sounded much prettier that way.

"On Christmas Eve, my father would use the butt of his pearl-handled .45 to pound the nails that hung our stockings on the old adobe fireplace.

"One particular Christmas morning, we got out of bed and headed toward the living room, where we saw a trail of dirty boot prints leading from the fireplace, across the floor and to the tree. We knew that Santa had left them because Daddy wouldn't dare dirty the floor that way. We began opening our presents and Peter was terribly disappointed because the electric train he had wanted wasn't there. Our parents, I learned later, had ordered it but it hadn't arrived in time for Christmas. Daddy explained that Santa had so much work to do that sometimes he just couldn't bring everything we had hoped for. Peter accepted it with good grace.

"Then a few days later, Daddy said it looked like a storm was heading in and we would have to go up on the roof and sweep away the leaves so that the rain would drain properly. He climbed up the ladder and suddenly yelled, 'Ho, ho, ho! Look what we have here!' Next to the chimney was a big brown box and a note from Santa, who apologized for not being able to get it down the chimney. It was Peter's electric train."

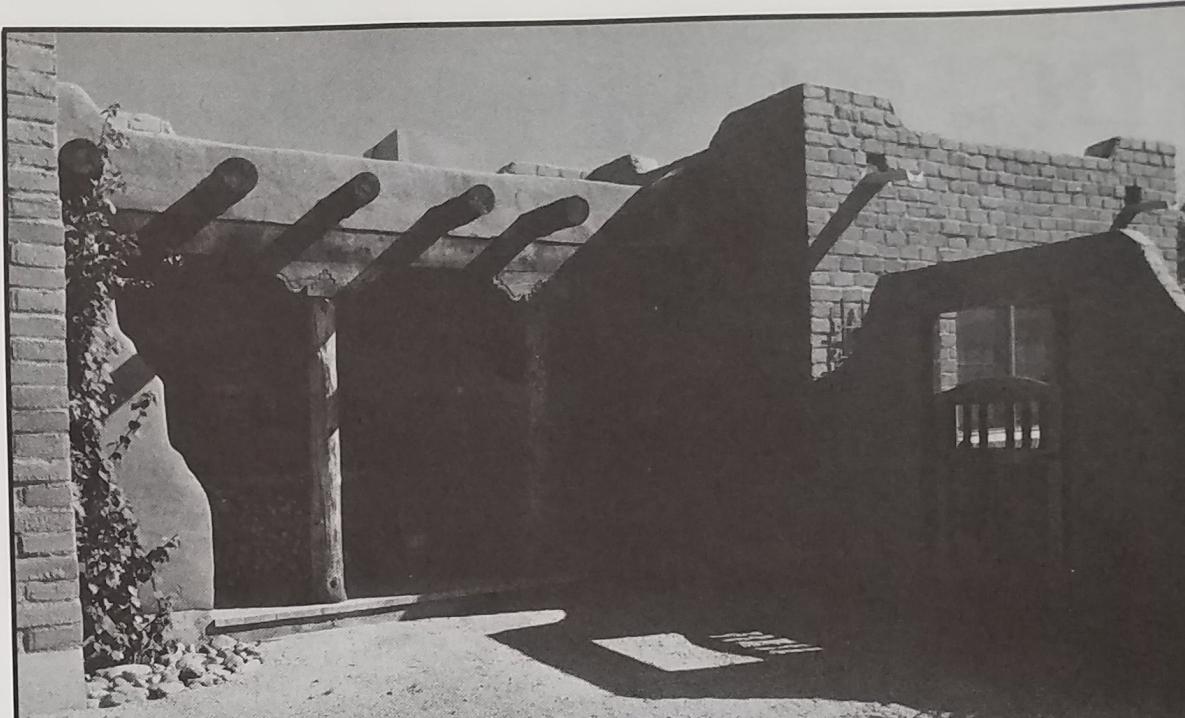
JOEL VALDEZ, Tucson city manager: "It was a family affair with as many aunts, uncles, and cousins as could be stuffed into my grandfather's house on South Sixth Avenue. Presents were picked with necessity and utility in mind: jackets, sweaters, a new pair of shoes. We never got toys. Until much later there wasn't even a Christmas tree.

"My father worked at Arizona Flour Mills and brought home fifteen dollars a week. The thing I remember most is the family gathering around the piano at my grandfather's house while my mother or one of my aunts played and everyone sang. There wasn't any drinking, but there was plenty of food. I remember we had *buñuelos* (fritters) and *champuro* with *canela* (a hot chocolate drink with cinnamon).

"I sold newspapers with my brother and this helped out at home. In 1946, my father gave me a bicycle for Christmas. We didn't get a car until 1948. We were very happy. We didn't have anyone to tell us we were poor."

DEBORAH WATSON, vice president for marketing, Warren-Far West Travel: "Christmas will always be a special time for me because it reminds me of how lucky I am to be alive to celebrate.

"Three years ago, just a couple of days before Christmas, my house caught fire in the middle of the night and I would have died if my stepfather hadn't heard the crackling and hissing from his house next door. He opened my door and the incoming oxygen created a temporary fireball, which helped him see me and drag me outside and away from the fire. They took me to St. Mary's Hospital, where they found I had been burned over eighty percent of my body. I never even got to celebrate Christmas—I was groggy and disoriented from the first of four skin-graft operations.



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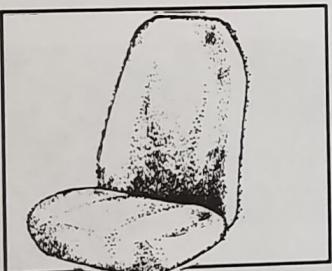
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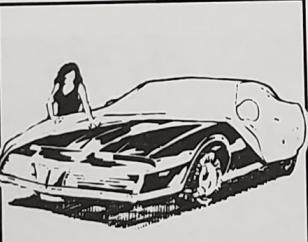


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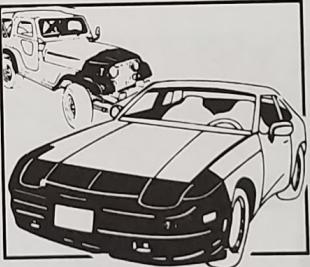
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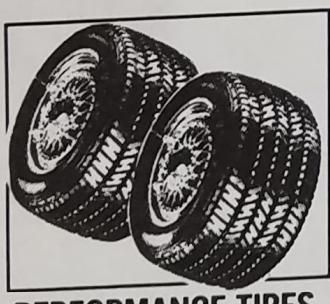
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RUTH CORBETT CROSS, tenth-generation Tucsonan (daughter of Hi Corbett; granddaughter of Sam Hughes): "We would play up and down Main—it was the only street around with real sidewalks—with all our new toys. That was where all the kids in 'Snob Hollow,' as they called it, would gather. We would have a very big dinner around two o'clock, and then there was always a special Christmas movie at the Fox Theatre. I was so thrilled the year the older children finally said I could go along too. Before that, I had to stay home with the older people and watch them sleep or read the new book they had received. But when I was ten, I finally got to go along, riding with my cousins' friends, who had a car. I think I even rode in the rumble seat, and I'm sure they made me ride by myself. That was the highlight of my entire year, that trip to the Fox."

MARIA SOTO AUDELO, eighty-seven, born and raised in Tucson: "I remember all the Christmases. We had tamales made of beef and red chile and also sweet bean tamales. My mother made them in one of those fifty-pound cans the lard came in. She always complained and said, '*¡Este es el ultimo año, no vuelvo hacer!*' ("This is the last year. I will never make them again!") She would say this every year. We also had turkey or whatever. After I was married we moved to 1250 W. Congress and all my brothers and sisters would gather there. My mother lived with us and she made the tamales. Nobody would help her. She didn't need any help. She still complained and said this would be the last year, but she always made the tamales."

THE REV. JOHN FIFE, pastor of Southside Presbyterian Church: "It was Christmas of 1981 and we had been involved with refugees for some time, although the Sanctuary movement did not exist yet. We had bonded a young Salvadoran man out of detention in El Centro, California, and he was staying in Tucson. We were attempting to reunite him with his wife and the infant child he'd never seen.

"It just so happened that Jim Corbett had brought the man's wife across the border, and the family was reunited on Christmas Eve. That evening we were holding a traditional service at the church and I had what I was going to talk about all prepared. But I couldn't go through with it. Instead I just told the story of how this family had been reunited only a couple of hours before. I told about how this man had had to flee for his life and how anxiously he had been awaiting this reunion with his family. I think it was on that Christmas Eve that our congregation became very clear about what we thought we had to do from that point on."

ED TURNER, co-owner, Motor Sport Ltd., auto repair shop: "I'm not a real religious person, and I don't like shopping for gifts or having to find a tree, but I guess the best part of the holidays is getting together with family and friends. Every Christmas Eve Gerry and I shut down at noon and our families and all our clients come on over to the garage and we toast Christmas. There's usually some beer and Gerry always makes a big pot of refried beans—best beans you ever had, and we just have a little get-together. I can remember a few really

memorable events that took place during our party, but they would never make it into print."

ALFRED CARLEY, employee at Tucson Mortuary: "There was a family that had gone through some very hard times for about three years, and hadn't been able to buy their son any presents. They were proud and would not accept help from neighbors, though many tried. Somehow they managed to save enough money one Christmas to buy their son a full-sized bicycle. He was so happy and proud when he came to the vacant lot where we congregated to show off our toys. We all took turns riding the bike that Christmas day. He stood off to one side and I thought he was going to burst with joy.

"That evening someone stole the bike from the back porch. We found it a couple of days later at the edge of town in an irrigation ditch. It was all busted up. It had been taken for spite.

"I don't think of the bad things anymore. I remember the closeness of our family, the aroma of tamales cooking, the windows all steamed up and friends stopping by to share a Christmas wish."

JUDY ENGLAND, owner, Santa Cruz Chili and Spice Co., Tumacacori: "When my sister and I were children in the twenties and thirties, we lived on a ranch in Magdalena, in Sonora—it was near where Father Kino's bones were laid to rest. My father was a quite interesting man—he had graduated from Harvard, class of 1902—and we lived in a true castle. We used to cut down a Palo Verde as our Christmas tree and decorate it with candles and chilies. One year, though, we decided to have a medieval Christmas. We put on long nightgowns and rolled up newspapers to make cornucopia hats for our heads. Someone even carried a falcon around. And I remember there were happy shouts of 'Wassail! Wassail!' all around. It did confuse the Mexican crowd, but they joined in.

"In Mexico, the people used to sit up all night and have services for the Christ child. Also, the families would set up a creche and each child was given an angel. The angel would move closer to the creche each day, depending on how good the child was. People started feeling generous as the big day approached, though, and even the kid whose angel was far away from the creche would somehow find it moved up with the others by Christmas. We always had our Christmas turkey, and back then it was customary to give the turkey a little tequila before we finished him off. That was so he was happy and relaxed, a little cheerful, I expect."

ESTHER DON TANG: "My father was a chef with the railroad, and he went to Hong Kong and married my mother, who was from the Old Country. When we were kids growing up in a house where the Tucson Community Center is now, we weren't really sure how to celebrate Christmas. We learned, though, as each of us kids—there were nine girls and one boy—went through public school. My older sister, Rose, would come home and tell us what she saw at school, so we started hanging socks. We would always get an orange and maybe a little candy—that was a big deal. We also got a little pocket money. We watched what our neighbors were doing and we followed their lead."

"Still, our Christmas dinner was always a traditional Chinese meal and we always gathered to have it, no matter how old we were or what part of the country we lived in, at my parents' house. Even though they have passed away, all of us kids still return to their home—two of my sisters still live there—to celebrate on Christmas evening." □



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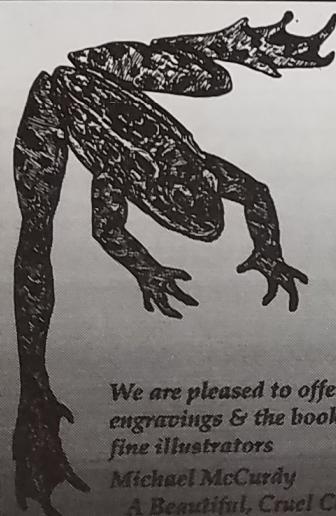
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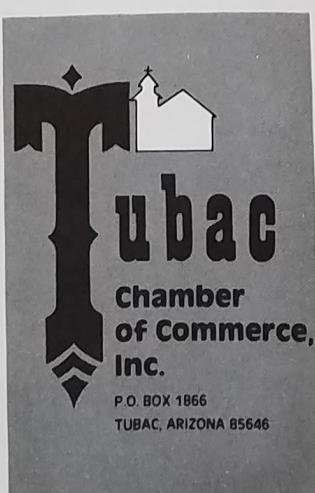
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iAYUDAME!

A Spanish phrase book for the real world

BY BYRD BAYLOR



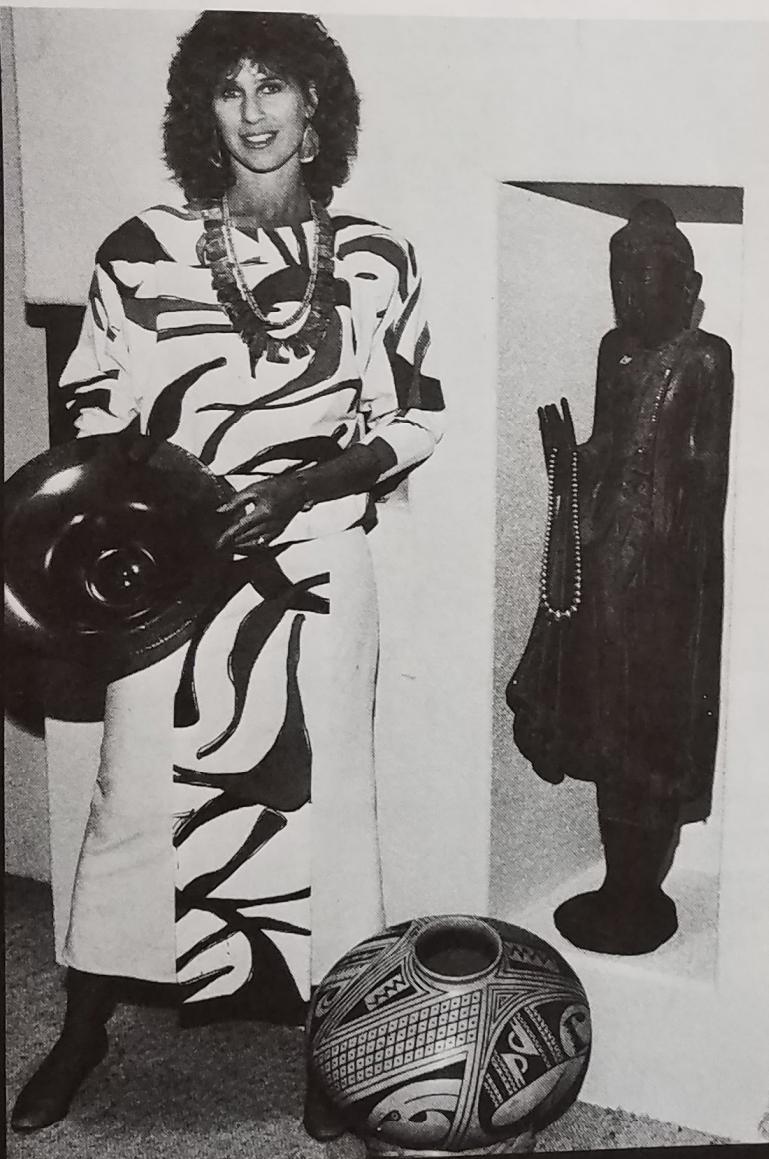
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Every fall I enroll in another Spanish class. I don't mean that I progress to a higher level. I just repeat basic Spanish again and again, preferably in classes where they don't know me. My pattern is to stick with it for about five weeks before I decide I'd rather learn by singing along with Augustine Lara tapes at home.

This annual event not only assures me an incredibly strong foundation in counting from *uno* to *cincuenta*, but over the years it has become the major thread of continuity for my life.

Before I drop out each year, I always agonize over the money I'm throwing away (last time it was eighty dollars), so I don't give up until I've reached the point where I know it would be worth ten times that amount to not have to go back. If I had all the money I've spent on those unattended classes, I could leave tomorrow for a year in Oaxaca.

I always make it through the present tense but leave well before the first foray into past or future. You might say I live my Spanish-speaking life in the glorious present, and I have come to regard this as a philosophical statement rather than a linguistic defect.

The truth is that I want to speak pure, beautiful, lyrical Spanish, but I do not want to learn to speak pure, beautiful, lyrical Spanish. I don't want to conjugate verbs; I just want the language to flow over me.

I want to read Lorca and Neruda and Borges and Gabriella Mistral and Juan Ramon Jimenez and all the rest of the great Spanish-speaking writers without a dictionary in my hand. I want to write sad poems and heroic corridos in Spanish. And then I want to sit in the plaza in Arizpe and sing them while playing my guitar—though I suppose I'd have to buy the guitar and take about eighty dollars worth of lessons to learn to play it.

I want to swap legends with fishermen. I want to make a pilgrimage into the Sierras in Michoacan to see where the golden Monarch butterflies spend the winter. I want to wander through deserts and jungles and write the names of all the birds and animals and plants in my notebook—in Spanish, of course. I want to sit by tile foun-

tains talking to poets, using the kind of words Gabriella used.

But I don't want to go to class and say, "No, señor. No tengo nueve hermanos. Tengo un hermano."

I have not limited my study of Spanish to these classes. I also buy numerous little four-inch paperback phrase books with titles like *Instant Spanish*, *Spanish Now*, *Handy Spanish Phrases for the Traveler*, and *All the Spanish You Need To Know*. I have eight or nine of them but I'm still looking for just the right one. These don't seem to cover the situations in which I normally find myself.

They appear to have been written for people who go on extremely uneventful trips, people who only need to say things like "What a lovely party," or, "I wish to remain at the hotel for five more days." In these books, the only hint of less than perfect planning might be a few phrases such as, "I'm sorry to be so late," or, "Is there a good mechanic on duty?"

I believe there would be a great market for a book that goes into more depth, possibly called *Speaking Spanish in Emergencies*. Possible subtitle: *iAYUDAME!*

Clearly, this book should contain the really useful translations needed in everyday emergencies. Obvious first choices would include, "My car is stuck in the mud about ten kilometers down that road," and, "I think I just put a quart of oil in the wrong part of the motor. Do you think that will hurt anything?"

I can suggest several others which I would have found helpful. For instance, "I hope you don't mind my coming into this restaurant without shoes because I just lost them in the ocean and the stores won't be open until Monday."

Then there is the ever-useful "Please understand that what I am telling you actually happened last week but I only speak in the present tense."

Another one that should be in any really successful book: "The reason the papers for my dog say CAT instead of DOG is that they were out of DOG papers at the border, but you can

B Y R D

see that I have written in DOG where it says 'type of cat,' so I'm sure it is perfectly legal."

And though this one might not be considered an emergency, how about, "Could you possibly fry that in vegetable oil instead of lard?"

Surely everyone who has been to Mexico City has been lost at least once at 3 a.m., trying to find the street his hotel is on and not quite remembering the name of the hotel either and then trying to explain to a police officer why he has been driving slowly around the same ten-block area for two hours. A truly useful phrase book would handle that in just a couple of lines.

Actually, the most useful of all phrases is simply, "Ayudame, por favor," or, for variety, "Por favor, ayudame." If you say it desperately enough, anyone in Mexico will stop to help you. Usually, by the time twenty or thirty people gather, somebody has figured out what it is you need.

Once at the San Jorge motel in Obregon where I had planned to stay three days while making a number of side trips, I discovered I had lost my wallet and all my money the first day. It may have had something to do with spending several hours at a roadside carnival where I bought a lot of magic herbs for future use and went back several times to see a woman who was half mermaid and half sea turtle and was at that time in a glass cage blowing bubbles.

Anyway, when I told the manager about losing my money (No thanks to my handy phrase book, either!) he insisted that I stay at the motel anyway and send a check when I got back to Arizona. He also insisted that since I didn't have the cash to buy meals anywhere else, I eat in the motel dining room.

That was fine except that they assumed I was ordering small meals because of my embarrassment about the money. So if I ordered a slice of mango and a roll and coffee for breakfast, they served me beans and chiles and chorizo and eggs and potatoes and milk and fruit and sweet rolls. All my protestations were useless. In three days I gained five pounds.

My point is that a better phrase book would have foreseen just such a situation. If anyone wants to write one, I'll be glad to act as advisor. I'd do it myself except that I just bought this box of flash cards with questions in Spanish on one side and answers on the other side. I expect to be speaking pure, beautiful, lyrical Spanish any day now.

Es verdad. No es un cuento. □

Byrd Baylor has written several award-winning children's books and a novel about Indians in Tucson, Yes Is Better Than No.

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68 DECEMBER 1987 DAN FOGELBERG

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REDNECKS

The usual food foray will not appear this month because it's Christmas time, everybody will be scarfing up more than they should anyway, and those of you unfamiliar with our culture need to know what would make reasonable gift items for your redneck friends.

As I worked on gathering the particulars for the stuff described below, a number of people asked me, "But what do you get for redneck women?" This illustrates one of the many cultural misconceptions that exist among those of you on the other side of the hay pile. Yuppies, and yuppie females in particular, do not grasp the unity and bonding that occurs between Bubba and his woman Lil. Unlike upper-class women, who are prone to do their own things, redneck women stand by their men and vice versa. Redneck women watch the same movies and sports events, drive the same vehicles, listen to the same music, shoot the same guns (often more accurately), fish the same streams (often more successfully), bowl in the same leagues (often with higher scores) and even wear the same types of clothing as the men.

The notion that sexism is rampant in redneck society is simply one more example of anti-redneck bigotry. It simply has never occurred to the BMW set that a whole bunch of women with different values than theirs might actually enjoy boxing, bingo and Chuck Norris flicks, and that they're not being forced into it by some macho guy. Therefore the following recommendations are—pardon the expression—unisex.

Yosemite Sam mud flaps.

The ones that say "Back Off" with a portrait of Sam. Fit most American-made pickups. Probably fit Saabs and BMWs. Make a statement. \$14.99, Pep Boys.

Message belt buckles.

Great little billboards for the mid-riff. From the straightforward "Budweiser" and "Colt Revolvers" to the more esoteric "Support Your Right to Keep and Arm Bears." I personally prefer "Nobody Lies to a .45," but as my wife points out, with my gut spilling over it no one can read it anyway. K-Mart has a basic selection at El Cheapo prices, but the 4th Avenue Street Fair Dec. 11-13 should give a shot at a wider variety.

Country & western cassettes.

You can get the recent releases at the obvious places, but try instead to do something special. Unlike Top 40 stuff nobody comes back to next year, guys like Johnny Horton, Hank Senior and Marty Robbins are forever. It's hard to wear out an audio tape. For a

DECK THE HALLS WITH YOSEMITE SAM

Christmas gifts to tickle a redneck pink

By EMIL FRANZI



pinko liberals recognize that up until the invention of the breech-loading metallic cartridge, a Comanche with a bow and arrow was better armed than a gringo with a muzzle loader.

EMF Industries of Santa Ana, California (714-261-6611) has a wide-ranging catalog and good prices. You can pick up a brass-frame copy of an 1851 Navy Colt for under \$75, with copies of all sorts of other goodies like 1858 Remingtons for under \$100. These ain't models; they're shooting replicas. Made mostly in Italy, they work as well as the originals. Prices, sad to say, are held hostage to the constantly fluctuating dollar. I ask you: would the Duke have put up with this?

EMF also has a variety of long arms, ranging from copies of Revolutionary War flintlock muskets to Civil War Sharps breechloaders. These start getting pricier, from \$200 up. On occasion you can score a pretty good black powder deal at Herman's (two stores, Oracle Road and East Side). Best place in town for stuff like powder, caps, accessories, etc. is John's Gun Shop, 2611 W. Drexel Road.

Hats.

Yuppies never wear them, even where the weather dictates they should. One of the neatest ones I found was at Photocom, 4419 E. Broadway. Looks like your normal baseball-type hat, but it has a battery pack powering a little fan under the brim that blows on your face. \$19.95.

Message hats, like belt buckles, abound. For special redneck cachet, do your own. With camera-ready type or art work, Cornerstone Printing will knock you out a dozen for about \$60. That's about \$5 a hat for unique small gifts for a bunch of friends. This is where the county air quality guy Don Burtchin and I did "Rednecks for Social Responsibility" with the crossed Ruger and Colt. Call Nancy at Cornerstone, 700 N. Stone Ave., and do it quick—this takes some lead time.

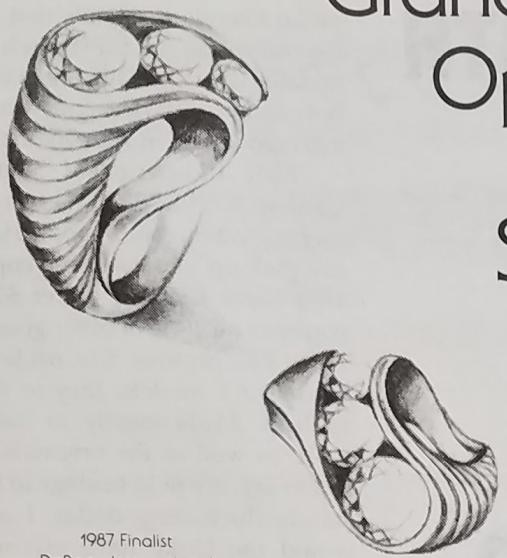
Chili Dog Update

Nottingham Deli, 6151 E. Broadway. Friday special only. Chili a little weak, but all the onions, cheese, kraut, etc. you want on a one-third pound all-beef wiener with a great bun. Just \$1.95.

Chinese Buffet update

Jade Palace, 7707 E. Broadway. \$3.99, consistent, more than average number of selections. On the subject of Oriental food, Kimpo is a Korean spot on Speedway between Alvernon and Columbus. No buffet, but reasonable prices and good chow. □

Emil Franzi, who works for Pima County, thinks basically like a redneck but occasionally ventures into Korean restaurants.



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BY JIM GRIFFITH



Bettina

Here we are in December again, the annual crop of holidays is just around the corner, and I'm already tilting into my tamal-craving mode. But before all those wonderful times at the year's turning, there is another day that deserves our attention: December 12, the day belonging to Our Lady of Guadalupe.

This is no regional Pimería Alta sort of festival like the Magdalena fiesta I described in September. This is the biggie for all Mexico. This is the day set aside for the Queen of the Mexicans, the Empress of the Americas—the Virgin Mary as she is believed to have appeared to one Juan Diego near Mexico City in the year 1531.

Here's the story: Juan Diego, a recently converted Aztec, was passing by the Hill of Tepeyac, which formerly had been sacred to the Aztec goddess Tonantzin—"Our Mother," protectress of earth and corn. He heard his name called, and saw a beautiful woman who told him to persuade the bishop in Mexico City to build a church in her honor on that place. He succeeded in seeing the bishop but was given the negative reception one would expect. He reported this failure back to the Lady, only to be told to try again. He failed a second time. Two days later he had to go out again, this time to fetch a priest to minister to his dying uncle. He took a long way

around in an attempt to avoid the Lady, but she appeared to him once more, telling him to gather some of the roses he would find on the hill, previously covered with cactus, as a sign for the bishop. She also reassured him that his uncle would recover. He gathered the roses into his *tilma*, or wearing blanket, and gained yet another audience with the bishop. Opening the *tilma*, he let the roses fall to the ground, only to discover that a portrait of the Lady had miraculously imprinted on the coarse cotton fabric. Bishop Zumarraga, convinced, ordered the church built, and la Guadalupana started on her path into the center of Mexico's affections.

As depicted on the original *tilma*—still on display in the latest descendant of the church Bishop Zumarraga built on the hill—She is a beautiful, dark-skinned young woman—la Virgen Morena—the Dark Virgin. Her image has been reproduced thousands—millions—of times, and appears everywhere. It was carried by Mexican armies in their battle for independence from Spain, and by striking California farm workers. "Long Live Our Lady of Guadalupe" is part of the famous *grito de dolores*—the call to revolt that began the Wars of Independence. She is crocheted, appliqued, embroidered, carved and painted on every conceivable material and surface. She appears in Tucson in

churches, in chapels, in front yard shrines and on grave markers. She is painted on walls north of the border and on cliff faces south of it. She was even spray-painted on a boarded-up window on East 8th Street. She is etched on the windows of lowriders. A few years ago a popular T-shirt depicted her over the intersection of Atlantic and Whittier in Los Angeles. Lowriders rolled along the streets, and the legend in Gothic script read "CRUISIN TOGETHER."

She appears in many other contexts as well. Take the *corridos*, or Mexican ballads, that are sung and recited all over Mexican America. One of the best known deals with a revolutionary leader named Valentín de la Sierra, and dates from around 1930. Valentín (who describes himself dramatically in the song as "one of the very men who have invented the revolution") is captured and shot by Government forces in an unspecified place and time in Mexico. His last words are: "My mother of Guadalupe, they are going to kill me for your religion." Closer to home, in the now rare *corrido* describing the siege of Naco, Sonora, we are told that all should thank the Virgin of Guadalupe that God decided to end the battle. We all prefer mercy to justice, at least for our personal consumption, and time after time the Dark Virgin is said to have interceded with an angry God, staying the hand of punishment. She always appears as the embodiment of patience and mercy, patroness and protectress of those (like lowriders and farm workers) who may not be encouraged or protected by the system.

Small wonder that her day is one of celebration throughout Mexican America. Here in Tucson, home and church altars to her are specially decorated (with red roses, of course). Musicians may spend several hours on the evening of the 11th going from church to chapel to family shrine, playing serenatas to the Virgin. On the 12th there is a huge Mass, complete with procession. (One year the bishop rode to the Community Center in a lowrider.) A man will play the role of Juan Diego and walk along displaying the miraculous image on the front of his *tilma*. Musicians will play and there may well be *matachinis* (ritual dances) from one or more of the Yaqui communities, performing their intricate 18th century contredances. And people will come together as they seldom do for any other occasion, united by their love and respect for la Guadalupana.

This day of devotion is followed by a whole month in which the family plays a vital role: *Las Posadas*, a series of processions representing the quest for shelter on the part of the Holy Family; *nacimientos* or Nativity scenes set up in homes; tamal-making sessions with everyone working together in the kitchen; Christmas mass followed by gift exchanges and lots of eating. All these are centripetal activities, drawing families closer together. And it all starts on December 12.

There is a sense in which all my columns are digressions of one sort or another. The purpose behind this one is simple: it is a small step in my continuing exploration of one of Southern Arizona's most important universes—the universe that entered our Pimería Alta with Father Kino and still plays an important role here. A universe, like all the others, with its share of beauty, terror and truth. A universe from which I have gained and learned much, and which, far from being dead or outmoded, continues to include almost twenty-five percent of Tucson's population. □

Jim Griffith is director of the Southwest Folklore Center at the University of Arizona.

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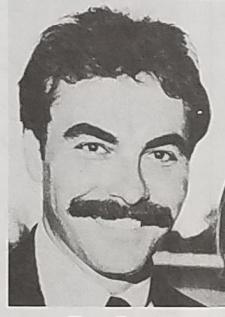
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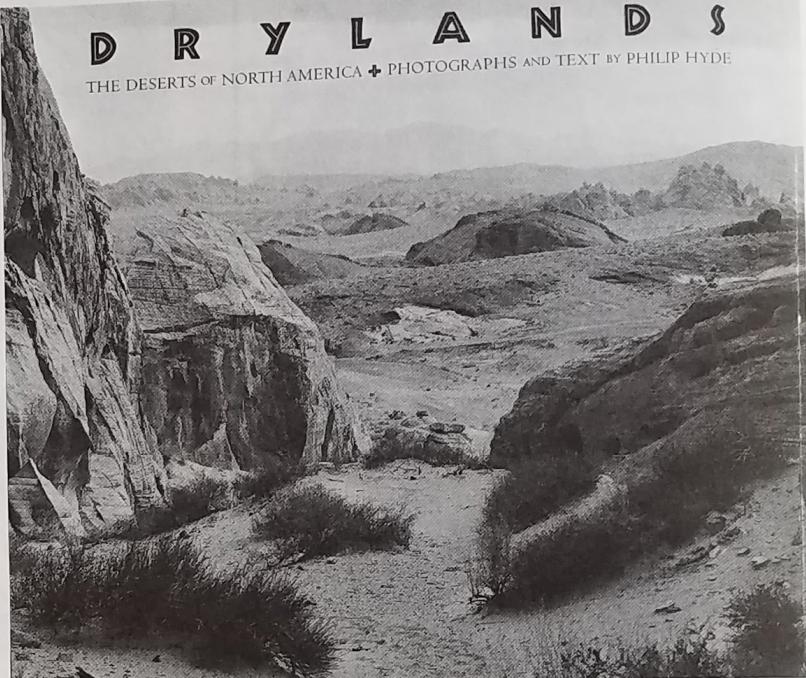
THINK BIG

A book the size of the West

By LAWRENCE CLARK POWELL

D R Y L A N D S

THE DESERTS OF NORTH AMERICA + PHOTOGRAPHS AND TEXT BY PHILIP HYDE



Drylands:

The Deserts of North America

Photographs and text by Philip Hyde
(Yolla Bolly Press/Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). 175 pp. \$59.95 until Dec. 31,
\$75 thereafter.

If it had been known that I once published an article entitled "Make Mine a Small One," I probably would not have been asked to review this book, which measures 14 3/4 by 13 inches and weighs plenty. If I did not believe an exception was called for, I would have returned it by freight. My only warning to potential buyers is to make sure your coffee table has strong legs.

The truth is that such an oversized format was imperative for these views of a wide stretch of land. With this look at the five western deserts—Painted, Great Basin, Mojave, Sonoran, Chihuahuan—veteran photographer Philip Hyde has crowned his earlier books on separate parts of this vast area.

Included are authoritative notes and also speculations on the origins of each region's plants and animals by David Rains Wallace, line drawings by Vincent Lopez, maps by Earthsurface Graphics, and finally a selective bibliography and index.

"I am interested primarily in what Emerson called the integrity of natural objects," Hyde explains. "Natural

places too have their integrity. They express wholeness and individuality, and it is this sense of place that is the foundation of my work. My life in photography has been taken up in exploring natural places for their beauty and uniqueness. It has been a labor of love, and nature has provided me the perfect object."

If a big country requires a big book, so does desert photography demand color. Otherwise the chromatic subtleties of light from dawn to dusk would be lost. What about Ansel Adams and Edward Weston? Although both experimented with color and then returned to black and white, their genius exalts form and contrasts of light and shadow. In photography's house are many mansions.

In an afterword on his cameras, lenses and film, Hyde explains his choice of color: "Over the years my increasingly frequent visits to the colorful desert country undoubtedly influenced my shift from black and white to color photography. Though I was originally trained in black and white (by Ansel Adams) and worked in it for many years, I find it difficult to work in both mediums at once, and color has captured my interest most recently." Thus the sixty-six-year-old artist leaves the door open for a return to the black-and-white austerity of old age.

The effect of these ninety-five



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BOOKS

stunning photographs comes from something more than landscape and its components of form, distance and color. Sensed throughout is the photographer's personal response to what led him to miles and years of traversing the roughest parts of North America. Although aridity is the element most common to these five deserts, there is also a mysterious quality that affects those who live and work in the desert. It is this unseen powerful presence that accounts for so many of the world's great religions having been born in desert areas.

Hyde makes it clear that his book grew out of a quarter-century of photographing rather than from a crash program to furnish a blockbuster for the Christmas trade. His work has a natural growth not made-to-order. Such a method recalls an earlier labor of love by John Van Dyke in *The Desert* (1901), an unforeseen classic written in the closing years of the last century by a wandering eastern art professor in search of health. He found the Mojave-Sonoran deserts to be worth more than all the galleries of the world.

Hyde came to the desert as a stranger. Born in San Francisco and long domiciled up in the Sierra Nevada where the Feather River rises, he found himself at the end of army service in need of an even more therapeutic separation. A camp library reading of WPA guidebooks led to a summer's exploration of the western parks and monuments, and beyond to his life's work and this magnum opus.

Choosing among thousands of photographs must have cost Hyde some anguish. If some western photography buffs don't find their favorites (the Rainbow Bridge is absent), they will be rewarded by many unusual choices. In his fondness for the brilliance of Utah, Hyde does not neglect less spectacular Idaho and Nevada of the Great Basin, including remote petroglyph sites.

Cliché-weary Tucsonans will not lament the absence of saguaros in the sunset. Offered instead are five of the more southerly and even larger cardon cactus common to the borderlands and Baja, including one, I must note, shot against a sunset sky.

Focusing on color means the omission of some great landforms such as the Sonoran Baboquivari and the Painted's Navajo Mountain, those hallowed abodes of the native gods. Views of the Chihuahuan Desert are particularly welcome, including eight of the Big Bend of the Rio Grande and its remote side canyons, hitherto the photographic domain of the late Laura Gilpin and the Texan-New Mexican Jim Bones.

Writing about the desert brings out the worst in most writers. Its chromatic excesses beget overwriting. It probably took Philip Hyde a while to purge himself of purple prose, which he has done in his narrative. Like Joseph Wood Krutch, who came to the Sonoran Desert in middle age and stayed, Hyde underwrites. His photographs are admirably sobered by his black-and-white prose.

Nor does he overemphasize his respect for the desert. Although in earlier books he collaborated with David Brower and Edward Abbey, Hyde speaks for conservation in a lower voice, yet leaving no doubt of his feeling about the flooding of Glen Canyon and other regional rapes. His sympathies lie more with the Nature Conservancy than with Earth First. In conservation's house also are many mansions.

Whatever the fate of these rugged yet fragile lands at the mercy of their tenants now and later, this book will remain evidence of what they once were: great works of art in whose creation mankind played no part. □

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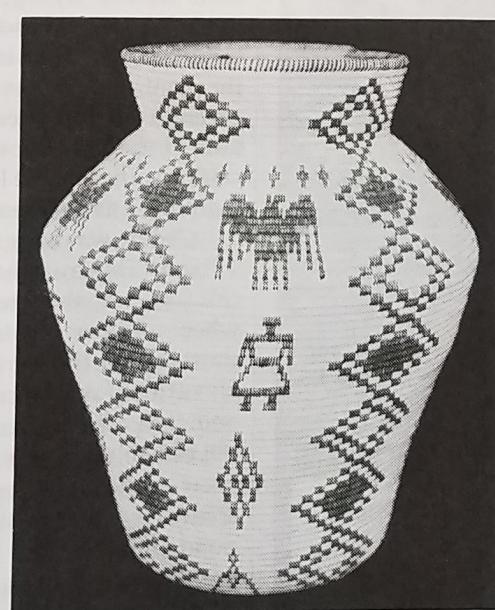
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NATURE

CITY PARKS

Schools in green

BY TOM DOLLAR



Sharon Forsmo

It wasn't literally a park, just a quiet, parklike place on the west end of the UA campus beside that knee-high stone wall. Early March but warm. As usual, sparrows, anticipating a handout, rushed to congregate on rocks at my feet when I opened my lunch sack on the bench beside a stagnant goldfish pond. I ignored them, as usual, and turned to my newspaper. Then out of the corner of my eye I caught a rush of movement down at the pond's edge.

A large flock of migrating cedar waxwings—thirty-five at quick count—had swooped in to drink from the pond and to rest in nearby pine trees before flying on north. Delighted, I watched these lovely crested birds flash *en masse* from the pines to the pond, and then back to tumble and preen in the pine trees until, an hour later, I reluctantly returned to the campus office where I was working on temporary assignment.

Cedar waxwings don't live in Tucson. They're what ornithologists call "occasionals," stopping here only when weather conditions and food shortages to the north and in higher elevations discourage them from going on. The Arizona white pine is out of habitat here in the valley; grass grew under my feet only because someone watered it daily, and the pond probably had been dug with a backhoe. Everything about the setting—except for the birds—was "unnatural." And yet, but for that small, scummed-over pond and those trees, I might have passed my lunch hour as usual—nose stuck in a newspaper.

Cedar waxwings, you see, don't know about unnatural. There, amid tall university buildings and the rush of traffic, they saw a patch of green; they saw water and pine trees; they saw hospitable environs—something like home. And so they stopped. If they had seen pyracantha bushes, they would have stayed longer, gorging themselves to tipsiness on last year's berries, now mellowed to fermentation.

It's easy to scoff at parks. Westerners, especially, dismiss them as "preserves," fenced-in places suitable only for church socials and pick-up softball games, never for celebrating the outdoor life, for being in nature.

One locally prominent outdoor writer even went so far as to say that Reid Park was not really outdoors but that Tucson Mountain Park was, a distinction having something to do with there having been less human fiddling with the latter, making it somehow more "natural," and therefore superior.

Natural to whom or to what? How many park benches disqualify a setting as a natural state? How many hiking trails? How many aerial reconnaissance flights for mapping? Did the first man who torched a thicket to drive game into the open kill the "natural" in his environment? What is natural?

Think of the remotest area you can imagine in the lower forty-eight, say the Bob Marshall Wilderness of Montana. Is it natural? Acid rain falls there; sonic booms are heard there; satellites fly over there; wildlife biologists conduct studies there. The question to ask, it seems to me, is not what *is* natural, but rather what *was* natural?

Plants and animals adapt to new "versions" of nature all the time, the most radical of which are introduced by nature herself in the form of earthquake, volcano, fire, drought, flood and global climatic changes. Some species thrive with change, some don't. The birds in my central-city neighborhood—doves, flickers, thrashers, cactus wrens, finches, sparrows, kingbirds, kestrels, owls, mockingbirds, grackles, starlings, woodpeckers—seem to have found suitable biological niches in this version of nature called "city," and from what I can tell, the ones in nearby city parks are doing even better.

It's hard to imagine our great cities without great parks. San Francisco without Golden Gate Park. New York without Central Park. Chicago without Lincoln Park. All designed by one

NATURE

man, Frederick Law Olmsted, who although credited with being the father of landscape architecture, knew little about design before he was commissioned to do Central Park. Olmsted was a traveler, writer, farmer and social critic, a man with a vision, who saw great parks as both democratizing and humanizing.

Of Central Park he said, "It is of great importance as the first real park made in this country—a democratic development of the highest significance and on the success of which, in my opinion, much of the progress of art and esthetic culture in this country is dependent."

I spent a lot of time in one of Olmsted's parks, part of every day—walking or bicycling—for ten years: Lake Park in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Even before I knew the name of the designer, I loved the park as an expression of imagination and intelligence in landscape design.

No matter where you were in the park, Olmsted's signature was readable. You could see how he wanted you to look at Lake Michigan from different angles; how he wanted to make you see the way the roads transecting the high bluffs above the lake seemed to spill down as if following the outwash of a ravine; how, looking into a small wooded section, you felt you were on the edge of a dense copse.

Here was landscape design—nature tamed, methodized—that spoke of the philanthropy, in the best sense of that word, of the park's designer. Design that was full of messages from the designer to me and others about his understanding of the needs of the human spirit. Design that said something about the designer's attitudes toward that larger nature that lay beyond the confines of parks and cities. It was a place that invited recreation, contemplation, meditation; a place to feel harmony, oneness—even transcendence.

And I learned a lot of natural history there. One summer I identified over twenty-five species of edible plants, among them burdock, mint, wild celery, curly dock, mustard, camomile, wild grape (the early tendrils tasted like rhubarb), onion and, best of all, sweet cicely for salad greens, tasting vaguely of anise.

Dozens of species of birds lived there; countless others passed through. And the mammal inhabitants included rabbits, squirrels, raccoons, foxes, badgers and an occasional deer that had wandered in along the lake shore or through one of the corridors of movement created by the network of county parks that flowed with the waterways through town.

And what about Tucson? Reid Park, Fort Lowell, Agua Caliente—

nice parks all. But it's heartbreaking to think of what we could have had. Beautiful interconnected water courses meandered through here around the turn of the century, before the land was carved up for development and the water table depleted. The Santa Cruz and Rillito flowed here and there most of the year, gentle streams with galleries of tall cottonwoods lining their banks, and the Pantano and Tanque Verde carried water more often than we can believe, looking at them today.

Think of the parkways and greenbelts we could have had stretching across the city along the banks of these waterways, fed by creeks and drainages flowing out of protected environments in the Rincons, the Santa Catalinas and the Tucson Mountains. Places supporting not only the flow of water but also the flow of life, so that in our backyards, so to speak, we could keep company with deer, javelina, coyote as they moved among us through green corridors. Places providing protective cover for birds and small mammals and water for fish; places for wildflowers, and trees, and shade, and quiet—buffers, physically and psychologically, against steel and bricks, pavement and exhaust fumes, noise and haste.

Perennial water will never again flow in these desert rivers, nor is it likely that we can reclaim those parts of the basin lost to development. But it's possible to work with what's left, to think about some of those now-dry waterways as available for parklands, as places to reclaim for improved wildlife habitat.

To do so requires that we stop writing off city nature and city wildlife as inferior to nature and wildlife elsewhere. It's an attitude formed in arrogance, all the more dismaying when espoused by active preservationists who would lie down in the path of a bulldozer to save a red squirrel up on Mt. Graham, but wouldn't raise a finger to protect a Harris hawk habitat along Black Wash on the edge of the city.

It's an attitude that will only get us more of the same—more waterways lost to development; more urban wildlife habitat needlessly written off, thrown away; more culverts and concrete-lined ditches where washes used to be, à la Southern California.

I vote for more parks, arboretums, preserves, green belts, conservancies, botanical gardens—whatever name anybody wants to call urban natural settings. I've learned a lot about nature in parks, as much as I've learned on mountain tops or in wilderness forests. Maybe more.

Tom Dollar is a Tucson free-lance writer and a naturalist in the best sense of the word.



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I awaken to the summer morning, the cooler blowing a cold wind through the bedroom, quilt pulled up over me. Through the open window comes the purring of cicadas and the call of mourning doves. Outside to pick up the paper, I catch the last cool breath of the night before the engulfing deluge of heat. August in Tucson. Time to take my first shower of the day.

Imagine this. You walk into a friend's house, and on her coffee table lies a sumptuous earth-toned book: Tucson Style. Imagine that this book describes Tucson's houses and gardens, living rooms and kitchens, our folk art and our way of life, our custom cabinetry and clawfoot tubberty. Tucson as a happening, not a mere place.

Santa Fe doesn't have to imagine such a book. *Santa Fe Style*, written by Santa Feans Christine Mather and Sharon Woods, was published last year at the handsome price of \$35, and I admit I have a copy of it on what passes for a coffee table at my house. Every day I gingerly finger the plates of glossy color photos, as if by touching the paper I can stroke the exquisite old adobe houses, now owned by designers and gallery proprietors, featured between its elegant covers. Don't get me wrong: this is a nice book. The text is instructive regarding the evolution of *Santa Fe Style* architecture and interior decor, and the production of the book is bold, colorful and polished. But something about it

rubs me the wrong way.

Santa Fe Style treats us to a look at lots of things most of us will never have; in fact, one wonders why these Santa Feans have them. What, for example, are all those eighteenth-century *santo* figures doing in these people's kitchen cupboards? Why aren't they in religious households, churches and museums where they belong? Another funny thing about *Santa Fe Style* is its emphatic use of Spanish descriptors, as if saying a word in Spanish somehow renders a thing more exotic. Thus, cupboards become *trasteros* and niches (where they store their eighteenth-century *santos*) become *nichos*, and so on. Perhaps to someone who doesn't live in the Southwest and is unaccustomed to the peculiar mix of languages spoken here (English peppered with Spanish and Spanish seasoned with English), the Spanish words may seem exotic, and the translations endlessly provided may indeed be necessary. But for anyone whose life is truly a part of this region, the emphasis on explaining Spanish words is cumbersome.

Santa Fe Style masquerades as the real thing. But like the religious artifact in the *trastero* transformed into a collector's item, the Santa Fe of the book is an emasculated version of the genuine article. The very self-consciousness that led to its writing detracts from the virtues it tries to put across. *Santa Fe Style* homes are more Southwestern-than-thou, a glorified, interpreted vision (and, let it be said, an Anglo vision) of what adobe living

CITY LIFE

ought to be like. The homes and lives portrayed in this book, which seeks to define an organic Santa Fe style, are calculated, tailored, designed. Quite unlike the reality of original adobe builders who, in an effort to put a roof over their heads, simply grabbed shovelfuls of the closest substance at hand—mud. Far from being a chosen way of structuring one's life, adobe building was a way of making do with what was there. It was messy, not trendy. The Real Thing was the antithesis of the honed and sculpted existence touted in *Santa Fe Style*.

So what if they have beautiful historic street names like "Aequia Madre" and the pictures of bewreathed Santa Fe adobes in the snow at Christmastime are so lovely it makes you ache?

3:30. I glance out the window of my downtown Tucson office. Not a glamorous view from the third floor, but even from here one can see the dark blue Catalinas sulk beneath a sky full of thunderheads. Billowy, pregnant clouds: it's going to rain. Summertime in Tucson. Think I'll stand outside in the rain when I get home.

If cities were music, Santa Fe might be a sax quartet; Tucson would be C&W or maybe "chicken scratch." If cities were clothes, Santa Fe would be designer jeans and cashmere pull-overs; Tucson would be button-up Levis and cotton T-shirts. Tucson Style is West 22nd Street and North Oracle Road, Pat's Chili Dogs, Frank's Place, Bobo's, Peppy Lou's, El Torero and the Crossroads. It is motor hotels of a dubious graciousness on (the former) North Miracle Mile Road, and trailer parks near posh new resorts.

Tucson style is, for better or worse, Chevron stations that look like Chevron stations, not like Spanish Colonial ranchitos. This is a place where chain link and corrugated metal fences are at least equal in number to tastefully stuccoed adobe walls, and pickups and old Chevys are parked in a majority of driveways, if not rotting in front yards. In Tucson, the frame-and-stucco subdivision reigns supreme. It is not exactly unheard of to see green gravel in people's front yards, or shrines made of beer cans and Christmas tree lights. Tucson style is San Xavier being used by real people as a real parish church, not a museum. On Saturday nights, Tucson style centers around South 4th Avenue for a combo plate at one of a handful of Mexican restaurants, where you almost certainly will not bump into Sam Shepard and Jessica Lange, and the music you hear will be mariachi, not jazz.

If I were to write *Tucson Style*, I would write about the (recently demolished) De Grazia plaza at Prince

and Campbell, and the Pioneer Paint bucket off West Congress, and colored lights on Caruso's patio. I would tell people about the circle dance at the close of Tucson Meet Yourself and the Scott Avenue Street Dance, and the Joaquin Brothers at the Fiesta de San Agustín, and the New Loft theater with its two rows of really good seats. I would write about the Watermelon Man on Fourth Avenue and Big Jim Griffith. And yes, I would write about the old adobes, the few that are left.

Admittedly, there is a creeping Santa Feism afoot. Real estate ads proudly proclaim the sale of "authentic Santa Fe" homes. True to our essential Tucson style, these "authentic" Santa Fe-style homes are generally constructed of gunite and chicken wire, Tucson's faux adobe. Fake adobe pretending to be Santa Fe adobe pretending to be Pueblo adobe. There's nothing wrong with a frame-and-stucco house—building with adobe is a lot more expensive—but there's no need to consciously imitate Santa Fe either.

Our desire to remain "authentic" is so strong here that true natives enjoy the status of demigods. Those fortunate who went to high school here claim semi-native status and relative newcomers avoid the topic of origin altogether. Inimitable Tucson style, natives and semi-natives playfully flaunt their privileged status with stickers on the bumpers of their trucks. This nativity contest doesn't happen everywhere—ever seen a Native Cornhusker sticker? More determined attempts to seem authentic and genuine fly in the face of what Tucson style traditionally has been: unself-conscious, unlovely and unadulterated.

Driving west on St. Mary's Road at sunset. I pull down the visor, wear dark mirrored glasses, and still I must drive with one hand raised to block the rays. The omnipotent summer sun obliterates all vision, removing the perception of anything but oneself and the swollen, beating monster in the sky. With relief I pull into the Safeway parking lot and enter the store's frigid domain, to emerge ten minutes later into the welcoming dark. The monster has been vanquished. Evening in Tucson. Paradise has descended upon the valley.

A friend of mine recently was chagrined to see a review of *Santa Fe Style* in the September issue of Arizona Highways. Since when is Santa Fe in Arizona? Why do we look elsewhere to define our style when we've got the Funk DeLuxe right here at home? □

Margaret Wilder has only lived in Tucson for a couple of years, but she really likes the place.

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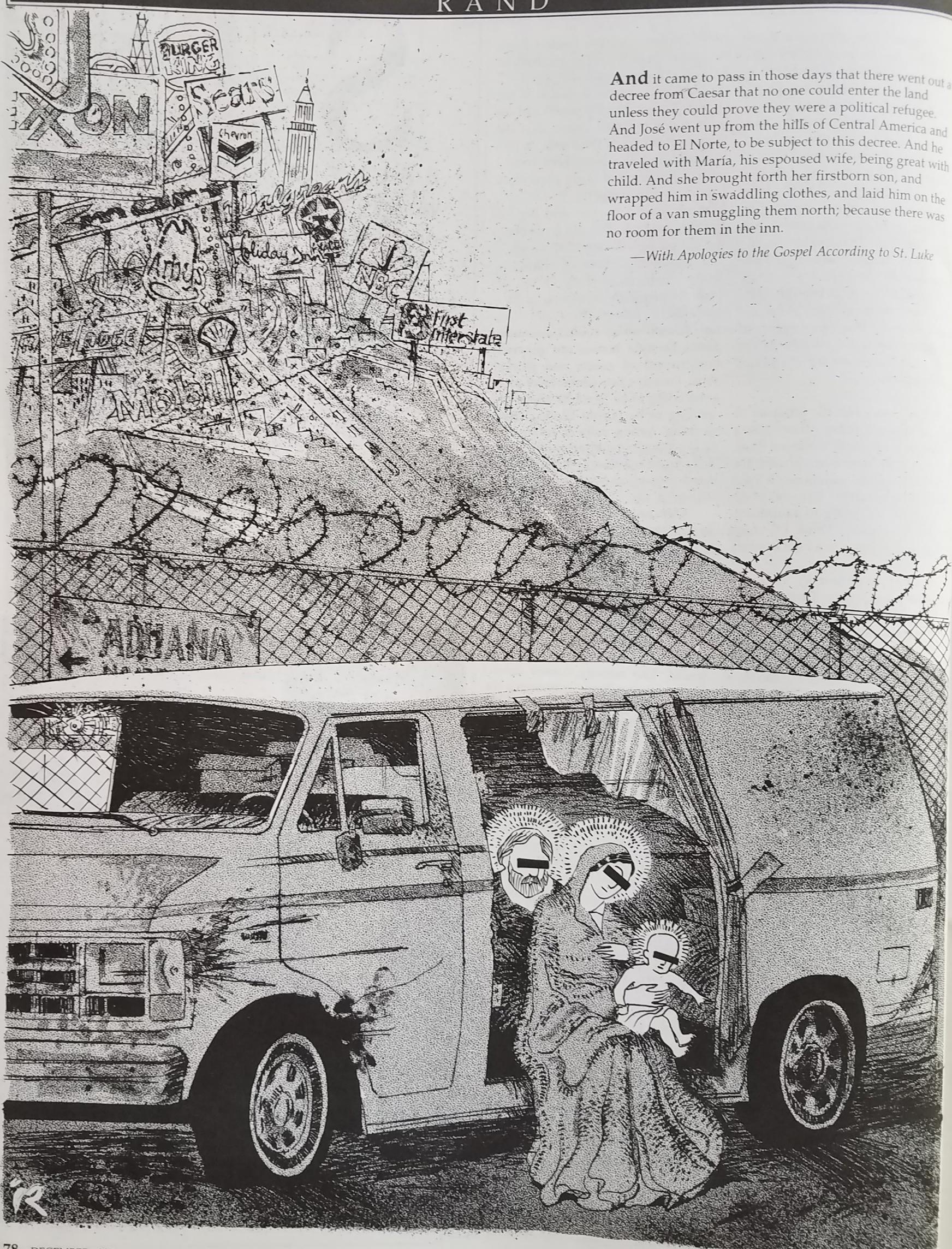
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ARIZONA LIT

HATRED ABOVE THE GILA

Why The Blob might yet produce a good book

BY LAWRENCE CLARK POWELL

The zany wish to free Baja Arizona from that distastefulness above the Gila recalls what has been going on west of us for a century and a half. The breaking point in California is mountains, not river. Even as the Gila forms a natural boundary between Baja and Alta Arizona, so are the Tehachapis a barrier between what the northerners call Superior California and Inferior California (whose angel town below the mountains is called the Queen of the Cow Counties).

Here, however, the geography is inverted. Here it is the South that finds the North obnoxious. Tucson envies Phoenix its water and its wealth, and yet there are those below the Gila who believe that aridity lends character and stimulates the intellect. In this confusing situation the UA is a metaphor for UC Berkeley and ASU resembles an upstart UCLA (which had a long, hard climb from Twig and Southern Branch to rival the mother campus).

As Arizona's separatists wax louder and funnier, so does our socio-economic homogenization continue. What are its cultural implications? As a pre-natal Californian and less venerable Arizonan, I note that Disneyland, Hollywood and Huntington Library lure more northerners than the north draws southerners. In Arizona the appeal of jobs, sports and entertainment found in the Valley of the Sun attract more and more rustic Tucsonans to ford the Gila. Bank towers and shop windows prove irresistible to those who long for big paychecks and high chic.

Growth begets growth. The more people congregate in a place the more will come to join them. Togetherness is necessary for most humans. All the derision heaped upon The Blob by Ed Abbey and countless others matters not a whit. If the water lasts, there is no foreseeable end to the widening stain. Lawns, pools, parks and golf courses (there were ninety-nine in Maricopa County at last count) will supersede agriculture; they are what we have come to value more.

A bleak prospect? Not entirely. Bigness and smallness each has its good and bad. There are many advantages in size. Literature flourishes in

the humus deposited by a great city. Dickens didn't write about village life. It is true that San Francisco, its growth restricted by its location, is loved by everyone except those squares and straights from down south who now prefer Honolulu or Salt Lake City.

Because of this excess of love, San Francisco has never inspired a creative literature like that generated by rambunctious L.A., a city with more haters than lovers. Sprawl, traffic and smog cause ambivalent feelings in writers who at the same time feed on the energy of a great city. Love alone makes no story; lasting literature springs more often from the collision of love and hate. The irritated oyster secretes the pearl. L.A.'s laureate is Raymond Chandler, whose brilliant tough masterpieces came from his ambivalent feelings for the city.

San Francisco began its creative decline with Bret Harte's departure in the 1870s and skidded to a brilliant end with the century in Frank Norris's novel *McTeague*. The earthquake that followed in 1906 destroyed more than buildings. It wrenches the city into permanent creative shock. It was rebuilt, became lovely and prosperous, and perhaps as a consequence, receded into passivity and narcissism.

Arizona is now feeling the effects of its own love-hate syndrome. The unchecked growth of the two big cities troubles both Baja and Alta. There is no consensus. The time approaches for a literary masterpiece. It will likely be written by a mixed-up Tucsonan in troubled exile north of the Gila. Even as he enjoys the amenities of metropolitan life, so does he recoil from the evils of megalopolis. From an inseparable blend of ambivalent feelings comes strong results. To write hatefully about a place, one must also write lovingly. Love is a complex emotion which includes distaste and disgust. That yet unknown writer who may at this very moment be hunched over his word processor inevitably will benefit from the dynamics of that city above the Gila, which goes on accumulating the power if not the glory.

Author and librarian Lawrence Clark Powell headed the UCLA library for seventeen years. He is now professor-in-residence emeritus at UA.

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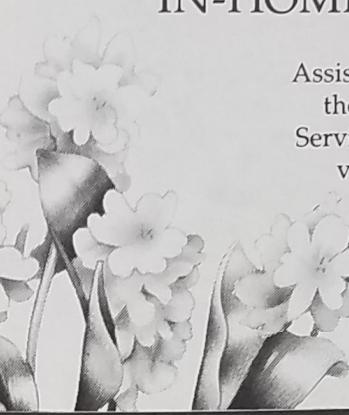
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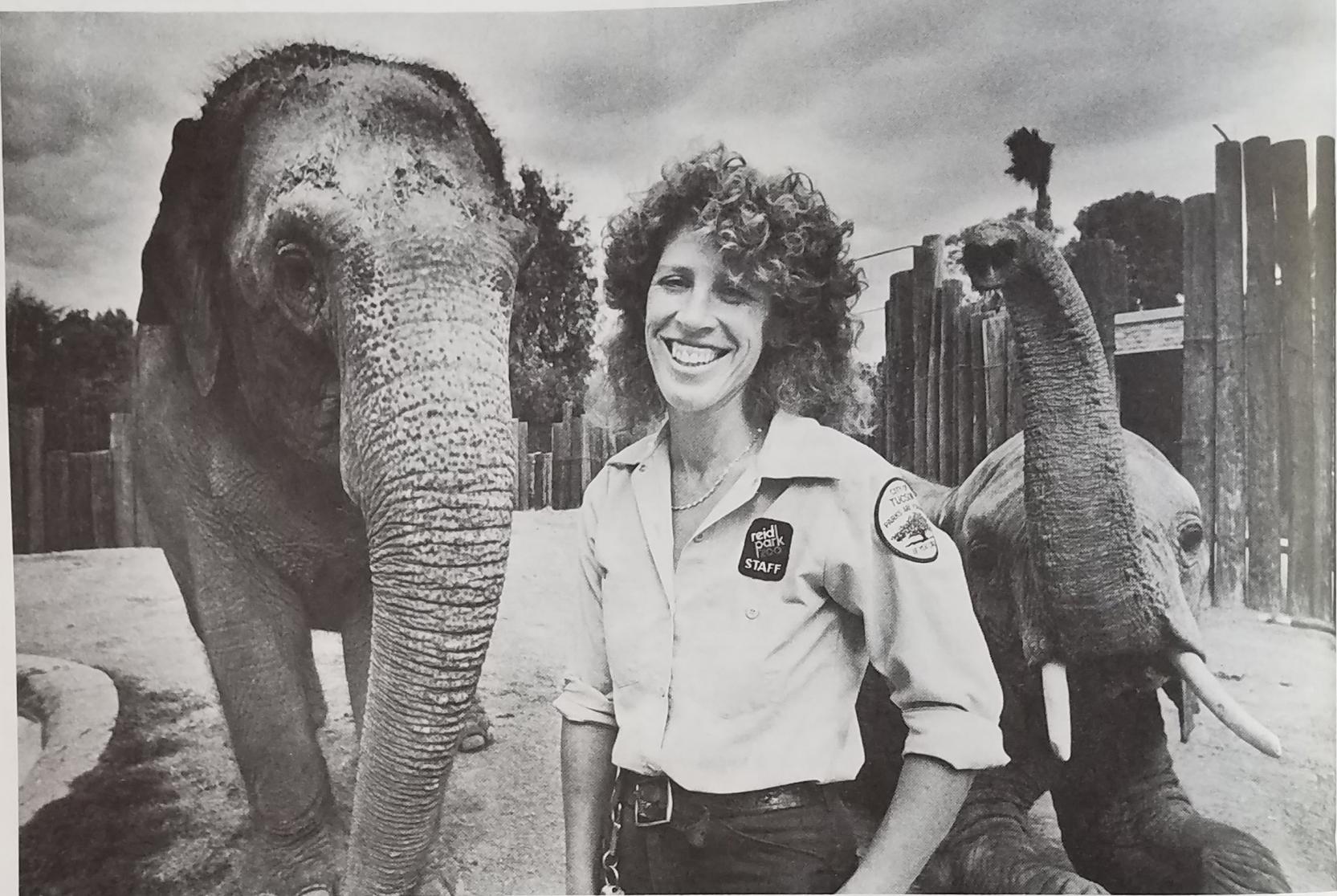
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Hal Gull

Gale London

Her business card says, "Gale London, Keeper of Elephants." She is thirty-three years old and has worked at the Reid Park Zoo for fifteen years.

I began working part-time at the zoo right after high school. I started as an engraver, making educational labels. Then I became a zoo attendant, helping keepers with their areas. I was working for minimum wage and trying to go to the university part-time. In 1974 I became a zoo keeper trainee. I became a keeper four years later. All my training was on the job.

To be honest, it was just a job in the beginning, but it sounded like an interesting job. I worked with birds, mostly, at first. Eventually, I worked with almost every animal—cats, llamas, bears, ostriches, rhinos, polar bears. I've helped hand-raise lions, leopards, hoof stock. In hand-raising we bottle-feed the animals, take care of them from the time they're babies until they're too big, too hard to handle.

Elephants are my favorite. I began working with

them in 1981. I spend three to four hours a day with them. We have two. Connie is twenty-one. She's an Asian. Shaba is seven years old, an African we got in 1983. The elephants have been in their new enclosure since 1973. We did an operation on Connie in 1985. She had an abscessed toenail. The zoo brought a veterinarian, an elephant specialist, in from Florida. We had to tranquilize Connie. We took good care of her; we made handmade boots for her. She went through fifty pairs in a year.

Elephants are everything from aggressive to docile. Each has its own personality. An old saying goes, you tell an African what to do but you ask an Asian what to do. They know how big and strong they are and they can be quite domineering. Once I was standing next to Connie—she's nine feet tall and weighs three tons—and she lifted her foot and brushed my leg. The bruise stayed with me a long time. Like any animal, you have to teach them so you can tend them. They are very responsive. They learn very well. They're also funny animals, very

humorous. They throw mud on us. When they have a bath they feel we should have one with them. They can be pretty disgusting with their humor and gestures.

We go through a routine with them daily. They stretch, lie down. The purpose is to allow us to work with them, maintain them, give them medical attention. They get rocks and other stuff in their feet. We have to keep the bottoms of their feet and their toes clean. They have to be scrubbed, their skin kept clean. There are four of us who work with the elephants—Rusty Agte, Chuck Waters, myself and our supervisor Marc Bruns. We take good care of them; we're proud of what we've accomplished with the elephants. They've come a long way.

It's not all fun and games. These animals can be aggressive. You have to be careful around them. My mother says I ran from dogs when I was a child. Who'd have thought I'd end up working with elephants? I'm very satisfied with my work. I couldn't imagine doing anything else.

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